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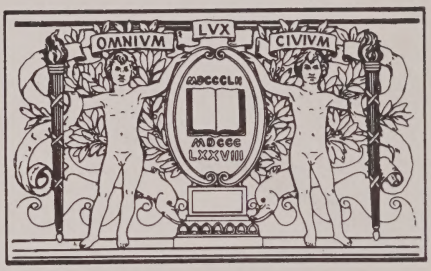

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THE

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

VOL. LXXXV.

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CROSBY, NICHOLS, AND COMPANY,
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NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

No. CLXXVI.

JULY, 1857.

ART. I. — *The Works of* JOHN ADAMS, *Second President of the United States: with a Life of the Author, Notes, and Illustrations, by his Grandson,* CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1850–56. 10 vols. 8vo.

THE Scotch have it, that "a man canna bear a' his ain kin on his back"; and it must be confessed that there is no little pith in the saying. In the present case, however, the feat has been successfully performed. As Anchises was borne by Æneas from the flames of Troy, so now has the lion-hearted rebel of the North been carried by his grandson, with pious, gladsome, careful steps, through a long, difficult, and varied career.

The *Life* of John Adams is emphatically a great book. The biographer gives ample evidence of intense study of the events which he narrates; and, as is the painter's wont, he places his principal figures in the foreground. His rectitude of purpose is so manifest, that, though we dissent from some of his conclusions, we do not once distrust his fairness of intention. His pages show unwearied research, and the use of state papers and documents not easily accessible. His style is pure, smooth, and easy, and, save here and there an involved or obscure sentence, worthy to be imitated in historical writing. In the difficult task of holding an impartial pen as to

the characters of those whom his ancestor held to be his evil genii, determined to defame him, and to rob him of his well-earned laurels, he is often entitled to commendation. He urges no topic to the weariness of the reader; and we are quite sure that persons who are fond of biographical lore will be interested from first to last, while whole pages, and even chapters, will fix the attention like some thrilling tale of the imagination. And this, not only because of the incidents themselves, but because of the manner in which they are presented to the mind. Such, certainly, are our impressions, after repeated perusal with an eye to a critic's duty.

As an editor, Mr. Charles Francis Adams is entitled also to high praise. Possibly he may incur censure in some quarters for the extent of his revision of parts of the *Works;* though we do not well see that, with his frank avowal of his motives, and of the necessities which existed in particular instances, he can be fairly accused of having tampered with truth. The course to be adopted by an editor, with writings before him which were thrown off on the spur of the moment, or to meet a pressing exigency, is embarrassing at best; and, do what he will, he will commonly find persons who object to his decisions. But the candid, who judge as they themselves would be judged if placed in the same position, will be slow to blame without proof of wrong intent.

The labor bestowed on these ten volumes was immense. The digesting of the materials for the *Life*, after they had been collected and arranged, the diligent study of conflicting statements, and the comparing of authorities, preparatory to an intelligent conclusion upon controverted topics, with the investigations necessary to illustrate the text of the *Works* by notes and references, are all matters which the general reader, who has never had a look behind the scenes, and who, in comfortable gown and slippers, sees first the printed page, can hardly appreciate. But to show John Adams and his achievements was worth the toil of years for a common student of our history; while, for a person of his own lineage, it was an imperative duty. And we have him in these volumes just as he was, — in his greatness and in his goodness, in his weakness and in his frailty. We see him in public and in private,

as he lived, thought, and spoke. There is no disguise, no concealment. What he did, whether to his honor or of questionable discretion and propriety, is all exposed. For considerable periods, the second President of the United States was — so to speak — his own Boswell; and we commend the courage and good sense of his descendant, in submitting his most secret emotions and confidential communications to the scrutiny of his countrymen; for many, we cannot doubt, are weary of those biographers and editors who keep their heroes perpetually in gala-robes, and who never condescend to let them down from their stilts to commune with common men in this every-day sort of a world, in which everybody has aches, and pains, and wearing sorrows, and must needs have concern about food, and raiment, and shelter.

We meet Mr. Charles Francis Adams, then, even with "his ain kin on his back," on terms of perfect amity. That, in our opinion, he designed to be faithful in all things, and to be just to all men with whom he had to do, we have already said; and if now, according this, we venture to notice what we deem to be departures from the rules which, clearly enough to us, he meant never to violate, our previous words of approbation are to be kept steadily in mind, since the writer of honest purpose is not to be reproached for occasional shortcomings, as seen by the critic, who, though assuming infallibility, may himself be really in fault. Thus feeling, we submit, in all courtesy, that our biographer should have forborne to discuss any questions in which Hamilton, Wolcott, Pickering, Jefferson, and Franklin were concerned, save in such particulars as were necessary to the connection of events and to the thread of his narrative. We agree with him perfectly in the remark, that, "if rigid moral analysis be not the purpose of historical writing, there is no more value in it than in the fictions of mythological antiquity"; but the query here is, By whom shall this "analysis" be made? Since the object of course is to promulgate new truths and to enlighten the public mind, we venture to say, that he who undertakes the task should be, not only impartial, but above the *suspicion* of partiality. Far better were it to have remembered that the facts on which he founds his conclusions are open to the examina-

tion of persons against whom no charge of consanguinity can be preferred to lessen the weight of their statements, and by whom, in due time, all that it is profitable to know will be disclosed. We would hold *all* parties, to whom the controversies indicated have come down with more or less asperity of feeling, to the same rule, as proper in itself, and as expedient on every ground, — allowing each to refer to personal difficulties as connected with history, but so as to avoid all expressions of reproach and unkind comments.*

Again, we are not quite satisfied with the portrait of the Count de Vergennes,† the French minister; and this, though we are not among those who are disposed to undue praise of the man or his policy. That he was a disciple of a sad code of political morals, need not be disputed; but if, as our biographer admits, "the effect upon his character seems to have been not so much to corrupt it," as merely "to blunt his sensibilities, and to narrow the scope of his statesmanship within the circle of French casuistry," we suggest that so considerable a display of his faults and errors might have been omitted, without seeming sanction even to "equivocation." The passages in which his name appears are extremely well written; but we are not sure that what is said of his moral qualities in one place quite agrees with the shadowing in another. So, again, we need some further light as to Hamilton's ulterior plans, could we have had an army suited to his wishes during the troubles with France; and we specially desire to be informed as to his complicity with the adventurer Miranda; for, as the account stands, the thought may possibly occur to some that the first Secretary of the Treasury was also, in intent and scheme, the first of American *fillibusters*. ‡ Nor do we altogether like the tone of remark touching the conduct and motives which are ascribed — by fair inference certainly — to Mr. Adams's cabinet advisers, in the expo-

* Without room for extracts or extended comments, we must refer our readers to the Life itself. The passages meant in the text may be found as follows: what is said of Hamilton, Vol. I. pp. 523, 524, 525, 531, 532, 577, and 589; of Wolcott, pp. 570, 590, and 591; of Pickering, pp. 529, 539, 568, 569, and 629; of Jefferson, pp. 616, 618, and 619; and of Franklin, pp. 319 and 320.

† See Vol. I. pp. 299, 300, 303, and to 308 inclusive.

‡ See Vol. I. pp. 523 to 526 inclusive.

sition of his difficulties with them, which finally terminated in the retirement of Pickering and McHenry.* Once more, we apprehend that, in the case of the *Cunningham Letters*,† — which are wisely suppressed, — the true question is not whether they were confidential, but whether one gentleman should have thus written to another; for it is the matter and the temper which are objectionable. And, lastly, the calm and reflecting, who are acquainted with the history of our national parties, will hardly be pleased with the account of the reasons which induced Mr. Adams to identify himself with his "ancient enemies," after the fall of the Federal party.‡ If, in these several strictures, we have spoken frankly, we have meant kindly, simply because we know something of the difficulties which beset the path of the biographer who is on his guard at every step.

We add a single word of dissent from Mr. Charles Francis Adams's course as editor, and that is, to express our regret at the republication of any part of the papers which appeared originally, in 1809, in the *Boston Patriot*, and at the omission of the *Letters of John Adams to his Wife*. The latter might have been included in the *Works*, had the former been excluded, and had the number of pages in the several volumes been made more nearly uniform. The elements of social disorder, and the laxity of morals as regards marriage which prevail, ought to be met and rebuked in every form of discourse. We will not aver that the delinquencies of some eminent persons have aided to produce this state of things; but we do say that these *Letters*, as showing the domestic character of a great man, as manifesting his deep, undying love for the partner of his bosom, as overflowings of a heart constantly yearning for his children and for his home, as a record of the private life of a statesman who kept himself uncontaminate during years of absence, and who, in his relations of husband and father, always had reference to the will and ordinance of Almighty God, should have found a place in this collection of his writings.

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* See Vol. I. pp. 551 – 558.

† See Vol. I. pp. 628, 629.

‡ See Vol. I. pp. 610, 613.

With these general remarks, we proceed to notice the volumes before us somewhat in detail. It suits our purpose best to refer to the *Life* incidentally, and, as occasion may require, in connection with the *Works*. Of the second and third volumes, which we shall consider together, an analysis here is impracticable. In the form chiefly of a Diary and fragmentary Autobiography, they contain a little of almost everything, — thoughts on religion and politics, on self-examination and self-improvement; notes of debates in Congress, and of Mr. Adams's own doings there and elsewhere; memoranda of voyages and journeys, of the negotiation of treaties, of visits to nobles and statesmen, and to towns and cities; sketches of distinguished persons with whom he associated; at times a pleasant story, and as much gossip even as there is in Walpole's Letters. We have, besides, an outline of the celebrated argument of Otis in the case of the Writs of Assistance; notes of Mr. Adams's own argument in defence of Corbet and others, charged with the murder of Lieutenant Panton on the high seas; the original draught of the Declaration of Rights and and Grievances, made by the Congress of 1774, which is justly considered one of the most important documents of the Revolutionary era; notes of the debate in the Senate, in 1789, on the power of the President to remove public officers at pleasure, which power, then affirmed by Mr. Adams's own casting vote as Vice-President, has been exercised ever since; several essays and controversial papers of the Revolution, and among them the earliest of Mr. Adams's known printed productions, which, as the editor remarks, "bear the peculiar mental and moral characteristics of the author"; and lastly, a paper in the handwriting of Jefferson, indorsed by Washington, — "Construction of the powers of the Senate with respect to their agency in appointing ambassadors, &c., and fixing the grade." Such is a rapid view of more than eleven hundred pages.

The Diary, from 1755 to 1761, is printed, we are told, from loose fragments — mere scraps of paper — hardly legible. It opens, at the age of twenty, with a notice of the earthquake which, memorable here, in Europe destroyed much of the city of Lisbon, — a significant entry, we thought, as it first met our

eye, for the youth who was to become a principal instrument in causing the British empire "to rock and reel and crack, as if it would fall in ruins about us," as then, he says, his father's house at Braintree seemed to do.

We soon meet with evidence of his thirst for knowledge, coupled with the sad remark, that, without books,* time, or friends, he must "be contented to live and die an ignorant, obscure fellow"; but those around him who, at this early period, heard his appreciative comments on Milton's great epic, and saw him engaged in the study of Butler's Analogy, entertained, very likely, quite a different opinion. Early, too, we see traces of ambition. While wielding the teacher's birch and ferule at Worcester, — then a country town of fifteen hundred people, — he sometimes thought himself in his "great chair" a dictator at the head of a commonwealth, and in the urchins before him fancied that he saw "renowned generals but three feet high, and deep projecting politicians in petticoats," and that his little dominion, "like the great world, was made up of kings, politicians, divines, L. D.'s, fops, buffoons, fiddlers, sycophants, fools, coxcombs, chimney-sweepers, and every other character drawn in history." So, in 1759, he wrote: "I talk to Samuel Quincy about resolution, and being a great man, ... which makes him laugh." And again: "Reputation ought to be the perpetual subject of my thoughts, and aim of my behavior." And at the age of twenty-three: "Let love and vanity be extinguished, and the great passions of ambition, patriotism, break out and burn. Let little objects be neglected and forgot, and great ones engross, arouse, and exalt my soul."

Abandoning the plan of entering the ministry, which at one time he seems to have seriously entertained, he became a student in the law office of James Putnam, of Worcester. This gentleman, as the Revolutionary controversy came to blows, adhered to the royal side, and died in banishment. When we mingled in British colonial circles, we used to hear it said that he was the ablest lawyer in all America. We have often stood at his grave, and thought of the strange vicissitudes of

* In 1774, he said that he had "spent an estate in books."

human condition, by which the master, a giant in his profession, yet became an outlaw and an exile, broken in fortune and in spirit, while his struggling and almost friendless pupil, elevated step by step by the very same course of events, was finally known the world over as the chief magistrate of a nation.

Of the seventeen years for which Mr. Adams was at the bar, the Diary is rich in incident; but our limits forbid more than a glance at a page or two. It is at once amusing and instructive to mark the agony of the young lawyer about his *first* writ, which was "abated," the disposition to accuse Mr. Putnam's remissness in duty as the cause of his disgrace, and the query, whether "Bob Paine don't pick up this story to laugh at"; and his account of the "scene of absolute confusion" in the court in which he was counsel in a case about "an old horse," — "the parties raging and scolding," — "all the spectators smiling, whispering," &c., — his own "oversights, omissions, inexpert management," — and the result, had he pursued a course more in conformity with what his client had told him. In like manner, we find again, in 1760, his self-condemnation, that his "inattention to law is intolerable and ruinous"; and a year later, "Last Monday had a passionate wrangle with Eben Thayer," before a justice. "He called me *a petty lawyer*. This I resented."

But there came a change. At the age of thirty-two, such was the position he had attained, that Hancock, prosecuted by the crown for violation of the navigation and trade laws, to recover penalties, amounting, in the various suits, to more than four hundred thousand dollars, employed him as counsel and advocate. In 1770, Whig though he was, and in defiance of the popular sentiment, he appeared to defend Preston and the British soldiers for their agency in what is absurdly called the "Boston Massacre"; and he thus appeared, on the ground that, in a free country, every man whose life is at stake should be allowed legal aid of his own choice, and that, if his services were necessary to a fair trial of the accused, he could not, as a member of the bar, decline. The part he took in this affair was severely censured; but he himself never ceased to congratulate himself and the country that he possessed the

courage to do his duty, and to say of the result of the trial, that, "as the evidence was, the verdict" — of acquittal — "of the jury was exactly right."

His professional reputation at this time was all that he could desire, and his own belief was that no man in Massachusetts had a larger business. Chosen a Representative to the General Court from Boston, he went to Faneuil Hall, and accepted the trust, he says, with the feeling that he devoted his family to ruin, and himself to death. At home, in the evening, he gave expression to his apprehensions to his wife, who burst into a flood of tears, and said that, though there was danger in his decision, she thought he had done right, and that "she was very willing to share in all that was to come, and to place her trust in Providence."* The service was only for a year, and at its close he returned to the bar. But the destiny of John and Abigail Adams was fixed in that hour of sad foreboding and weeping.

In 1772 we have in the Diary a significant record: "This day I heard that Mr. Hancock had purchased twenty writs for this court of Mr. S. Quincy.† Oh, the mutability of the legal, commercial, social, political, as well as material world! For about three or four years I have done all Mr. Hancock's business, and have waded through wearisome, anxious days and nights, in his defence; but farewell!" Extensive as was Mr. Adams's practice, it was not lucrative, and he doubted whether any lawyer ever did so much for so little profit. We do not find him embarked in politics a second time, save as a counsellor and adviser of the recognized Whig leaders, until after the destruction of the tea and the departure of Hutchinson. That one so earnest, so intrepid, and so well fitted to mingle in the contests of the day, should have come upon the scene of action so late, is a remarkable fact. Nor, at the mature age of thirty-nine, would he probably have been appointed to serve

* Mr. Adams, in 1809, in a letter to Dr. Rush, states the conduct of his wife in a still more favorable light. This noble woman, he remarked, "burst into tears, but instantly cried out in a transport of magnanimity, 'Well, I am willing in this cause to run all risks with you, and be ruined with you, if you are ruined.'"

† A Loyalist or *Tory* lawyer, who was afterwards proscribed and banished. His brother Josiah, father of the present Hon. Josiah Quincy of Boston, was a Whig, and one of the purest men of the time.

in the first Continental Congress, but for the disinterested part of Joseph Hawley, who — ever waiving his own claims to distinction — countenanced the selection of his friend. The delegates of the Whigs met at Philadelphia, in 1774, for *consultation* only. The middle and southern Colonies had few immediate or apprehended wrongs of their own to be redressed, and hence it became a question of vast moment to ascertain how far they would commit themselves; and Mr. Adams was convinced in due time, that, were prudent measures pursued, they would stand by "the Massachusetts, or perish with her." And, as we trace his movements subsequently, we are satisfied that, whatever his censures of some of his associates because of disputes and delays, he planned, spoke, and acted upon the firm belief that New England would in no event be deserted. It is due to the memory of Christopher Gadsden, of South Carolina, to say, on every occasion like the present, that, "a decisive genius," he was a man after John Adams's own heart, and with him, with Patrick Henry, and Samuel Adams, *feared*, as early as the first Congress, that far graver duties than conferences, or the framing of petitions and remonstrances, would devolve upon them and their successors.

There is much in these two volumes not to be found elsewhere, so far as we are aware, with regard to public affairs anterior to the Declaration of Independence. We must, however, omit everything beyond a meagre outline. His notings from day to day of the transactions in Congress, and of his own particular acts, in session, out of doors, and in committee; his plain-spoken praise of the brave, and rebukes of those whom he deemed wavering, wayward, and timid; and here and there a glimpse behind the curtain, to assure us that what we call *wire-pulling*, or adroit political management, was not then wholly unknown, — are all full of interest to the painstaking inquirer into the past. So, also, his notes of the debates, mere skeletons as they are, cast some light upon the fears which agitated, the hopes which animated, and the reasons which influenced the memorable Congress that proclaimed the dismemberment of the British empire. These sketches, however unsatisfactory, are among the few that are known to exist.

Could our fathers have anticipated the value to their posterity of every written scrap and every stray leaf relating to the "Rebellion" which they led, and to the Revolution which they consummated, — uncertain as they were of their own doom, and slight as were their opportunities of perpetuating their speeches, compared with those of the present day, — we are sure they would not have left us to regret, as now, the want of full and accurate reports of their proceedings.

Mr. Adams was a keen observer of men, and he was fond of recording his impressions of those with whom he mingled. Of some, his remarks were sufficiently piquant. Thus, of the Massachusetts gentlemen of mark, Robert Treat Paine* appears in the record possessed of wit and learning, but an impudent, ill-bred, conceited fellow; Andrew Oliver, a very sagacious trifler; Timothy Ruggles,† a man of quick apprehension, of strict honor and above meanness, but proud and lordly, and one whom people approached with fear and terror; Jeremiah Gridley, very learned, a sound reasoner, and of majestic manner, yet stiff and affected; Benjamin Kent,‡ full of fun, drollery, humor, flouts, and jeers; Harrison Gray,† of delicate sensibilities, and extremely timid; Thomas Cushing,§ steady and constant, and famed for secrecy and shrewdness in procuring intelligence; Benjamin Gridley,† one of the best story-tellers of the time, a man of fancy, wit, and observation, but an idler in bed, inattentive to business, and a lover of drink and frolic; Judge Oliver,† better bred than any of his associates on the bench, for all the others were at times indecent and disagreeable companions; Samuel Adams,* zealous and ardent, yet always for gentle measures when others were not necessary, with a most thorough love of liberty, of unbending integrity and sin-

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* A signer of the Declaration of Independence.

† The leading *Tories* or Loyalists of Massachusetts were Ruggles, President of the Stamp-Act Congress in 1765; Gray, Treasurer and Receiver-General of Massachusetts; Gridley, barrister-at-law and Attorney-General of Massachusetts; Oliver, Chief Justice of Massachusetts; and Auchmuty, Judge of Admiralty. All were proscribed and banished. Ruggles died in Nova Scotia; all the others went to England.

‡ He went to Halifax, N. S., in the Revolution, and died there.

§ A Whig, and Lieutenant-Governor of Massachusetts.

cere piety, of pleasing manners, a correct and skilful writer, and one who, as he himself said, had never "looked forward in his life, — never planned, laid a scheme, or formed a design of laying up anything for himself or others after him"; Robert Auchmuty,* always scolding about the lowness of the fees, always heavy, dull, and insipid as a pleader, — "volubility, voluble repetition, and repeated volubility, fluent reiterations and reiterating fluency."

On his way to attend the first Congress, Mr. Adams stopped at New York. He found, he states, that the Delanceys† and the Livingstons were the great families upon whose movements the politics of the Colony turned; and we have what he heard and what he thought of the leading personages there. Thus, William Smith, ‡ the historian, appeared to be a plain, composed man. Morin Scott, the great advocate, kept a chariot, owned an elegant seat, was reputed one of the readiest speakers on the continent, was very sensible, but not remarkably polite, and could "sit up all night at his bottle, yet argue to admiration next day." Mr. Adams saw several members of Congress. Of these, Alsop was a soft, sweet man, a merchant of good heart, but supposed to be deficient in talents for the place; Low, a gentleman of fortune, in trade, whose sincerity was doubted; § William Livingston, || neither elegant nor genteel, plain, tall, black, and no speaker, yet learned, and a ready writer; Duane, ¶ artful and insinuating, a plodding body at the bar, with a feeble voice, and unhappily involved in land speculations nearly to the extent of his fortune; Philip Livingston, ** "a great, rough, rapid mortal," with whom nobody could converse, who blustered away, and

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* See note † on preceding page.

† *Tories* or Loyalists.

‡ A Tory finally. He removed to Canada, and was Chief Justice of that Colony.

§ This suspicion was well founded. He fell off, joined the royal side, and went to England.

|| Afterwards Whig Governor of New Jersey. Mr. Jay married his daughter.

¶ First Mayor of the city of New York, after the evacuation by the British army, and first Judge of the United States District Court.

** He signed the Declaration of Independence, notwithstanding the opinion here expressed.

declared, that, "if England should turn us adrift, we should instantly go to civil wars among ourselves."

As Mr. Adams entered the city, he wrote in his Diary that he designed to make it a subject of much speculation. Having visited every part of it, worshipped in the churches, rode to the gentlemen's seats in the country, breakfasted, dined, and supped with persons of the first consideration, admired the beauties in full dress, and gazed upon the rich plate and gorgeous furniture, he records the result: —

"With all the opulence and splendor, there is very little of good breeding to be found. We have been treated with an assiduous respect; but I have not seen one real gentleman, one well-bred man, since I came to town. At their entertainments there is no conversation that is agreeable; there is no modesty, no attention to one another. They talk very loud, very fast, and altogether. If they ask you a question, before you can utter three words of your answer, they will break out upon you again, and talk away."

This is sufficiently explicit, certainly; for a man who had been feasted to the point of surfeit, somewhat ungracious, and indicative of strong local prejudice. But the Fifth Avenue had not then been opened.

For the curious eye that would see many prominent Revolutionists in a group, and at a single view, we collate and condense his notices of several of the persons with whom he was officially associated at Philadelphia. "There is in the Congress," he said, in 1774, "a collection of the greatest men upon this continent, in point of abilities, virtues, and fortunes." Let us take a glance at these, and at the more celebrated "collection," two years later. We select almost at random. John Rutledge * is said to have been a good lawyer, not excelling in learning; in speaking, he dodged about his head, and spouted out his words in a rough, rapid torrent; he was of unpromising appearance, without keenness of eye or depth of countenance. Bland † is learned and bookish, and

* He studied law at the Temple, London; was Governor of South Carolina during a large part of the Revolution; and was appointed Chief Justice of the United States by Washington. A cabinet officer wrote, at the time of this appointment, that Rutledge was "a driveller and fool." He was not confirmed by the Senate.

† Writer of one of the three political essays published in Virginia, while the Revolutionary controversy was pending.

so zealous as to declare that he would have attended Congress had it met at Jericho. Harrison* is indolent, luxurious, and of no service in session or in committee, but a great embarrassment in both, — "another Falstaff, excepting in his larcenies and robberies: his conversation disgusting to every man of delicacy or decorum." Heyward* is an excellent member, generally silent in debate, yet always to be depended on for sound measures. Rush* had been much in London, is elegant and ingenious, and "a sprightly, pretty fellow." Jay† is a young lawyer of twenty-six, a superior man, a hard student, and a good speaker. Deane‡ is possessed of talent, but with more ambition than principle, of plausible readiness of tongue and pen, of ostentatious habits in dress and living, without reflection, solid judgment, or real information. Middleton,* the "hero of Quaker and proprietary politics in Congress," is poorly informed, and feeble in argument, rude, and sarcastic; still, "an honest and generous fellow." Carroll* is very sensible, supposed to possess the first fortune in America, with an annual income of some fifty thousand dollars, and great expectations as an heir besides. Johnson§ is well read in law and trade, a man of clear, cool head, a solid thinker, but not a shining orator. Wythe* is an eminent lawyer, and "one of our best men." Hopkins,* a man of threescore and ten, has great humor and extensive reading, keeps everybody in spirits with his stories and jokes, and at the same time is useful in matters of business, because of good judgment and long experience. Dyer is "long-winded, round-about, obscure, and cloudy," yet worthy and well-meaning. Hall and Gwinnett* are intelligent and spirited. Rodney* — "the oddest-looking man in the world" — is tall, thin, pale, and slender as a reed, with a face "not bigger than a large apple," still, with sense, fire, and wit. Nelson* is fat, yet lively and alert for one so heavy, and a speaker. Gads-

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* A signer of the Declaration of Independence.

† Governor of New York, special envoy to England, and Chief Justice of the United States.

‡ He fell off, and his sun went down in sorrow and destitution.

§ He became Governor of Maryland, and Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States.

den* is able, patriotic, sensible, and cheerful; Ward, honorable, conscientious, and benevolent; Randolph,† large and well-looking. Edward Rutledge, ‡ good-natured, but conceited, and "a perfect Bob-o-Lincoln," plumes himself on having studied at the Temple, and travelled; he is young and sprightly; speaks through his nose, much as a Yankee sings; is uninteresting in conversation, and unnatural in debate. Richard Henry Lee, ‡ tall and spare, is a deep thinker, and a masterly man, able and inflexible, a scholar, a gentleman, and of uncommon eloquence. Gerry, ‡ ardent in his love of country, never hesitates to promote the boldest measures consistent with prudence. Dickinson § appears a mere shadow, and with a visage of the hue of ashes; is modest, and of excellent heart; makes calls in his coach with four horses. "Johnny," said his mother, "you will be hanged; your estate will be forfeited and confiscated: you will leave your excellent wife a widow, and your charming children orphans, beggars, and infamous." Thomson — the Secretary, and the "Sam. Adams of Philadelphia" — is a gentleman of family, fortune, and character, and about to marry a lady of wealth. Houston is inexperienced, but of zeal and good sense. Galloway || is learned, but a cold speaker; Zubly,|| a doctor of divinity, well read, and with pretensions as a linguist; Duché,|| the chaplain, whose form of prayer moved all hearts, and whose eloquence was the praise of every tongue. Sherman ¶, clear-headed, and sound in judgment, speaks often and long, but heavily and clumsily, standing bolt upright,

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* Called by some "the John Adams of the South."

† President of the First Congress.

‡ A signer of the Declaration of Independence. As regards Edward Rutledge, Patrick Henry called him the most elegant speaker in the First Congress.

§ Mr. Adams's great opponent in the discussions on the question of Independence.

|| All these fell off and became Loyalists. Galloway and Duché went to England, where the one figured as a political writer, the other as a preacher. Zubly's defection might have been anticipated as early as the Congress of 1775, in which he said in debate: "A republican government is little better than a government of devils."

¶ A signer of the Declaration of Independence. Jefferson remarked of Sherman, that "he never said a foolish thing in his life"; and Macon, that "he had more common sense than any man I ever knew."

"rigid as starched linen," and with his hands clasped before him. Chase * is violent and boisterous in debate, and "tedious upon frivolous points."

This is all off-hand limning, very certainly, and no doubt Mr. Adams had reason, subsequently, to modify some of his opinions. But the general accuracy of the pictures which he drew of men and manners will not be questioned, we suppose, by persons who are well informed as to the leading personages and events of the second half of the last century. These sketches of such characters in Boston, in New York, and in Congress, as well as the mention of the sectional jealousies that prevailed, of the personal quarrels and alienations that existed among Whigs of high position in the civil and military line, at home, and among those who were employed abroad on embassies of the last importance to the Whig cause, show clearly, were there no other sources of information, that the prominent men of the Revolutionary era were great and good, little and bad, mingled, just as elsewhere in the annals of our race. Those of lofty virtue, like William III. of England, were compelled by the necessities of their condition to employ as instruments persons whom they knew or believed to be mere mercenaries, who would fall off and join the opposite side the moment that interest should seem to require; and, like William, they appeared oblivious of this fact, simply because, under the circumstances, it was sound policy to be blind, forgetful, and ignorant.

We do not care, of all things, to be thought to want appreciation of our countrymen, and especially of those who broke the yoke of colonial vassalage; nor, on the other hand, do we care to imitate the writers of a late school, and treat the great and the *successful* actors in the world's affairs as little short of divinities, and as exempt from criticism. In speaking of men who have left their impress upon their age, something, we own, is due to the dignity of history; but something, too, is due to the dignity of truth. The bandaged eyes and the even scales, we apprehend, are as fit emblems for the student as for

* A signer of the Declaration of Independence. He became Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. At the instigation of John Randolph he was impeached, but was acquitted.

the judge; and so, upon the evidence, and upon the law of progress, we say that we are not to look for as great intellectual development, or for as high civilization, among bound or even emancipated British colonists, as, after the lapse of two generations, exists around us, and in Anglo-Saxon countries everywhere.*

We have devoted much space to these volumes, because of their value in throwing light upon the period to which they relate. As we open the fourth volume, we meet the celebrated papers of *Novanglus*, in reply to the able Tory writer *Massachusettensis*. Until late in life, Mr. Adams supposed that the latter was Jonathan Sewall, his personal friend, but finally yielded to the evidence in favor of Daniel Leonard,† another Loyalist, for whom he had "nearly an equal regard." *Novanglus* was immediately reprinted in an abridged form in *Almon's Remembrancer;* was translated in Holland, in 1782, while Mr. Adams was there soliciting an alliance for his country; was reprinted a second time in England, two years later, and finally in Boston, in 1819, with *Massachusettensis* and a Preface.

If, among the essays of the Revolutionary era, there be another which displays so thorough knowledge of the elementary principles of government and of the true relations between the rulers and the ruled, or so solid legal learning, or so able reasoning upon the issues immediately involved, as this, we confess that it has escaped our research. But yet its style is by no means to be commended; and its principal design was to defend the state of things which existed prior to the attempts of the ministry, and of the "junto" here, to remodel colonial institutions, and those of Massachusetts especially. Mr. Adams argues that the scheme of "regulating" was in fact an attack, an unjustifiable encroachment, which, if consummated, would deprive the colonists of their liberties; and, in the course of the discussion, he presses this point to the ex-

* Nine years ago, the writer of this article stated his views somewhat at large on this subject, in these pages. See North American Review, Vol. LXVI. p. 426.

† Of Taunton, Mass. He loved show, and lived in a style which few barristers could support. He was included in the banishment and conspiracy acts, became Chief Justice of the Bermudas, and died in London in 1829.

treme doctrine, that the Whigs would resist, "if the constitution of the Massachusetts had been *altered as much for the better* as it is for the worse," on the ground that Parliament had no "right to make any alteration at all," — with the assertion, that the "patriots of this Province desire nothing new," wishing "only to keep their old privileges," — that, attached to their charter and to their constitution, they were laboring to prevent their overthrow, — and that they had been "allowed for one hundred and fifty years to tax themselves, and govern their internal concerns as they thought best." On the other hand, he admits in the most express terms, and in various places, the power of Parliament to regulate colonial commerce, and even to impose duties for that purpose,* while once we have these remarkable words: "The acts of trade and navigation might be confirmed by provincial laws, and carried into execution by our own courts and juries, and in this case illicit trade would be cut up by the roots for ever." These rapid outlines embrace, we think, a fair view of the argumentative parts of *Novanglus;* and, as the concluding number was sent to press only two days before the shedding of blood at Lexington, we are to consider it as an authorized exposition of the avowed sentiments of the Whig leaders. A single word of comment upon two points. What was a duty to regulate trade, as distinguished from a duty for revenue? This was the very hinge of the dispute. It was a question never solved, because it was unsolvable. The alleged distinction was a fallacy. Another position of Mr. Adams is equally fallacious, namely, that there was a real difference between a duty laid and collected at the port of exportation, and one laid and collected at the port of importation; which he states in reply to *Massachusettensis*, as regards the duty on tea, which was *reduced* from a shilling paid in England, to the "three-pence" the pound, to be collected here. In either case, the duty was a part of the price to consumers, and of consequence, in the reduction of duty, the commodity was to

* The Whigs generally conceded this. Franklin, in his examination in the House of Commons, thrice admitted the power of Parliament to impose duties to regulate commerce; and he said that he had never heard any "objection" to the exercise of such power, — that the Americans had "never disputed" it.

be nine-pence the pound cheaper; while, as to the *principle* of "taxation" so earnestly resisted, what possible difference was there between a tax levied in London and one laid in Boston, so long as a "tax" was laid at one place or the other? In all these matters, the Whigs were in toils from which the sword alone could release them. But as members of the human family, they were right. They contended for free commerce; for liberty to buy where they would, and to sell where they could; and to this they were entitled by the organic law of the social state, whatever the enactments of the statute-book.* Again: we do not very well understand why, when the first charter had been revoked, and that which Mr. Adams so ably and zealously defended had been *accepted* in its stead, and acted under for more than eighty years, there had not been a fatal admission against his argument in this particular.

When we commenced reading the documents of the Revolution, our home was on the eastern frontier. Across the border, we saw in wonder, that *Tories* of Massachusetts, and graduates of her University, with others who had been banished from the old thirteen, were chief supporters of the same colonial system. We saw first, and for some years, that system as the Whigs broke from it, and well did we mark its workings; for we fancied that we were actually living in ante-Revolutionary times. Next, we beheld important changes and modifications, and, finally, its essential abandonment by the mother country. It was so abominable, we could but be amazed that our fathers have left on record so few and so feeble complaints against it. As we studied it, we did not hesitate to declare to the colonists of our acquaintance, that it might have answered possibly for the nations conquered by heathen Rome; but that, without a single element of human brotherhood, it ought never to have been revived by the European powers that sought dominion in America, and that, at all events, its

* As connecting *Novanglus* with the scenes in which Mr. Adams was soon the great actor, it is of interest to remember that one fourth of the signers of the Declaration of Independence had been bred merchants or shipmasters; that more than one of them bore the stigma of free-trader or "smuggler"; and that, as late as the battle of Lexington, prosecutions were pending against Hancock, the President of Congress, to the extent of the whole of his large fortune, for daring, in violation of the acts of Parliament, to carry on a free commerce with interdicted parts of the world.

imposition by the Anglo-Saxons of one hemisphere on their brethren in the other was unconditionally monstrous. No man knew or felt the barbarous exactions, and the unmitigated monopolies of this system in favor of his fellow-subjects in England, better than did the author of *Novanglus*. If his horse flung a shoe, the stinging, insulting declaration of Pitt, that an American could not of right make so much as the nails required to reset it, rang in his ears. If he entered the court of admiralty to defend the illicit traders who were prosecuted by the crown officers for penalties which would have made beggars of the richest, he was reminded that his countrymen were forbidden by statute to make a voyage to Asia or Africa, to South America, to the foreign islands in the Carribbean Sea, to nearly all Continental Europe, and even to Ireland, on pain of confiscation of ship and cargo. If he bought a hat, the legislation against colonial hatters occurred to him. If, in journeying to the courts of Massachusetts and Maine, he passed waterfalls running to waste, he mused upon the acts of Parliament which secured the colonial market in monopoly to the manufacturers of Manchester. If he entered a public office, he met the pampered functionaries who, "English born," or members of the "old families," held their places by life-tenures, and by descent from father to son, and thus excluded the great colonial mind. If he walked the streets, the chariots of the high officers of the customs, sent over to revive obsolete, and to enforce new, laws of trade, rolled in grandeur by him. If he had to traffic with his neighbor, he was compelled to remember that, while the mother country drained all America of coin,* the Board of Trade — a curse to the New England Colonies from beginning to end — had suggested, and Parliament had enacted, not amendments in the manner of emitting and redeeming a paper currency, as bound to do, but its suppression. Nor, if he read the speeches of British Whigs,† did his keen eye see more in behalf of his

* Franklin, in his celebrated examination at the bar of the House of Commons, said, that in his opinion there "was not gold and silver enough in the Colonies to pay the stamp duty for one year."

† The opinion that the British Whigs were "the friends of America," in any sense which bore upon the amelioration of the condition of our fathers as colonists, ought no longer to prevail. The sentiments of Pitt and Burke, cited in the text,

country than an opposition to particular measures, and to the party in power; for there stood out in characters of fire the bald, unqualified statement, that the sole purpose of colonies was to be "serviceable" to the parent state. In a word, with him, and everywhere around him, were the humiliating evidences of colonial disabilities produced by England's monopolists, who, like the daughters of the horse-leech, had been crying, "Give, give," for more than a hundred years.

The freedom to earn money in all branches of industry is as valuable as the choice of the agents to disburse it, whether in "taxes" for the support of government, or to promote individual comfort. The absence, then, of topics of this sort, in *Novanglus*, without explanation, may well excite surprise. Among British colonists of the present day are some careful readers of the Revolutionary controversy, and we have been told that, if Mr. Adams is to be considered as an exponent of Whig views, their aims were limited and low; that even the children of the Tories became restless at last, under the system of things to which he professed attachment and allegiance; that, by continual agitation, concessions have been obtained from England which abolish such social, political, commercial, and manufacturing disabilities as were imposed upon the thirteen Colonies; that now colonists may make what they will, buy where they please, and sell where they can; and that, surpassing the loftiest Whig in his loftiest mood, pretensions are made to be employed in foreign embassies, to become cabinet ministers, and to be elevated to the highest rank in the church, the army, and the navy.*

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show that they and the ministerial party were agreed on that point. In connection with the eloquent *speeches* made in our behalf, it is significant to remark, upon *conduct*, that, after the peace, when Mr. Adams was in England, Lord Mansfield and other Tories treated him with vastly more consideration than either the Duke of Richmond, Lord Camden, Burke, or Fox; and that Camden, supposed by our countrymen even now to have been extremely kind to us, had the *grace* to say, on the subject of concluding a commercial treaty, that, since England, by our freedom, had lost the *monopoly* of our trade, there was little concern about it. Such a conclusion was not fitting in a statesman under any circumstances, and, in view of the present statistics of commercial dealing between the two countries, is well worth a record here.

* The views of the *Liberals* in colonial politics are maintained with much boldness and ability in the letters of Hon. Joseph Howe, of Nova Scotia, to Lord John

To all this we have replied, that, to those who have carefully surveyed the whole ground, the solution is easy; — thus, that on questions of industry, both on the sea and on the soil, the South had no wrongs in common with the North; that, while the Whigs of the latter section were striving to effect union and concerted opposition, the single issue of "taxation," as connected with the preservation of prescriptive and chartered rights, was the only one which, of necessity, they needed to discuss, because upon this issue they staked the continuance of their colonial relations; that, if the leaders in the commercial and manufacturing colonies really did have an eye to independence at the outset, and thus held the statement of some things in reserve, so also did those of the planting colonies, whose single grievance consisted in the "wrong done to the pride and ambition rather than to the purse," inasmuch as the "native intellect," which was equal to their own government, was denied "its proper position";* that a portion of the disabilities which could not be removed by remonstrance, which belonged to the colonial system and were inseparable from it, — whatever the private communings of the far-sighted, — were wisely kept out of sight, while there was hope of reconciliation; that, when petitions and addresses failed, — as a few saw they would, from the beginning, — and the patience of the meekest was exhausted, the manifesto which proclaimed separation embodied, in stirring array, the long list of wrongs and denials which had palsied the arm of New England, and had rankled in the universal American heart for generations.

So again, we have said, — and rather curtly, we own, — that these accusations of limited and low aims fall strangely enough from Loyalist lips, from descendants of men who fled their native country, when the Whigs, without redress for the past or guaranties for the future, resolved to tear up the very frame-

Russell, in 1839, on the subject of "Responsible Government"; and again, in a second series of letters from the same to the same, in 1846, "On the Government of British America."

* These avowals are made in the *Southern Quarterly Review*, Vol. XIV. p. 49. Mr. Keitt, a member of Congress from South Carolina, in the speech resigning his seat, July 16, 1856, adopts similar sentiments, in his course of remark as to the merits of the South, and of his own State especially, in the Revolution.

work of the system defended in *Novanglus;* and we have replied further, that, as certainly as John Adams and his compeers achieved their own freedom, just so surely were they the direct and sole authors of the boasted and invaluable concessions which England has recently made to British America. The children of the Tories, forsooth, critics and accusers of their deliverers!

We pass to other themes, and to Mr. Adams's writings on the subject of remodelling American institutions, when Whig aims became treasonable. "It generally argues some degree of natural impotence of mind," says Burke, "or some want of knowledge of the world, to hazard plans of government, except from a seat of authority." In a revolution there is ordinarily a transition state full of horrors; for in pulling down, there is not always at hand an architect with courage to assume the "seat of authority," and with skill to replace the old with new and with better. It was not so with us. We passed substantially from one system to another, without convulsion or anarchy, and in effecting this Mr. Adams was an efficient instrument. Though England held all her colonies with the unrelenting grasp of monopoly, that all might be "serviceable" to her, their internal concerns were regulated by administrative forms widely different. Thus, Pennsylvania and Maryland were hardly less than monarchies; New York and Virginia, feudal aristocracies; Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut, very much like republics; and New Hampshire, a royal government, subject in the main to ministerial instructions and orders in council. The most important changes were to be made, therefore, especially south of New England. In advising the extension to that section of the essential principles of the Northern charters, Mr. Adams proposed as much as the circumstances of the time made necessary. His first essay was at the instance of Richard Henry Lee, in November, 1775, and is the germ of our present form of State institutions, as well as of his elaborate *Defence*, to be mentioned as we proceed. Another brief paper soon followed, entitled "Thoughts on Government," &c., which, printed in Philadelphia, was circulated by his desire without his name. Early in 1776, his aid was solicited by the Whigs

of North Carolina, who, in the event of severing their relations with the mother country, asked for wise counsel. It turned out, however, that, though other Colonies were the first to move and to inquire, South Carolina, in adopting a constitution, preceded her sisters. But the work once commenced, the Whigs erected independent "governments as fast as children build cob-houses." *

His next service in this behalf was to his native State. A proposition to throw off the charter defended in *Novanglus* was made as soon as 1776; but no definite action then followed. Nor was it until two years later that a constitution was presented to the people for their consideration; nor until 1779 that one was framed which met their approbation. In the successful draft, Mr. Adams had so large a share, that he has been called, in popular phrase, its "father." It was adopted in 1780; but its operation was impeded for several years. In 1786, those who opposed it in convention, those who continued to dislike it, and the discontented of all descriptions, rallied under Shays, and appeared in open insurrection. Yet it contained Mr. Adams's mature "Thoughts on Government," and most of the wise men of his time were satisfied with it. In 1820, it was revised by as safe guides as ever assembled in council in Massachusetts. Even if, in the progress of civilization, *some* changes in the organic law had become imperative, its original framers and its revisers stand seriously rebuked for incompetence or unfaithfulness, on the admission that *all* the innovations which have been accomplished within a few years were necessary or proper.

The State governments having been established, their *form* attracted the attention of M. Turgot, who, in a letter to Dr. Richard Price, thus objected: —

"I am not satisfied, I own, with any constitutions which have as yet been framed by the different American States. . . . . I see in the greatest number an unreasonable imitation of the usages of England. Instead of bringing all the authorities into one, that of the nation, they have established different bodies, a house of representatives, a council, a governor, because England has a house of commons, a house of lords, and a king."

* Letter to Mrs. Adams, July 7, 1776.

"I beheld," — said the noble man who now rests at Ashland, on a memorable occasion, — "I beheld a torch about being applied to a favorite edifice, and I would save it, if possible, before it was wrapt in flames."* Just so, Mr. Adams, who was in England, came to the rescue of *his* "favorite edifice." He rapidly wrote *A Defence*, in three volumes, founded mainly on the passage from M. Turgot which we have quoted. He had, indeed, other motives. At this juncture, his native State was agitated by the disorders which, as we have remarked, resulted under Shays in military opposition to the government; and the project of revising the Confederation, or of initiating a more efficient system, was seriously discussed. The first volume of the *Defence* was published in London, in 1787, at once transmitted to America, reprinted, and circulated, in time to exert an influence in the crisis of affairs; and that it was of essential service cannot be doubted. The work,† as completed, "comprehended an analysis of the various free governments of ancient and modern times, with occasional summaries of their history to illustrate the nature of the evils under which they suffered and ultimately perished."

The briefest digest would require an entire article. Some good men thought, and the party hounds yelped out, that it favored the restoration of monarchy; but what was mistake or malignity then needs no refutation now. The true and serious objections are, that it is far too elaborate, and yet that it wants method, harmony, proportion, and distinct aim. It was Mr. Adams's nature to write and to speak with so much spirit as to be vehement, and to go as directly to his point as the bullet speeds to its mark; but in this instance, so wide is his departure from his wonted method, that we almost fancy he essayed to show his countrymen how very unlike himself he could be. Yet the evidences of profound learning are abundant; there are many pages of great power; and the discussion of principles is often masterly. Were it divested of the material which, as it seems to us, confuses rather than

* Mr. Clay's Speech in defence of the *American System*, and on the *Tariff Compromise Bill*, February, 1833.

† "Defence of the Constitutions of the United States of America against the Attack of M. Turgot."

aids the principal argument, and reduced by skilful abridgment to a single volume, it would be a valuable manual to such of our public men as venture to think that the past has some lessons worthy of remembrance, or that government is still to be treated as a science.

Next in order are the "Discourses on Davila,"* originally published in a newspaper in Philadelphia, in 1790, when Mr. Adams was Vice-President, as a sequel to the *Defence*. As before, he was charged with being an advocate for monarchy, and with laboring to make the office of President of the United States hereditary; and he expressed the opinion that these essays did much to destroy his popularity. As his assailants actually caused a suspension of these papers, his design was never fully completed. Davila himself was an Italian writer of European fame, and his work relates to the political convulsions in France, in the sixteenth century. Mr. Adams aimed simply to show, more clearly than he had yet done, "the dangers from powerful factions in ill-balanced forms of government." To furnish the American mind with a republican or democratic antidote to this work, Paine's *Rights of Man* was reprinted in Philadelphia, under high sanction. We confess that we like these *Discourses* much. In our view, they contain a great deal of sound philosophy of human nature, and therefore of human history; and they please us none the less, because they courageously resisted the tendencies of the French Revolution, which well-nigh perilled our own national existence.

The remaining papers on the subject of government we must pass without notice. In closing the topic, it is of interest to observe that the letter to Mr. Lee, which filled but a single sheet, was the cause, ultimately, and as occasions arose, of the writing and printing of some fourteen hundred octavo pages, occupying a large part of the fourth, and the whole of the fifth and sixth volumes. And we may add, that, had Mr. Adams stood entirely aloof, he would have been spared many lasting disquietudes and misrepresentations. But a calm looker-on he never was. Personal ease he always sacrificed when he felt that he could serve his country.

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* "Discourses on Davila: a Series of Papers on Political History."

We come now to a *selection* from his official papers in the various public stations which he filled in Europe and at home, arranged in chronological order. The seventh volume embraces the period between his appointment to succeed Silas Deane, as commissioner to France, in November, 1777, and the welcome tidings, in the same month, 1782, that the struggle was about to end, the mother having consented to treat with her rebellious children on the basis of independence. In the eighth volume we have his correspondence and other documents which relate to our affairs abroad generally, to his residence in England as our first minister, to his vice-presidency, and to a large part of his service as successor to Washington. The ninth volume completes the epistolary and documentary matter for the remainder of his public career, and, of course, includes his inaugural and annual speeches, special messages to Congress, proclamations, and answers to various public bodies, — the whole accurately drawn from the copy books, as we are assured by the editor, except such revisions as were necessary "to correct obvious errors of haste, or marked imperfections of language." Following this *selection* are "two separate extracts, complete in themselves,"* but not specially worthy of publication at first, or of perpetuation now; and the general correspondence, which occupies a part of the ninth, and the whole of the tenth volume, and closes with a letter declining an invitation to celebrate the Fourth of July, 1826, at New York, on which anniversary, it will be remembered, Mr. Adams passed for ever away.

No American can read the most considerate of the papers written in Europe without deep emotion, recalling, as they do, the forlorn condition of their author, and what, under every aspect of affairs, he steadily strove to achieve. His letters to his colleagues in the foreign missions, to the Count de Vergennes, and to M. Dumas; his care to keep Congress advised as to our interests abroad; his well-timed efforts to disabuse the European mind of prejudices, and to refute the slanders which were circulated against us and our cause; his

* One from the letters originally published in the *Boston Patriot*, in 1809, caused by Hamilton's famous pamphlet, "The Public Conduct and Character of John Adams, Esq., President of the United States."

endeavors to pacify some restless, jealous spirits, who were in command, or quarrelling for the command, of public ships; his suggestions as to our future relations with the nations of the Old World; his defence of the plan to sink two hundred millions of the "continental stuff" to five millions in silver, or to redeem it, one dollar in specie for forty dollars in paper (which defence, unsatisfactory in some things, as every such plan must have been, since the loss to holders did not fall equally, like a tax, is yet the best argued paper on the subject we have ever seen); his twenty-six letters to that Dutch "giant of the law," Calkoen, respecting the Revolution, which contain more information than can be found elsewhere, in the same compass; his persistence in maintaining his official dignity and standing, when official bills of exchange officially drawn were actually dishonored, or likely to be so, and when the means of paying his personal expenses were alarmingly uncertain; the intrepidity of his course in Holland, his loan, and his treaty of alliance with the Dutch government, which he always regarded as the greatest success of his life; the part he took in the negotiations of the treaty of peace, his bold, unflinching demand for liberal boundaries, and for the "right" of his countrymen to the fisheries in the colonial seas, the value of which, as yet appreciated by few, events will one day make manifest to all; his unwearied exertions, amid sneers, insults, and opposition, to extend our commerce, and to insure its stability and growth by treaty stipulations; the suggestions to countervail foreign policy against our navigation, by reserving our coasting trade for vessels under our own flag, — all these things evince the knowledge and the ability which John Adams could bring to the discussion of great questions of public concern. His papers show what is far better. There is evidence on every page of his thorough, incorruptible integrity of heart.

When reminded of the often-quoted sentiment, — attributed to Talleyrand, but original, we think, with Goldsmith, — that the use of speech is to conceal, rather than to express, one's thoughts, we have felt that its best refutation is found in the European diplomacy of Franklin, Jay, and Adams, in which there was neither guile nor hypocrisy. The latter, indeed,

was so sincere, as to neglect at times established and harmless forms, and to speak out the honest truth, bluntly, and even uncourteously. So, too, as we have mused upon Mr. Adams's course individually, we have recalled the pleasant story told of a maiden, who, after repeatedly rejecting a suitor for her hand, finally married him, she said, "to get rid of him"; for in Holland the pipe-smoking, money-loving Mynheers, and at Paris the every-thing-by-rule sort of gentlemen sent over from the "Circumlocution Office" in England, all unused to dealing with a man so pertinacious, so importunate, and so impossible to be put off, appear to have yielded much in the same mood. Considered as a revolutionist, he was in truth a rare man. In Congress, the "Colossus," the "pillar," the "ablest advocate and champion" of independence, member of no less than ninety committees, and chairman of twenty-five, we find him opposed for the boldness of his measures, but triumphant. Among foreign statesmen he was always equal to the maintenance of the interests intrusted to him, and successful in his endeavors. If, as Hutchinson said of him, "his ambition was without bounds," we care little; since, were we to admit the accusation in the sense intended, we do not know that his countrymen, or the Anglo-Saxon race anywhere, are serious losers by his personal advancement, and by the expulsion of the "old families" that claimed of right and by inheritance to rule America, to the utter exclusion of such an "upstart"* planter as the owner

* This is the *gentlest* word used by the descendants of the Loyalists who lost official places, and whose estates were confiscated. We have heard those occupying high positions in the British Colonies denounce the prominent Whigs in unmeasured terms. Washington is the special object of vituperation; the epithets of "rascal," "traitor," with expletives which we shall not repeat, are used not sparingly. The love of political distinction in the "old families" was a marked trait; and it descended to their children, who, until the recent change in the policy of governing British America, monopolized the offices there. A few years ago, the son of a Boston Loyalist complained to us, that he was "a neglected man." As every one else was dissatisfied because he filled all the places in his county, and was one of her Majesty's Council besides, we had the curiosity to ascertain that he held *eighteen* commissions, all, as the rule then was, *for life*. At the same time, in the Colony in which this gentleman lives, a single village of some two thousand people only, furnished one fourth of the members of the Legislative Council, which body answers to a Senate with us. Imagine a single country town sending one fourth of the Senators of Massachusetts for twenty, thirty, or forty years, without a change in the persons

of Mount Vernon, and such "upstart" barristers as John Marshall and John Jay.

As we pass to the "successful rebel," after he had stood as the minister of a free country in the presence of the sovereign to whom he was born in allegiance, and had become President of the United States, we read his communications to his Cabinet, and to other personages whom he had occasion to address, with interest and profit. These papers are frank in statement, convey his meaning in the fewest words possible, display accurate information of the condition of public affairs, and are of no small value as materials for history. Again, as we compare the style, topics, and length of his speeches and messages to Congress with similar documents of the present day, we are struck with the change, — the whole of his papers of this class during the four years, nearly thirty in number, occupying about the space of one of the annual messages of our late chief magistrate.

In the general correspondence our readers will find much that is full of instruction, and we would especially invite their attention to the letters to Jefferson, to Mr. Tudor, to Rev. Dr. Morse, and to Mr. Lloyd, which are very numerous. The communication to the latter of April 24, 1815,* shows a quality of character which we may here pause to notice, once for all. It is devoted principally to an account of the appointment of Washington to the command of the army. Honest, warm-tempered men are somewhat apt to use strong words when speaking of their own deeds, as well as when commenting upon the conduct of those with whom they have been in conflict as to act or opinion. Mr. Adams was by no means an exception. No one disputes that it was owing to his sagacity and exertions that the right selection was made of

even, save to fill vacancies caused by death! In the Legislative Council of another Colony, only one less than half of the members were partners in the same private bank, and only one less than half, too, were relatives; while another member was also Chief Justice, and had a seat in the Executive Council, and thus in these three capacities assisted to make, to administer, and to advise the Governor in executing, the laws. Those who are familiar with colonial politics will remember that the quarrel with these Loyalists, or "old families," preceded the demands on the crown for a general relaxation of the rigors and disabilities of the colonial system, and that the construction of the Councils was one of the first things complained of.

* Vol. X. p. 162.

commander-in-chief, or that his service in this behalf was one of the most meritorious, and, in its results, one of the most important, of his whole career. But we cannot conceive, as implied in this letter, that he was so far in advance of his associates in Congress, of officers in the army, and of leading Whigs everywhere, as to have incurred such reproaches as he mentions, and illustrates by reference to the odium which had attached to him for his defence of Preston and his soldiers five years previously.

In this instance of self-praise, then, as well as in his censures, or equivocal commendations, of Franklin, Hamilton, and Pinckney, and of several others with whom he disagreed more or less seriously, as also in the motives of action which he sometimes attributes to persons who opposed his advancement, we are to make allowance for the ardor of his temperament, and, it may be, for a disposition to undervalue the character of his associates. Cases in which we are called upon to exercise our own judgment are not so rare as we could wish. In fact, the displays of vanity, of egotism, and of apprehension seemingly that some one else would appropriate the credit due to his labors, sacrifices, and fidelity in the exigencies which arose in promoting the common cause, are quite too numerous. And yet, grave faults though they are, we are glad the papers in which they appear are not suppressed, since we see, and posterity will see, the man just as he was to his contemporaries. "Vanity," he wrote at twenty, "I am sensible, is my cardinal vice and cardinal folly." It was so ever afterwards. In his sensitiveness to praise and to censure, in his continual rehearsals of his own merits and of his country's obligations to him, in his painful brooding over ungrateful requitals, his resemblance to Cicero is very strongly marked; and he surpassed the Roman in this, that, while Cicero did but ask another to chronicle his achievements, he was his own Lucius Lucceius. But let none forget, — as some are prone to do, — when pointing out these weaknesses in our great countryman, that, though sometimes "his feelings were worth a guinea a minute,"* we enjoy

* Mr. Adams's own remark of General Wayne, — "Mad Anthony," — the hero of Stony Point.

blessings procured by this very vanity; that its possessor, when his associates were timid or undecided, equal in his own estimation to every emergency, boldly led off, and that whatever he undertook he accomplished. Let us admit that inordinate self-esteem in a revolutionist is a positive virtue; and say that, as, according to the French aphorist, "Unbounded modesty is nothing more than unavowed vanity," *he* differed from the man whom the world calls modest only because he spoke without concealment.

There is not much in Mr. Adams's public life, prior to the adoption of the Constitution, which even his enemies fastened upon him to lessen his fame, save the alleged monarchical doctrines of the *Defence*, and his occasional exhibitions of self-esteem, irritability, and the like. From the commencement to the close of his connection with the Federal government, however, he was exposed to more or less blame, not only from his opponents, but from persons of decisive influence in his own party. The Federalists, in fact, allege that his measures, as President, first divided, and at last ruined them. We believe that it was not so, — that he was not the cause of democratic ascendency. Of this debatable period, justice demands a full and calm survey. When we regard the question as one of history, to be decided upon the evidence, we do not wonder at the fall of Federalism, but rather marvel that the Constitution of the United States was ever adopted; or at least that its original friends were allowed to continue in power for a period of twelve years. In the popular mind, the Federalists as a body were held to be aristocrats who had little sympathy with the common people; who were secretly monarchists, or, at best, stern advocates of stern laws; who would pardon nothing to the outbreaks of indebted poverty, the direct result of the war for freedom, — to the occasional excesses of emancipated colonists, who, in the joy of severed bonds, hardly knew at times how to use, without abusing, their newly acquired privileges. In our view, there was a perpetual struggle against Federalism, — as thus understood, — until its overthrow. But had no such impressions existed, we entertain the opinion that the policy of Washington in the French Revolution, and his assent to Jay's treaty, rendered the decline of the Federal party certain.

Thus premising, and with a single desire to state the truth, fall where it may, we proceed to a brief survey of Mr. Adams's relations to his countrymen while he was second under the first, and first under the second, administration. That he was no favorite with several prominent statesmen, is well known; and had Samuel Adams, or Hancock, been supposed sound on the Constitution, one of them probably would have been selected as Vice-President. At the outset, then, he was not the first choice of those who assumed to control affairs; and he entered upon his duties with the humiliating recollection that, though Washington had received every electoral suffrage, it had been so arranged that a minority vote only had been cast for him, ten other candidates receiving a combined majority of one. His course as presiding officer of the Senate, during the first term, was satisfactory to most, and indeed was generally applauded; but at the second election, while the illustrious chief was re-elected with entire unanimity, he was again so opposed in the electoral colleges, that a change of six votes would have defeated him.

Nor, as the division of the country into distinct political parties became more manifest, would he have been nominated to succeed Washington, but for the fear that Jay's popularity had been seriously impaired by the negotiation of the treaty which bears his name. As it was, though many Federalists disliked Mr. Adams, they "were driven to adopt him" by the force of circumstances; but coupled their support of him with the notable device of giving Thomas Pinckney, the candidate for the Vice-Presidency, an "equal support," or of holding the power of excluding Mr. Adams from the first office by some chance vote in the colleges, or, in the last resort, of electing Pinckney in the House of Representatives.* This plan, if not devised by Hamilton, had his sanction. It well-nigh succeeded, not in elevating Pinckney, but in the discomfiture of the Federalists; for Jefferson, who of all men was regarded as their evil genius, was elected to the second place, and Mr.

* It is hardly necessary to say, that, as the Constitution then stood, the highest candidate in the electoral colleges was to be President, and the second, Vice-President, and that, when two persons received an equal number, the election devolved upon the lower house of Congress, as now when there is no choice by the Electors.

Adams secured the first by a majority of one; or, to state the result differently, two votes added to the Democratic candidate would have put an end to Federal rule. Thus, though the President was a Federalist, a Democrat was placed in the succession. So near its fall was Federalism at the first election after the retirement of Washington. For the policy — to give it no harsher name — adopted as above stated, if we judge by written testimony, there is no sufficient explanation. We can well understand that fears might have been entertained that Mr. Adams, as chief magistrate, would want steadiness of purpose, and exhibit his infirmities to the injury of the public interests; but we are amazed that, his nomination once considerately made, no matter on what grounds, any persons who consented to it should have forgotten their obligations to observe good faith towards him, and towards those of the Federal party who, without such apprehensions, preferred him to all others.

We pass by the events of Mr. Adams's administration, until we come to the mission to France, which produced divisions from which the Federalists never recovered. Previously, and down to the inception of that measure, dissatisfaction had been inconsiderable among his political friends, as appears by the letters of distinguished members of his party, whose confidence he then lost. It is claimed in his behalf, that Washington did not object to a renewal of negotiations with our old ally, and that his letters on the subject warrant a still stronger statement.* Be this as it may, many wise and pure men did express their satisfaction that the "indirect" overtures of the French rulers were not rejected. Among these was John Marshall, whose opinions were always entitled to the weight of judicial decision, and who, in this particular case, was well advised, because, having been member of a previous mission to France, he had become intimately acquainted with the exact relations between the two countries. The military men, as a class, and many civilians of consideration, were, however, sorely displeased. We admit that one party to this issue was as patriotic as the other; still, we cannot but

* There are two letters addressed to Mr. Adams, February and March, 1799; see Washington's Writings, Vol. II. pp. 398, 403.

believe that those who favored the postponement of hostilities until another attempt had been made in diplomacy, were in the right. And besides, the difficulties with France were of such a nature, that, do as our government would, loud and unjust complaints were sure to follow. Of these, Washington bore his full share; but he bore them in silence. His successor, on the other hand, reproached in ways which one of his temperament was poorly fitted to endure, was driven in the intensity of his pain, in the years of his retirement, to commit the only really reprehensible acts of his life.

That, at the moment, and while the last French mission was the subject of thought and discussion, Mr. Adams is to be held amenable for some ungracious words, and for concealments from official personages who had a right to know his intentions, we admit; but the grave question after all is, whether these intentions, matured into deeds, were such as became a Christian statesman, and whether he preserved the peace of his country without dishonor. As once remarked, his decision to embrace the "indirect" offer to renew negotiations caused a lasting schism in the Federal ranks; and the dissensions to which it gave rise have been perpetuated to our own time, in certain circles, with more or less asperity of feeling; but we apprehend that the general sentiment now is, that Mr. Adams decided wisely. Yet, if it were not so, posterity, we are sure, will have warm praise to bestow on an act which averted the scourge of war.

Of the dissatisfied Federalists, Hamilton was the recognized head; and it would seem that the earliest determination was to appeal to Washington, to serve a third term. His death occurred while this plan was in agitation. In the subsequent castings about for a candidate, it was urged on the one side, — in the letters which have come down to us, — that the renomination of Mr. Adams would ruin, and on the other, that it would save, the Federal party. The final resolve was to support him; but, as in the previous election, with an understanding that Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, who was selected in room of his brother Thomas for the second place, should have an "equal" chance for the executive chair; Hamilton avowing that he would refuse other

and "direct" support to Mr. Adams, "even though the consequence should be the election of Jefferson." Under such auspices, Federalism entered upon its last conflict with Democracy. It need hardly be said, that those who preferred Mr. Adams, and espoused his cause with hearty good-will, had reason to complain of a device which at the outset countenanced, and which in the end might effect, his degradation from the Presidency of the United States to the Presidency of the Senate.

Whatever the motives of Hamilton and his section of the party, the friends of Jefferson, if left to choose, could not have devised an arrangement more likely to insure the success of the Democratic ticket. To some of the Federalists, indeed, who had assented to Hamilton's views, the measure, *on moral grounds*, gave no little uneasiness. One of distinguished position wrote to him, that he "abominated the hypocritical part which we have been necessitated to act"; another, that he "never liked the half-way plan which has been pursued," and that he was apprehensive "Federal men are in danger of losing character in the delicate point of sincerity"; a third, that "it is, I confess, awkward and embarrassing to act under the constraints that we do"; still another, that "we must vote for him [Mr. Adams], I suppose, and therefore cannot safely say to every one what we think of him"; and yet a fifth, that "it is true there is an apparent absurdity in supporting a man whom we know to be unworthy of trust," and, again, that, "whatever display is made of Mr. Adams's misconduct, it must be continually recollected that he may be again chosen by us, and that we are pledged to give him a full chance of the united vote concerted at Philadelphia."

These extracts show the misgivings of gentlemen who adhered to Hamilton; the feelings of those who adhered to Mr. Adams can be easily imagined. Add to this state of things, "the pamphlet,"* which occasioned new disaffection and confusion, where, already, there was quite enough of dis-

* "Letter from Alexander Hamilton, concerning the Public Conduct and Character of John Adams, Esq., President of the United States," now in Hamilton's Works, Vol. VII. p. 687, which gave offence even to some of the author's warmest admirers.

cord, and we may form some idea of the hopeless prospect of defeating the opposing candidates. With the accusations and recriminations of that day we have nothing to do. We aim only to show that, as Mr. Adams was brought forward originally without unanimity, so he was kept in the field on "compromise," and amid dissensions. Possibly the Alien and Sedition Laws, for which he was made no more responsible by his signature than were Federalists in Congress by their votes, and the last and "fatal mission to France," which was his individual act, may have accelerated the doom of Federalism, just as a man whose lungs are half consumed may hasten the crisis by suicide; but anterior to, and more potent than these, were the causes which we mentioned as we commenced the discussion of the topic.

If it be still insisted that the second President occasioned the fall of his party, he will not be held accountable, surely, for the ill-advised measures which were adopted after it was ascertained that he had failed of re-election. The electoral votes, as all know, were "equal," not, as Hamilton designed them to be, for Adams and Pinckney, but for Jefferson and Burr. Hence, the choice of President devolved upon the House of Representatives. That Jefferson was *intended* for the first office by every one who had cast a Democratic vote, no man in all America doubted; and why, then, did the Federal members of Congress seek to defeat the popular will? Aaron Burr was a person against whom every gentleman's doors should have been doubly barred and bolted; yet, though warned and entreated by Hamilton in trumpet tones, the States represented by Federalists persisted in opposing Jefferson for days, in thirty-five ballotings, and Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, and New Hampshire voted for Burr on the last and thirty-sixth balloting, in which Jefferson was elected.

In moral intent, as appears by the records of Congress, and beyond all dispute by the correspondence of the period, the Federal party, by their authorized exponents, are answerable for the elevation of a man who had not been thought of until they adopted him as a candidate, and whose character was unconditionally detestable. That the Federalists who voted for Aaron Burr polluted themselves, was the sentiment of Ham-

ilton. Later, when the fatal coils were fast closing around him, he uttered, in his painful survey of the past, these despairing words: "Mine is an odd destiny. Perhaps no man in the United States has sacrificed or done more for the present Constitution than myself. . . . . I am still laboring to prop the frail and worthless fabric. Yet I have the murmurs of its friends, no less than the curses of its foes, for my reward. What can I do better than withdraw from the scene? Every day proves to me more and more, that this American world was not made for me." Would this letter have been written, if the Federal members of Congress, one and all, had pronounced, as did John Marshall, that they would "take no part" in the contest between Jefferson and Burr? Without Federal votes in that contest, would a "majority" of the Federalists in New York have supported Burr for Governor, in 1804; and without these instances of Federal complicity, would Hamilton have become involved beyond extrication in that final encounter?

We lament that Mr. Adams did not bear his personal and his political griefs meekly. Never was it more necessary to observe the proverb of the old Hebrews, that, "If a word be worth one shekel, *silence* is worth two." His peace and his position in history alike demanded of him seeming obliviousness of whatever in the past had been painful. Censure and obloquy are the price which eminent men have been compelled to pay to contemporaries in all ages, and they should always leave their vindication to those who come after them. When a Cæsar whimpers, the world holds down its head; and Cæsar may himself be sure that, if he cry but once, "Help me, Cassius, or I sink," Cassius will find a day to taunt him with his weakness.

Our task is finished. We have endeavored to be simply just. As now we are compelled to remember that the good man, whose *Life* and *Works* are before us, and who, of all men, should have lived and died a Federalist, threw himself into the arms of his "ancient enemies," and became a Democrat with Federal principles, let us also remember, that happy are those of our race whose most questionable acts occur under accumulated mental sufferings, and the ailments of an

aged frame. Let us say, too, that happy is the private citizen, or the time-worn statesman, who passes away to his rest, and to his reward, as did JOHN ADAMS, with the united acclaim of friend and foe, that he was a man of "unconquerable intrepidity, and of incorruptible integrity." As yet, the extent and the value of the services which he rendered to the Anglo-Saxon race are not generally understood or appreciated. The means of better information are afforded by these volumes; and most earnestly do we commend them to the study of the young men of our country, who, soon to come upon the theatre of affairs, will seek some guide, and who may safely form their characters, public and private, upon a model which had neither a vice nor a crime to tarnish a long, varied, and unprecedentedly arduous career.

ART. II. — 1. *Human Physiology, Statical and Dynamical; or the Conditions and Course of the Life of Man.* By JOHN WILLIAM DRAPER, M. D., LL. D., Professor of Chemistry and Physiology in the University of New York. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1856. 8vo. pp. 649.

2. *The Mutual Relations of the Vital and Physical Forces.* By WILLIAM B. CARPENTER, M. D., Examiner in Physiology and Comparative Anatomy in the University of London. From the "Philosophical Transactions," Part II., for 1850. London. 1850. 4to. pp. 37.

3. *The Correlation of Physical Forces.* By W. R. GROVE, M. A., F. R. S., Barrister-at-Law. Second Edition. London. 1850. 8vo. pp. 119.

4. *Caloric; its Mechanical, Chemical, and Vital Agencies in the Phenomena of Nature.* By SAMUEL L. METCALFE, M. D., of Transylvania University. London. 1843. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 1100.

THE appearance of Professor Draper's ingenious and original treatise on Physiology must call the attention of a large class of readers to those higher questions of the science which

are freely discussed in its pages. The scientific and literary character of the work has been made the subject of special notice in various other quarters. It is agreed that Professor Draper has given us a book that is full of interest, containing many striking views and novel experimental illustrations. Its faults spring out of its merits, and are such as belong to most works of science written by men of lively imagination. We make our sincere acknowledgments to the author for the fresh contributions he has furnished to our knowledge of the laws of life, and the new impulse he has imparted to the study of its mysteries.

We have prefixed to this paper the titles of two essays, published within the last few years, and also of a ponderous volume which saw the light before either of them, and has been, or seems to have been, less read than either. Mr. Grove's essay has excited great attention in England, and received the honors of translation into the French language. Dr. Carpenter's paper, published in the "Philosophical Transactions," extended the generalizations of Mr. Grove into the domain of Physiology. Both are brief, and are therefore read. Dr. Metcalfe forgot the motto which he must have often seen quoted from D'Alembert: "The author kills himself in spinning out what the reader kills himself in cutting short." Consequently his book has been shelved, in spite of its originality and learning. But we must do our countryman the justice to say, that, if there is anything in the physical theory of vital actions which has found advocates in Mr. Newport and Dr. Carpenter, and which Professor Draper has so forcibly illustrated, Dr. Metcalfe has anticipated them all in maintaining that caloric "is alone, of every form of being, quick or dead, the active principle"; the same doctrine, modernized, which, in another form, was taught by Hippocrates. And we must be permitted to express our astonishment that a work of such pretensions, published in London, should be ignored by any English writer of authority, while he is repeating and developing its leading ideas, long since given to the world.

We do not propose to make a critical examination of any of these publications. We only avail ourselves of them for the purpose of opening one of the questions which all of them

suggest or discuss. This is the relation existing between the physical agencies of general nature and the peculiar manifestations of living beings. The interest of physiologists was especially called to this subject by the well-known Lectures of Professor Matteucci, delivered in the University of Pisa, by appointment of the Tuscan government, in 1844. A translation of these Lectures was introduced to the English public under the auspices of Dr. Pereira and Professor Faraday. From that time, the questions involved in the comparison of living and lifeless nature have attracted more and more attention, until they have become, in a measure, blended with popular studies. We propose to select one subdivision of this vast subject for such discussion as may not be unfitted for the eye of the unprofessional student of nature.

If the reader of this paper live another complete year, his self-conscious principle will have migrated from its present tenement to another, the raw materials, even, of which are not as yet put together. A portion of that body of his which is to be, will ripen in the corn of the next harvest. Another portion of his future person he will purchase, or others will purchase for him, headed up in the form of certain barrels of potatoes. A third fraction is yet to be gathered in a Southern rice-field. The limbs with which he is then to walk will be clad with flesh borrowed from the tenants of many stalls and pastures, now unconscious of their doom. The very organs of speech with which he is to talk so wisely, or plead so eloquently, or preach so effectively, must first serve his humbler brethren to bleat, to bellow, and for all the varied utterances of bristled or feathered barn-yard life. His bones themselves are, to a great extent, *in posse*, and not *in esse*. A bag of phosphate of lime which he has ordered from Professor Mapes, for his grounds, contains a large part of what is to be his next year's skeleton. And, more than all this, as by far the greater part of his body is nothing, after all, but water, the main substance of his scattered members is to be looked for in the reservoir, in the running streams, at the bottom of the well, in the clouds that float over his head, or diffused among them all.

For a certain period, then, the permanent human being is to

use the temporary fabric made up of these shifting materials. So long as they are held together in human shape, they manifest certain properties which fit them for the use of a self-conscious and self-determining existence. But it is as absurd to suppose any identification of this existence with the materials which it puts on and off, as to suppose the hand identified with the glove it wears, or the sponge with the various fluids which may in succession fill its pores. Our individual being is in no sense approximated to a potato by living on that esculent for a few months; and if we study the potato while it forms a part of our bodies under the name of brain or muscle, we shall learn no more of the true nature of our self-determining consciousness than if we studied the same tuber in the hill where it grew.

These forms of nutritive matter that pass through our systems in a continual round may be observed, weighed, tested, analyzed, tortured in a thousand ways, without our touching for a moment the higher problem of our human existence. Sooner or later, according to the perfection of our methods and instruments, we bring hard up against a deaf, dumb, blind fact. The microscope reaches a granule, and there it stops. Chemistry finds a few bodies which it cannot decompose, and plays with them as with so many dominos, counting and matching equivalents as our old friends of the Café Procope used to count and match the spots on their humbler playthings. But why C_4, O_2, H_6, have such a tendency to come together, and why, when they have come together, a fluid ounce of the resulting compound will make the small philosopher as great as a king for an hour or two, and give him the usual headache which crowns entail upon their wearers, the next morning, is not written in the pages of Lehmann, nor treasured in the archives of Poggendorf. Experimental physiology teaches how to stop the wheels of the living machinery, and sometimes how to start them when their action is checked; but no observation from the outside ever did or ever will approach the mystery of that most intense of all realities, — our relations, as responsible agents, to right and wrong. It will never answer, by aid of microscope, or balance, or scalpel, that ever-recurring question, —

"Whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality?"

The study of physical and physiological phenomena has been thought to lead to what is called materialism, or something worse. In spite of Galen's half-Christian religious eloquence, — in spite of Haller's defence of the faith, and of Boerhaave's apostolic piety, — we cannot forget the old saying, that where there are three physicians there are two atheists. It would be almost as fair to say, that where there are three bank-clerks there are two rogues. Unquestionably, the handling of large sums of money betrays into dishonesty some men who would have resisted slighter temptations. So the exclusive study of the bodily functions may, now and then, lead away a weak mind from the contemplation of the spiritual side of nature. The mind, like the eye, has its adjustment to near and remote objects. A watchmaker can find the broken tooth in a ship's chronometer quicker than the captain, and the captain will detect a sail in the distance long before the artisan can see it. Physiologists and metaphysicians look at the same objects with different focal adjustments; but if they deny the truths out of their own immediate range, their eyes have got the better of their judgment. If the mariner will not trust his chronometer to the expert, he loses his reckoning; if the nice-fingered myope should play sailor, the pirate would be sure to catch him. Our old, foolish proverb is not, therefore, wholly without its meaning. Charlatans in physiology, who are not so likely to be found in any other profession as in the one mentioned, make the mistake of confounding the results derived from their observation of the working of certain instruments, in health or disease, with those that claim another and a more exalted source. Our convictions, even without special divine illumination, reveal us to ourselves, not as machines, but as sub-creative centres of intelligence and power. The two ranges of mental vision should never be confounded for good or for bad. The laws of the organism cannot be projected, *a priori*, on the strength of the profoundest intuitions. Hunter's maxim, "Don't think, but try," comes down like a pile-driver on the audacious head possessed by the delusion that it can find out how things are,

by abstract speculation upon the question how they ought to be. But, on the other hand, the doctrine of an immortal spirit will never come from the dissecting-room or the laboratory, unless it is first carried thither from a higher sphere. Yet there is nothing in these workshops that can efface it, any more than their gases and exhalations can blot out the stars of heaven.

Thus what we have to say must be considered as applying solely to the living body, and not to the divine emanation which, in the human form, seems, but only seems, to identify itself for a while with the shape it uses. We shall not even think it necessary to consider the living body in all its attributes. Animals have a life in common with plants: they grow, they keep their condition, they decay; they reproduce their kind, they perish; and these acts, apart from self-consciousness or any voluntary agency, constitute them living creatures. This simplest and broadest aspect of living nature is that which we propose to consider.

Life may be contemplated either as a condition, manifested by a group of phenomena, or as the cause of that condition. Looked at as a condition, it is the active state peculiar to an organism, vegetable or animal, which consists in the maintenance of structural integrity by a constant interchange of elements with surrounding matter. This interchange is effected under the influence of certain exciting agencies, or stimuli, such as light and heat, which are essential to its due performance. An egg or a seed perishing undeveloped has never been excited into this active state, and therefore cannot be said to have lived. It was only for a time capable of living, if the proper stimuli and surrounding matters had been present.

But life may be considered, again, as a *cause* of the phenomena just referred to, and it is in this aspect that we mean to regard it; and before attempting to examine our special question, we must remember the limits of all our inquiries with reference to causation. We can hope for nothing more, in the way of positive increase of knowledge, than these results, in any such inquiry: — to detect the constant antecedents of any condition or change; to resolve one or more

antecedents into consequents of some previous fact; to show that one or more of the causative elements are the same that are productive of other effects; and, lastly, to reproduce the effect by supplying the causative conditions, or to prove the nature of the constant antecedent by experiment. As to the essence of causation or of force, in any of its aspects, we are no wiser than Newton, the profoundest student of its laws, and the readiest to confess his ignorance of its intimate nature.

Let us look first at the theological relations of an inquiry into the causes and nature of life. These, if nothing else, may, we think, be satisfactorily adjusted.

Every action, or series of actions, is referred by the mind to a force, and this again to a power. Thus the action of a clock is referred to the force of the spring, and this force is the manifestation of a power stored in the spring by winding it up, and set free by giving the first swing to the pendulum. We may consider action as the specific application of force; force, as the transfer of power, or power *in transitu;* power itself, as the original or delegated source of being, or of change in its condition. Thus life, which appears as a series of actions, is referred to a force commonly called vital, and this to a power, having its centre in the Divine Being; for all who recognize a Divinity are agreed that all power comes from him. This is what they mean when they call omnipotence one of his attributes. The first manifestations of force are habitually referred to the same original source. Thus we say that the Creator gave motion to the planets in space, taking it for granted that the Master-hand alone could impart their original impulse. If, however, we are asked why they continue to roll on, we are told that the *vis inertiæ* keeps them from stopping. But this is a mere name, and we might as well say that the *vis motus* starts a planet, as that the *vis inertiæ* keeps it going. A simpler statement is that the Divine agency, once in operation, never changes without cause. We cannot allow force to be self-sustaining any more than self-originating, nor matter itself to be self-subsistent any more than self-creating. "Actualia dependent a Deo tum in existendo, tum in agendo." "Neque male docetur conserva-

tionem divinam esse continuatam creationem, ut radius continue a sole prodit." Such are the words of Leibnitz. The apparent uniformity of force, and the seeming independent existence of matter, lead us to speak of them as if their laws, as we term them, were absolutely and eternally inherent. But a law which an omnipotent, omniscient, omnipresent Being enforces, is plainly nothing more than the Lawgiver himself at work. This is the meaning of that somewhat startling utterance of Oken, "The universe is God rotating." Transcendental Physiology is beginning to steal from the hymn-books.

> "With glory clad, with strength arrayed,
> The Lord, that o'er all nature reigns,
> The world's foundations strongly laid,
> And the vast fabric still sustains."

So sang Tate and Brady, paraphrasing the royal David. And Watts, still more expressly, in the hymn made famous by "the harp of thousand strings": —

> "His Spirit moves our heaving lungs,
> Or they would breathe no more."

Once giving in our complete adhesion to the doctrine of the "immanent Deity," we get rid of many difficulties in the way of speculative inquiry into the nature and origin of things. This may be an important preliminary. Mr. Newport, the very distinguished physiological anatomist, communicated a paper to the Linnæan Society, in the year 1845, "On the Natural History of the Oil Beetle, Meloë." It contained the following sentence: "The facts I have now detailed lead me, in conformity with the discovery by Faraday of the analogy of light with heat, magnetism, and electricity, to regard light as the primary source of all vital and instinctive power, the degrees and variations of which may, perhaps, be referred to modifications of this influence on the special organization of each animal body." The Council of the Society objected to the publication of the passage from which this is extracted. The Society's Index Expurgatorius would have been more complete, if it had included the Invocation of the third book of Paradise Lost, which has hitherto escaped the Anglican censorship.

But if the student of nature and the student of divinity can once agree that all the forces of the universe, as well as all its power, are immediately dependent upon its Creator, — that He is not only omni*potent*, but omni*movent*, — we have no longer any fear of nebular theories, or doctrines of equivocal generation, or of progressive development. If we saw a new planet actually formed in the field of the telescope, or the imaginary "Acarus Crossii" put together "de toutes pièces" under the microscope, true to its alleged pedigree, — out of Silex, by Galvanism, — it would no more turn us into atheists, than a sight of the mint would make us doubt the national credit.

We are ready, therefore, to examine the mystery of life with the same freedom that we should carry into the examination of any other problem; for it is only a question of what mechanism is employed in its evolution and sustenance.

We begin, then, by examining the general rules which the Creator seems to have prescribed to his own operations. We ask, in the first place, whether he is wont, so far as we know, to employ a great multitude of materials, patterns, and forces, or whether he has seen fit to accomplish many different ends by the employment of a few of these only.

In all our studies of external nature, the tendency of increasing knowledge has uniformly been to show that the rules of creation are simplicity of material, economy of inventive effort, and thrift in the expenditure of force. All the endless forms in which matter presents itself to us are resolved by chemistry into some threescore supposed simple substances, some of these, perhaps, being only modifications of the same element. The shapes of beasts and birds, of reptiles and fishes, vary in every conceivable degree; yet a single vertebra is the pattern and representation of the frame-work of them all, from eels to elephants. The identity reaches still further, — across a mighty gulf of being, — but bridges it over with a line of logic as straight as a sunbeam, and as indestructible as the scymitar-edge that spanned the chasm in the fable of the Indian Hades. Strange as it may sound, the tail which the serpent trails after him in the dust, and the head of Plato, were struck in the die of the same primitive conception, and

differ only in their special adaptation to particular ends. Again, the study of the movements of the universe has led us from their complex phenomena to the few simple forces from which they flow. The falling apple and the rolling planet are shown to obey the same tendency. The stick of sealing-wax that draws a feather to it, is animated by the same impulse that convulses the stormy heavens.

These generalizations have simplified our view of the grandest material operations, yet we do not feel that creative power and wisdom have been shorn of any single ray by the demonstrations of Newton or of Franklin. On the contrary, the larger the collection of seemingly heterogeneous facts we can bring under the rule of a single formula, the nearer we feel that we have reached towards the source of knowledge, and the more perfectly we trace that little arc of the immeasurable circle which comes within the range of our hasty observations, at first like the broken fragments of a many-sided polygon, but at last as a simple curve that encloses all we know or can know of Nature. To our own intellectual wealth, the gain is like that of the over-burdened traveller, who should exchange hundred-weights of iron for ounces of gold. Evanescent, formless, unstable, impalpable, a fog of uncondensed experiences hovers over our consciousness like an atmosphere of uncombined gases. One spark of genius shoots through it, and its elements rush together and glitter before us in a single translucent drop. It would hardly be extravagant to call Science the art of packing knowledge.

We are moving in the right direction, therefore, when we summon all the agencies of nature before the tribunal of Science, and try the question of their identity under their various *aliases*, just so often as a new set of masks or disguises is detected in their possession. The accumulated discoveries of late years have resulted in such a trial. Following the same course that Newton and Franklin followed in their generalizations, living philosophers have attempted to show relations of mutual convertibility, if not of identity, between the series of forces known as light, heat, electricity, magnetism, and chemical affinity. Some leading facts indicating their intimate relationship may be very briefly recalled.

A body heated to a certain point becomes luminous; its heat seems to pass over partly into the condition of light. Thus iron becomes *red*-hot at about 1,000° Fahrenheit. Light may, perhaps, be changed into, or manifest itself as heat. In Franklin's famous experiment, the black cloth, which absorbs all the luminous rays, sinks deepest into the snow. Light, again, may act chemically, as heat does, as we see in the results of photography. It may be fixed in a body, like heat, as is shown in the Bologna phosphorus, which shines for some minutes after being exposed to sunlight, or to the common light of day. Heat develops electricity, as in the various thermo-electric combinations of different metals. Electricity produces light, and sets fire to combustibles. The highest magnetic powers are developed in iron by the action of galvanic electricity. The magnet, again, is made to give galvanic shocks in a common form of battery, with the usual manifestations of light and heat. Chemical force develops light, heat, and electricity; and each of these is used constantly in the laboratory as a practical means of inducing chemical action. Heat alone is shown, by an experiment of Mr. Grove, to be capable of decomposing water. Further than this, as all forms of motion are capable of developing heat, or light, or electricity, according to the conditions under which it occurs, and as heat and electricity and chemical changes are habitually used to produce motion, it is questioned whether all the apparent varieties of force are not mutually convertible, there being in reality but one kind of force, which manifests itself in each of the different modes just spoken of according to the material substratum through which it is passing, or some other modifying cause. And as there are facts indicating the existence of a system of equivalents as prevailing in these conversions, or of a fixed ratio between the various convertible forms of force, so that a given electrical force will produce just so much heat or chemical decomposition, and either of these reproduce the original amount of electricity, it has been maintained that the total force of the inorganic universe is undergoing perpetual transfer, but never changes in amount, any more than the matter of the universe is altered in quantity by change of form.

This would be the noblest of generalizations, could we accept it without limit, as an established truth: — a few simple elements; the material world formed by their innumerable combinations; — one force, an effluence from the central power of creation, animating all; binding atoms, guiding systems, illuminating, warming, renewing, dissolving, as it passes through the various media of which the unbreathing universe is made up.

We may carry the generalization a step further. We know nothing of matter itself except as a collection of localized forces, points of attraction and repulsion, as Boscovich expressed his notion of its elements. Take a quartz crystal as an example. It resists the passage of certain other forces through a limited portion of space. It resists the separation of that sphere of resistance into two or more parts, by means of what we call cohesion. If a ray of light attempts to pass the portion of space within which these circumscribed forces have been found to act, it is thrown back or bent from its course. Here, then, are localized forces, or agencies that produce change; the existence of anything behind them — substance, or substratum — is a mere hypothesis. But while the fluent forces of the universe have been shown to pass more or less completely into one another, these collections of stationary forces which we call matter have hitherto maintained their ground against every attempt to reduce them to unity, or to render them in any degree mutually convertible. Our threescore groups of fixed forces, known as simple substances, defy all further analysis, so far as our present power and knowledge extend.

But we must remember that, even if the hypothesis of the absolute unity of the various imponderable agencies were established as a fact, we should still have to look somewhere between their sources and our organs for the difference in their manifestations. And this could be only in the media through which they act. If electricity becomes magnetic attraction in passing through iron, and iron only, we must look to the metal for the cause of its change of form. Thus we only transfer the differentiating agency from one sphere to another, in consequence of the experimental inferences of the

physicist and the chemist. If chemistry had reduced matter to some one mother-element, we should have been forced to refer all its different manifestations, such as gold, sulphur, oxygen, and the rest, to the influence of external agencies operating through them. The tendency of modern research, without claiming for its inferences the character of demonstration, is in the other direction; — unity of the fluent forces; diversity of the fixed forces, or matter.

Such are the data derived from the inorganic world with which we approach the consideration of the phenomena that belong to organized beings. According to their analogies we should look for the cause of any peculiar manifestation we might meet with, in the fixed forces or material structure of the organism.

When we commence the examination of this material structure, we find it so different from everything that we have met with in lifeless matter, that we are tempted to believe it must differ no less in elementary composition. The substance of these five hundred mute slaves that we call muscles, and the currents of this "running flesh" that we call blood, seem unlike anything in earth, air, or waters. But Chemistry meets us with her all-searching analysis, and tells us that this solid and this fluid, and all the other structures of the body, however varied in aspect, are but combinations of a few elements which we know well in the laboratories of Nature and Art. A few gallons of water, a few pounds of carbon and of lime, some cubic feet of air, an ounce or two of phosphorus, a few drams of iron, a dash of common salt, a pinch of sulphur, a grain or more of each of several hardly essential ingredients, and we have Man, according to Berzelius and Liebig. We have literally "weighed Hannibal," or his modern representative, and are ready to answer Juvenal's question. The wisest brain, the fairest face, and the strongest arm before or since Ulysses and Helen and Agamemnon, were, or are, made up of these same elements, not twenty in number, and scarcely a third of the simple substances known to the chemist. The test-tube, and the crucible, and the balance that "cavils on the ninth part of a hair," have settled that question. Appearances, therefore, have proved deceptive with regard to the composition of the organism.

Again, if we looked for the first time at the mode of action of the living structure, we should probably decide that the forces at work to produce the operations we observe must be of an essentially different nature from those which we see manifested in brute matter. Here are solids sustained and fluids lifted against the force of gravity. Here is heat generated without fire. Here is bread turned into flesh. Here is a glairy and oily fluid shut up in a tight casket, sealed by Nature as carefully as the last will and testament of an heirless monarch; and lo! what the casket holds is juggled into blood, bone, marrow, flesh, feathers, by the aid of a little heat, which, increased a few degrees, might give us an omelet instead of a chicken. Surely, we should say, here must be new forces, unknown to the common forms of matter. Yet appearances may deceive us, as they deceived us respecting the substance of the organism until the chemist set us right.

We must try the actions just as he has tried the elements. We are not bound to do for them any more than he has done for the materials he has worked upon. If he has stopped at analysis, and confessed that synthesis was beyond his powers, so may we. He has shown us the carbon, the iron, and the other elements of which blood and muscular fibre are made up. But he has never made a drop of blood or a fibre of muscle. We have done as much for physiological analysis, if we can show that such or such a living action is produced by some form of natural force with which we are acquainted as it appears in inorganic matter, although we cannot reproduce the living action by artificial contrivances. It is not to be supposed that the laboratory can present combining elements to one another under all the conditions furnished by the organism, nor that any one living act should be imitated after the mutually interdependent round of movements has been permanently interrupted.

Proceeding, then, to our analysis of the living actions, a very superficial examination shows us that many of the physical agencies are manifested in the organism in the same way as in ordinary matter. Thus gravity is always at work to drag us down to the earth. It holds us spread out on the nurse's lap in infancy. We stand up against it for some

three or four score years. Then it pulls us slowly downward again. The biped is forced to become a triped. The jaw falls by its own weight, and must continually be lifted again ; so that old men, as Haller remarked, seem to be constantly chewing. It stretches us out at last, and flattens the earth over our bones, and so has done with us. Our fluids obey it during our whole lives. The veins of the legs dilate in tall men who stand much ; the hands blanch if we hold them up ; the face reddens if we stoop. The same cohesion that gives strength to knife-handles and tenacity to bowstrings serves the purposes of life in bones and sinews. The valves of the heart and vessels, which pointed Harvey to the discovery of the circulation, proclaim the obedience of the fluids to the laws of hydraulics. The tear-passages are filled by the force of capillary attraction. The skin soaks up fluids and allows them to escape through it, as membranes and films of paper and sheets of unglazed porcelain do in our experiments. The chemical reactions between the blood and the atmosphere, and between the gastric juice and the food, may be imitated very successfully out of the body. The eye and the ear recognize the ordinary laws of light and sound in all their arrangements. Levers, pulleys, and even the wheel and axle, play their usual part in the passive transfer of the forces that move the living machinery.

These facts, and many others of similar character which might be mentioned, point to the following conclusion. If there is a special force acting in the living organism, it must exist in addition to the general forces of nature, and not as a substitute for them. To know whether such a special force is necessary, or whether the general forces of nature are sufficient, we must know what these last are capable of doing, and what they cannot do, and must compare their ascertained power and its limitations with the living task to be performed. This is the next point to be examined.

That form of force which we call chemical affinity is capable of giving an indefinite number of aspects and qualities to matter, by varying the proportions and mode of combination of a few simple elements. Oxygen and nitrogen, which are the breath of our nostrils, become a corrosive fluid when

united in certain simple proportions differing from those of atmospheric air. The same elements, in varied combinations, serve us as food, or form a fluid, one drop of which kills almost like a stroke of lightning. Thus there is nothing exceptional in the fact, that the compounds of the vegetable or animal structure should present the distinctive characters by which we know them as starch or fat, as fibre or muscle.

Neither does there appear to be anything in the mere fact of assimilation, which establishes a distinct line of demarcation between the living and the lifeless world. A crystal, from a solution containing several salts, appropriates just the materials adapted to build up its own substance. A lichen does nothing more. The air is a solution of the elements that form it, and it appropriates and fixes them. The penetration of the new materials into the organic structure, and their interstitial distribution among its parts, might seem to draw the line of distinction. But this is very limited in many plants, and depends on their mechanical arrangement, one division growing upon the outside and another upon the inside. The porosity of organized beings which favors this mode of nutrition is nothing but an increase of internal surface; soluble nutritive matters are diffused through their textures just as water and other fluids pass into the pores of the Spanish *alcarraza;* and there is no reason why this internal surface should not appropriate new matter, as well as the external surface of a mineral.

The constancy of specific form is not more absolute in organized beings than in crystals. The difference between different crystalline shapes of the same mineral is not greater than that of the grub and the butterfly, or of the floating and the fixed Medusa.

Nor is a certain limitation of size a distinguishing mark of vitality. Some crystals are microscopic; some needle-like; some columnar. No diamond was ever found too heavy for a lady's coronet; but there are beryls which it would break a man's back to carry.

The plant and the animal have been thought to be peculiar in maintaining their integrity by continual waste and renewal. They are a perpetual "whirlpool," into which new

matter is constantly passing, and from which the materials that have been used are always being thrown out. It might at first seem hard to match this condition by any fact from the inorganic world. But from time immemorial, life has been compared to a flame, a spark, a torch, a candle.

"Et, quasi cursores, vitaï lampada tradunt."

The inverted flambeau of the ancients is still a frequent symbol in our rural cemeteries. Macbeth, Othello, John of Gaunt, have made the image familiar to us in different forms.

"My oil-dried lamp, and time-bewasted light,
Shall be extinct with age and endless night."

The simile is in fact a little fatigued with long use, and the Humane Society is hardly true to its name when it tolerates the expression that "the vital spark was extinct." But this is the very object of comparison that we here want, not for ornament but use. Professor Draper has beautifully drawn the parallel between the flame and the plant. The flame is not living, yet it grows; it is fed by incessant waste and supply; and it dies at length, exhausted, clogged, or suddenly quenched. The plant must suck up fluid by its wick-like roots, as well as the lamp by its root-like wick. The leaves must let it evaporate, as does the alcohol in an unprotected spirit-lamp. Here, then, is the mechanism of perpetual interstitial change, which we have a right to say may be purely physical in the one case, as in the other.

We need not wonder, in view of this perpetual change of material, that the living body, as a whole, resists decomposition. The striking picture drawn by Cuvier in his Introduction to the Comparative Anatomy, in which the living loveliness of youthful beauty is contrasted with the fearful changes which a few hours will make in the lifeless form, loses its apparent significance when we remember the necessary consequence of the arrest of its interior movements. The living body is like a city kept sweet by drains running under ground to every house, into which the water that supplies the wants of each household is constantly sweeping its refuse matters. The dead body is the same city, with its drains choked and its aqueducts dry. The individual system, like the mass of

collective life that constitutes a people, is continually undergoing interstitial decomposition. If we take in a ton every twelvemonth, in the shape of food, drink, and air, and get rid of only a quarter of it unchanged into our own substance, we die ten times a year; not all of us at any one time, but a portion of us at every moment. It is a curious consequence of this, we may remark, by the way, that, if the refuse of any of our great cities were properly economized, its population would eat itself over and over again in the course of every generation. We consume nothing. Our food is like those everlasting pills that old pharmacopœias tell of, heirlooms for the *dura ilia* of successive generations. But we change what we receive, first into our own substance, then into waste matter, and we have no evidence that any single portion of the body resists decomposition longer during life than after death. Only, all that decays is at once removed while the living state continues.

As for our inability, already referred to, to imitate most of the organic compounds, it is no more remarkable than our inability to manufacture precious stones. Some combinations take place readily; others require the most delicately adjusted conditions. Potassium and oxygen rush into each other's arms, like true lovers. Iron blushes a tardier consent before changing its maiden name for oxide. The "noble metals" are coy to the great elemental wooer; they must be tampered with by go-betweens before they will yield. Chlorine and hydrogen unite with a violent explosion, if exposed to sunlight. Hydrogen and oxygen resist the mediation of the sunbeams, but come together with sudden vehemence if crossed by the electric spark or touched by a flame. Most bodies must be dissolved before they will form alliances; "corpora non agunt nisi soluta." Some can combine only in the nascent state; like princes, they must be betrothed in their cradles. There is nothing strange, then, in the fact, that combinations formed in the vegetable or animal laboratory should be hard to imitate out of the body. Yet the chemist has already succeeded in forming urea; and artificial digestive fluids, borrowing nothing from life but a bit of dried and salted rennet, do their work quite as well as the gastric juice

of many dyspeptic professors. These instances show us that, if we can only supply the necessary conditions, the chemical forces are always ready. Nature expects every particle of carbon, and the rest, to do its duty under all circumstances. The digestive secretions often devour the stomach after death. A drowned man is restored by artificial respiration; the air forced into the lungs changes the blood in their capillary vessels; the blood thus changed is enabled to flow more freely; the heart is unloaded of its stagnant contents, and roused to action; the round of vital acts is once more set in motion; and all this because carbon and oxygen are always true to each other.

We are obliged to confess, as the result of this examination, that the inherent and inalienable relations of the elements found in the living organism may be sufficient to account for all the acts of composition and decomposition observed during life, without invoking that special "chimie vivante" which Broussais and others have supposed to be one of the properties of organization.

There is another mode of operation found in animals and vegetables, which has been considered as depending upon special *vital*, in distinction from physical, causes. This is the process by which certain bodies are selected from others for absorption or secretion; as when the chyle is taken up by the lacteals, and the bile is separated from the blood by the liver. To account for this, the organs have been supposed to possess a certain "low intelligence," which directs them in this selection. Yet there is evidence that the ordinary physical laws are not idle in these operations, and it is fair to ask if they may not be the only real agencies. The lacteals will not take up oily matters until they have been turned into an emulsion by the pancreatic fluid; just as a wick wetted with water will not take up oil until this is emulsified, or made a soap of.

We may still inquire why each secreting gland forms or transmits its own special product, and no other; why the liver secretes only bile, and the lachrymal gland only tears. We can see nothing in the anatomical formation of these organs to account for their peculiar modes of action. But

there are many phenomena of simple physical transudation equally unexplained. When water and alcohol are separated by a membrane, a current is established between the fluids in both directions, that from the water to the alcohol — the denser to the lighter — being the most rapid. When a similar experiment is performed with sirup and water, the current is from the water to the sirup, — the lighter to the denser. When the same fluids are employed, the nature and position of the membrane used occasion differences which we cannot explain. With the skin of a frog, the current from the water is most rapid when the internal surface is towards the alcohol. But with an eel-skin, the reversed position is most favorable to the flow in the same direction.

Again, in the phenomena of precipitation, as seen in the laboratory, we have an illustration of the chemical side of secretion. Two clear fluids are mixed, and one of them immediately separates or secretes one or more of its elements as a distinct product; or both may be decomposed with entire transformation of aspect and properties. Or a simple solid substance is introduced into a fluid compound, and at once seizes upon some constituent, and appropriates it, as when iron is immersed in solutions of salts of copper. Still more striking is the well-known action of spongy platinum in producing the combination of hydrogen and oxygen, without undergoing any chemical change itself.

Let us see whether some of these same physical operations may not be manifested in the liver, taking this as the typical secreting organ. Its cell-walls may govern their currents of transudation by laws of their own, as eel-skins and frog-skins govern the currents of alcohol and water. The two kinds of blood that meet in its capillary vessels may react upon each other, and produce mutual decomposition, as well as any other compound fluids. The substance of the liver has as much right to appropriate fat, without a special license from vitality, as the iron, in the experiment referred to above, to appropriate copper. It may have as good a title from the Supreme Authority to join the elements that form cholesterine, as spongy platinum to unite hydrogen and oxygen. This catalytic agency — the priestly office of chemical nature that gives to

one body the power of marrying innumerable pairs of loving atoms, itself standing apart in elemental celibacy — is not to be denied its possible place in the living mechanism. Its action may, perhaps, be more extended than in inanimate bodies. The instances furnished by the action of the pancreatic fluid and the gastric juice may belong to a far more numerous series of similar phenomena. We may grant a difference of degree between the separations or secretions effected by the reactions between the complex elements of the organism, and those witnessed in unorganized matter; but the difference of essential nature is less easily demonstrated.

But it will be said that the several parts select their special secretions with reference to the general wants of the system. If there is no evidence of adaptation of parts to a whole anywhere except in living beings, then we must allow that here is a difference in kind as well as in degree, which it would be hard to reconcile with the supposition that the same forces are the sole agents in both cases. But it is vain to deny that the macrocosm shows the same adaptation of parts as the microcosm. When the Resolute was found adrift and boarded by the American sailors, there was no sail on her masts, and no hand at her helm. Yet there was just as much evidence in her build and equipments that she was framed and provided for a definite purpose, as if the good ship had been seen with all her men at the ropes and the steersman at the wheel, following a lead into the ice-fields of the North. So if the earth had been visited by some wandering spirit before a fern had spread its leaves, or a trilobite had clashed his scales, the evidence of adaptation of its several parts to one another, as well as to ulterior ends, would have been clear as the sun that shone upon its primeval strata. Its steady circuit through the heavens, exposing it on all sides to light and shade in succession; the qualities of matter that lead its various forms to arrange themselves as shapeless matrix, or geometrical solid, into ever downward-sinking waters and ever upward-rising atmospheres; the self-preserving and self-classifying tendency, constantly at work to educe new harmonies out of the destroying conflict of the active powers of nature, — show that the adaptation of parts to the whole is wider than the realm and older than the reign of life.

All the physical laws, in and out of the organism, are arranged in harmony with one another. Each organ of a plant or an animal is supported by, and accountable to, the general system. But this system holds the same relations to the surrounding universe. Every creature that is born has an account opened at once with Nature, — debtor by so much of carbon, oxygen, hydrogen, azote; creditor by so much carbonic acid and ammonia, or whatever may be the medium of payment. Life is adapted to maintain a certain normal composition of the atmosphere, as much as the atmosphere to maintain life. And as air existed before plant or animal lived to breathe it, and as air is made up of at least three elements, each of these, considered as a part, was adjusted in quality and quantity to the whole with the same fitness that we see in the relation of the amount and quality of the bile as compared with the other secretions and the wants of the system.

But the living system protects itself by special provisions, it will be said; look at the thickened cuticle upon the workingman's hand, and see how admirably it shields the sensitive surface. True; and see also how delightfully the same thickened cuticle acts in the case of a *corn*. The avidity with which the most deadly substances are sucked in by the skin, — the suddenness with which a single drop of poison will work its way through the system from the surface of a mucous membrane, — shows us that the same force acts for good or bad indifferently; that is, it is under the general law of harmony, but not modified to meet accidental conditions. Just so, in the greater universe, the tide rises by one of its beneficent provisions, wafting a hundred fleets into their harbors, but not less surely drowning the poor wretches who are caught on the sands by its advancing waters. "Faugh a ballagh!" — "Clear the coast!" — is the word when we get across the track of any natural agency. We must not expect it to turn out for any particular end; the Creator has imparted no such wisdom to matter.

The course of a single ray of light is the eternal illustration of the Divine mode of action. It is always in straight lines. The difference between our utilitarian methods, always looking to special ends, and the Supreme handling of things

in their universal aspect, is beautifully shown in the structure of one of our domestic animals. If a watchmaker should insist on putting into a common watch one little wheel, unseen, and unconnected with the rest of the machinery, because he had made repeaters which required such a wheel, we should smile at his lost labor. But there is a little collar-bone, too small to be of any use, floating in the midst of the muscles about a cat's shoulder, which is as constant as if the animal's welfare depended on it. Why is it there? It is the vanishing point of a series of models formed on one general plan. The plan, as a whole, is a monument of infinite wisdom, adapted to the various needs of a numerous series of conscious beings. But it is so vast that it includes what we call *utility* as one of its accidents, and this anatomical fact shows us one of the borders at which the Divine conception overlaps the temporary application. The human artisan is wise in leaving out the wheel when it is no longer wanted. But the seemingly trivial arrangement just mentioned shows that the Deity respects a normal type more than a practical fact. His thoughts and his ways are not as ours.

The limited duration of existence might be thought to be characteristic of organic being. But, in the first place, this fact is not so universal and absolute as might be supposed. De Candolle long since promulgated the doctrine that trees live indefinitely, and never die but from injury or disease. The death of our great forest-trees is commonly owing to fracture, in consequence of the decay of the inner portion of the stem, which no longer performs any but a mechanical office. On the other hand, many crystals undergo decomposition, of form at least, within a longer or shorter period, by efflorescence or deliquescence. The very conditions of organic life imply a liability to disable its implements. A river chokes up its own bed with detritus; a chimney fills itself up with soot. The organism is a multilocular sac of fluids that are loaded with dissolved and suspended matters. The smoke of life ascends from innumerable pores of animal bodies, from the first gasp to the last breath that is expelled. What marvel that the vessels become thickened, and the working organs clogged, with accumulating deposits? We can only wonder, with the

hymn to which we have referred, that the harmony of so exquisitely adjusted a mechanism should be so long maintained, and not at all at the brevity of life in any of its forms, or the diversity of its duration.

But there is the great mystery of reproduction. Are there any acts of inorganic nature parallel to those that take place in the development of an embryo of one of the higher animals? This development may be decomposed into the following separate elements: — 1. A movement of assimilation imparted by an organism to a separable product of secretion or of growth; 2. A differentiating movement, which divides and arranges the formative materials into the substance of tissues and organs; 3. A modelling force, or shaping agency, which determines the form of the several parts and of the whole; 4. A co-ordinating force, which brings the various separate acts into harmony with one another, the *motus regius* of Lord Bacon.

Now, the question is, not whether all these actions are combined in any other known group of material changes than embryonic development, but whether any one of them is absolutely *sui generis*. And, first, we do not see why molecular movements may not be imparted by one portion of matter to another, as well as movements in mass. Fire is so propagated, and forms a new centre independent of its origin. Magnetism is imparted from one body to another, without diminution of its intensity in the first. Secondly, the rending apart of the most intimately combined elements, and their distribution to the positive and negative poles respectively, may illustrate the separation of the several constituents of the embryonic structure from one another. A very weak current will decompose saline mixtures, and even refractory oxides. Heat alone, as we have seen, will decompose water. Is it not in harmony with these physical facts, that a weak current of heat, long continued, as in incubation, should induce the separation and *quasi* polar arrangement of the loosely combined atoms that are to form the embryo? Thirdly, is not the shaping power more obvious in the rhombs of a fragment of Iceland spar than in the disc of a lichen, which falls on a stone, and spreads just as a drop of rain would spread? We may,

in fact, see the two forms of the modelling process — Nature's plane and spherical geometry — in operation side by side in the same structure. The *raphides*, or included crystals, which we often find in great abundance in vegetable cells, — those of the onion, for instance, — illustrate the point in question. Lastly, we have already seen cause to deny that the principle of harmony of parts, or multiplicity in unity, can be confined to living bodies, without overlooking the most obvious adjustments of the elements of general nature to one another and to one great plan. "The wonderful uniformity in the planetary system," says Newton, "must be allowed the effect of choice; and so must the uniformity in the bodies of animals."

It appears from the survey we have taken, that we might expect, from the general character of the creative plan, that, as pre-existing materials were employed to form organic structures, so pre-existing force or forces would be employed to maintain organic actions, or unconscious life. It is certain that the materials of the organism are, to a great extent, subject to the common laws of mechanical and chemical forces. It is not proved that these same forces are incompetent to produce the whole series of interstitial changes in which the functions of life common to vegetables and animals consist. On the contrary, the more we vary our experiments and extend our observation, the more difficult we find the task of assigning limits to their power. The preservation of specific form and dimensions has not appeared to be confined to living beings. The co-operation of the parts of an organized structure does, indeed, imply a plan, or pre-established harmony, but no more than the arrangement of the spheres, or the relations of the elements to one another. Each little world of life shows only the same *solidarity*, on a small scale, that prevents the universe from being a chaos. Limits of duration are not peculiar to living beings, nor always evident in them. Reproduction combines several modes of action, no one of which is without its inorganic parallel.

Given, then, a plant or a man, there seems no good reason why either should not begin to live with all its might, so soon as the conditions of light, heat, air, — whatever stimuli or food it requires, — shall be made to act upon it. Such is the

case with the drowned man who is "brought to life." He was defunct to all intents and purposes, except that the organs and fluids had not had time to become clogged, or decomposed, when a whiff of air set the whole machinery going again. "Two is my number," said Sir Charles Napier. "Two wives, two daughters, two sons, and *two deaths*. I died at Corunna, and now the grim old villain approaches again." Life is not the absolute unit we suppose. If a man is dead who "breathes his last," or "expires," such dead men have unquestionably been restored to life without a miracle. In other words, a man may be dead conditionally, — dead, unless there happen to be a double bellows or a galvanic battery in the neighborhood, and some one who knows how to use it. But if a man is not dead so long as any so-called living process goes on, then most men are buried alive; for there is no doubt that certain secretions — the mucous secretion, among others, as one of our best pathologists thinks — take place for a considerable time after a person has "expired." Probably a certain number of those who have just died or expired could be resuscitated to movement, if not to consciousness, by artificial respiration, if it were a thing to be desired. The reason that they cannot be permanently restored, like those rescued from the water, is that some organ or fluid has undergone an important injury, in the vast majority of cases, if not in all.

Life is a necessary attribute, then, of a perfect organism exposed to the proper external influences, just as much as gravity belongs to a metal, or hardness to a diamond. Just as the Creator, in calling the material elements into existence, contemplated their fitness to form a part of the living creation yet to be, so did he also diffuse such forces, or forms of force, through the world, as should of necessity manifest themselves through any perfect organism as what we call life. Such is the conclusion pointed at by the range of analogies we have adduced. A vast number of facts testify in its favor, and it is hard to find any that oppose it which cannot be explained. Whatever incomprehensible mystery there may have been in the first fabrication of these living time-keepers that measure ages in their conscious or unconscious movements, one com-

mon key seems enough to wind them all up and set them going. We may not accept Mr. Newport's generalization as to light, but whatever form of force we may recognize as the *primum mobile* in the series of organic movements, we are contented to accept as the chosen mode of action of the all-pervading Presence. If the Deity has seen fit to make one agent serve many purposes, the fact will be acquiesced in, in the face of the threatened San Benitos of all the Linnæan Societies.

The battle-ground of Atheism is not in the field of natural science; meaning by that the study of material phenomena. The argument from design to an intelligent Contriver does not require the knowledge of Cuvier or Humboldt to make it satisfactory. Every man carries about with him in his own organization a syllogism which all the logic in the world can never mend. If his scepticism will not melt away in such an ocean of evidence, it is because it is insoluble. Whatever contrivances have been employed, the grand result of an immeasurable whole, all the parts of which are fitted together with a foresight and wisdom which it mocks the human intellect to attempt to sound, except along its shallower edges, remains to be accounted for, and Paley's argument from the watch to its maker illustrates the simple course of reasoning which the healthy mind is naturally forced to follow.

The evidence we have been considering applies to the perfect and mature organism, and does not reach the question how such organisms first came into being. Who shall tell us whether the first egg was parent or offspring of the first fowl? The poet must answer for the philosopher. Milton has ventured to paraphrase the Scriptural account of creation with a freedom not always allowed to modern science. "The tepid caves, and fens, and shores" hatch their feathered broods from eggs. The grassy clods become the mothers of young cattle. The bees appear, not a single pair, but "swarming," as our own naturalists tell us they must have appeared. But our prosaic evidence as to the introduction of the forms of life upon our planet is limited.

And, first, there is no authentic evidence that the development of any organism has been directly observed without the

demonstrated or probable presence of a germ derived from a previous structure having similar characters. Even the vexed question of the origin of the entozoa, or internal parasites, has received its approximate solution from modern investigations. The tape-worm, for instance, is found to exist in two different forms, or stages of development. Each perfect tape-worm contains some twelve millions of eggs, capable of being reduced to a floating dust, and thus being deposited on various articles used as food. The mouse, nibbling at everything, swallows some of these, and they grow in his body into the state of *cystic worms*, an intermediate form of development, only of late recognized as being a stage of the tape-worm's growth. By and by the cat eats the mouse, and the cystic worm, finding its proper habitat in this animal's alimentary canal, assumes the true proportions of the *tænia crassicolis*. And so another cystic worm, which is common in the flesh of oxen, sheep, and especially pigs, becomes, by a similar metamorphosis, the *tænia solium*, or long tape-worm of their human consumer. The tribes that live on raw flesh are said to be particularly subject to the tape-worm. The hint derived from their experience may serve as an offset against Dr. Kane's Arctic experience, and the recommendation of a raw diet from nearer sources. So far as our immediate object is concerned, we have got rid of one enigma in finding, not only the cradles, but the nurseries, of these entozoa. We are obliged to consign the supposed instances of equivocal generation derived from their history to the same category with Virgil's swarm of bees born from a decaying carcass.

But, in the second place, the evidence of Geology has made it plain that new forms of life have been called into being at many different periods of the earth's history. The multitude of distinct floras and faunas in different regions and strata of the earth sufficiently proves that the formation of new organisms has been as much a part of the regular order of things in creation as the precession of the equinoxes, or upheavals and depressions, or any of those changes that work out their great results in the longer cycles of time. No one who observes the manner in which new specific forms are gradually introduced among those already existing, can help

seeing that such new formations may have been quietly intercalated in the midst of their predecessors by a series of operations in which, as in the mighty processes by which new continents are uplifted, nothing but secondary agencies were apparent. Chemistry teaches us, as we have seen, that no new materials were required to be called into being. It is not to be supposed that certain parcels of carbon or of oxygen were created when the first living forms, containing these elements as a matter of necessity, were fashioned, inasmuch as they already existed in immeasurable abundance. What was wanted was not the materials of the organism, or of its germ, but the force to bring them together without the intermediate action of a parent structure. The creation of matter out of nothing is perfectly credible as a fact, but not definitely conceivable by our imaginations. The combination of pre-existing elements, and the development of new properties in the resulting compound, is what we daily witness.

If the most insignificant infusorial plant or animal, having well-defined specific characters, had been evolved under our own eyes, in circumstances precluding the possible existence of a germ derived from a previous similar being, the fact would furnish us with a theory of the organic creation, so far as the purely vital, not the spiritual, side is concerned. Not having any such fact to appeal to, but, on the contrary, finding the rule that whatever lives comes from a germ absolutely universal, so far as we are acquainted with actual life, we are reduced to barren speculation as to the special mechanism employed in the many changes of programme which the palæontologist points out to us in the vegetable and animal world of the past.

"The world is in its dotage, and yet the cosmogony, or creation of the world" puzzles us, as it did the philosopher from whom these words are cited. By feeling our way up, through what is possible, or at least conceivable, from the laws of the inorganic world to the simplest manifestations of life, we may construct a theory of the evolution of life by means of the existing forces of nature, acting in different degree or intensity from their present ordinary mode of operation.

Let us construct such a theory, not to lean upon it, but to

see what degree of plausibility it may present, or how its weakness may drive us to another hypothesis. We will try to make the most of it, as an advocate pleads his client's cause without compromising his private opinion. Suppose the problem to be the mechanism of the introduction of vegetable life. And, first, let us illustrate our possible relations to this question by an imaginary picture of a body of philosophers of a somewhat ruder stamp than ourselves, and the statement of a question which may have occurred to them, and taxed their highest faculties.

A group of savages, living in a remote island, have from time immemorial been in the habit of employing fire for warming themselves and in cooking. They never suffer it to be extinguished everywhere at once, for they know that they cannot rekindle it except from another fire. They breed it as we breed trees in our nurseries. The fact of burning is no more a mystery to them than any other natural fact; its phenomena are constant, determinable beforehand, and controllable, and although they cannot talk about carbon and oxygen as button-using sages talk, they practically know the laws of combustion. They know that fire is prolific and self-developing; that it has its little red seeds, and in due time its slender buds, and broad waving corolla, like a flower; that it loves air, and hates water; that it gives pleasure or pain, according to the way of using it; that it renders the flesh of the canine race still more acceptable than their living presence, and even adds new tenderness to the paternal relation, in case of premature bereavement. All this they know. But if they are asked where the first fire came from, or how it was born, they have no answer to render, or only an idle story to tell. It was the gift of the Great Spirit, or some tawny Prometheus stole it from heaven. As for any mechanism by which it can be produced, they are entirely unable to suggest or conceive it. The wind, they know, fans a spark into a flame, but they laugh at the idea that the wind should kindle a fire without a single spark to begin with. At length a great hurricane sweeps over their island. It sways the tangled forest-branches backward and forward; it rends and twists and grinds them, until the earth is strewed with their fragments.

Two dry boughs are swinging across each other, and chafing in the blast. Presently a smoke rises from their point of crossing, and then a flame, — the woods are set on fire; but the great mystery is solved, and from that time forward the natives rub two sticks together when they desire to have the means of warming their fingers, or discussing the merits of such game as they may have bagged in their last skirmish.

We stand in the same relation to the origin of vegetable life as that in which the savages stood to the origin of fire, before the tempest revealed it. Give us but one little vegetable spark, and we can in due time kindle it by our appliances into a flame of blossoms wreathed in a cloud of foliage. Thrust into the soil this little brown scale, one of those which the elm has dropped in thousands at our feet, and it will go on towering and spreading until it overshadows the fourth part of an acre. Take this double-winged germ, that looks so like an Egyptian amulet, and bury it. Out of its core will spring a tall shaft that will wear its greenness for a century, though scarred with many a wound, through which its sweet juices have been stolen. This persistent force, building up the elm and the maple out of such mere specks of matter, holding steadily to the specific characters of each in every diversity of soil and climate, and maintaining them through the vicissitudes of a hundred seasons, is as great a mystery as would be the production of such a seed as either of those mentioned by deposition from the air which contains their elements, or their formation *de novo* from any collection of their proximate principles. It is only because we are not in the habit of witnessing the formation of germs as a daily occurrence, that we invest it with preternatural conditions. Geologists, who are constantly dealing with successive new creations, learn to accept the primitive evolution of an organism as a regular process, equally with its continuance. The lighting of a friction-match is not more wonderful, than the conflagration of a great city which it kindles. If Schultze and Schwann had succeeded, instead of failed, in their experiments on equivocal generation, we should have taken the fact as quietly as the invention of lucifers.

Let us proceed with our theoretical construction. We

have as much right to say that carbon has a tendency to take the form of a plant under certain circumstances, as that it has to become a diamond under other conditions. We do not see it changing directly into a plant; did we ever see it crystallizing into a diamond? Let us now consider the earth just at the period before the first evolution of vegetable life. As uncounted billions of tons of carbon have since been abstracted from the atmosphere to represent what we may call the fixed organic capital of our planet, as well as vast quantities of other elements derived from the earth and the waters, we may suppose the soil and atmosphere to have then represented a saturated solution of the elements of vegetable organisms. Some change of condition, natural, but exceptional, like the hurricane in our imaginary picture, — an influx of alien elements from some distant source, or an alteration of temperature, for instance, — destroys the equilibrium of the solution. There takes place a vast precipitate of living crystals, — needle-like, acuminated, porous, crusted with an inorganic coat of silex, — the grass that covers the plains and hill-sides. The organic solution having been thus reduced, the next living precipitate may probably be of a different grade, more slowly formed, more complex, a higher vegetable growth. Would this process be a whit more incomprehensible than the deposition of a cube of common salt from a clear fluid? Now, although a nucleus in the shape of a pre-existing cube of salt helps and accelerates this last process, it is not always necessary to it. So the living shape, which commonly depends for development on its pre-existing nucleus, or germ, may be conceived, under certain conditions, to be formed without it, obeying the same general forces, which are confessedly strong enough to shape and build up a mighty tree out of a mere particle of matter, or more properly from the elements, to which this particle has given their first direction. After a certain number of vital precipitations, we might suppose the solution, atmospheric or other, of the organizable substances, to retain just so much of these principles as would be sufficient to keep up the integrity of the organic deposits. The cube of salt will retain its form indefinitely, if kept in the fluid from which it was deposited. And thus we see a reason for the fact that

every organism is immersed in a solution of its own constituents. It does not follow that we must be able to imitate this natural process by our artificial arrangements. To say nothing of our very imperfect control of the natural forces, the scale of magnitude of the experiment may entirely determine the results. Spontaneous combustion happens not unfrequently in heaps of vegetable matter; but no experimenter will expect the same substances to take fire in such quantities as he examines by the microscope.

It is only going a step further in our supposition to conceive the first stage of vital precipitation as a simpler process. We may suppose the living precipitate to consist of what we may call *indifferent germs*, that is, assimilating and self-developing centres, determinable, but not yet determined; bearing the same relation to vegetable growths generally, which the seed of an apple or pear bears to the many possible varieties that may spring from it. This hypothesis is by no means identical with that of progressive development. It supposes the existence of permanent types, but conceives each type to represent the plastic diagonal of two forces, — a general organizing principle and a local determining one. The line of direction once fixed persists indefinitely, self-perpetuating, in the individual and the species, a vital movement parallel to its own axis. It is not our fault if these indifferent germs are the same things as the *semina rerum* of the old heathen Lucretius and his masters; the question is, whether they do not assist our conception of the mechanism of creation, and remove a part of its seeming difficulty.

We might apply this hypothesis of indifferent germs to that singular parallelism without identity observed in the organisms of remote regions. The resemblance between many growths of the Eastern and Western continents, for instance, would follow as the result of the diffusion of identical germs amidst similar, but not identical, general conditions of soil and climate. The same series of resemblances might be expected, which we see in distant, but corresponding, parts of the body, in various affections of the skin. Both arms or both cheeks often present very nearly the same diseased aspect, the blood being the common source of the disturbing element,

and certain corresponding parts on the two sides of the body furnishing the conditions for its development. So the two planetary limbs thrust through the folds of the ocean, one on either side, may be supposed to throw out their grasses, or oaks, or elms; like each other, but not the same.

"God has been pleased," says Paley, "to prescribe limits to his own power, and to work his ends within these limits." We can conceive of the introduction of vegetable life without any over-stepping of the present self-prescribed limits of Divine power, as we understand them. It is not absurd to suppose that new vegetable types may be forming from time to time in the existing order of things. The vulgar belief is in favor of such occurrences. The extraordinary fact of the appearance of oaks after a pine-growth has been removed, and other occurrences of similar nature, have never been thoroughly investigated, so far as we can learn. Scientific men question curiously on the subject; there is a doubt in their minds about the acorns, if they accept the facts about the oaks, as commonly alleged. It is strange that such substantial seeds should be scattered so widely. It is stranger that such perishable matter as they hold should retain its vitality so long. The experiments on equivocal generation have been made too recently, and by men of too much judgment, to allow us to treat the doctrine with contempt. A thousand negative experiments can never settle the question definitively. We do not say that it is probable, but we cannot say it is not true, that new types may be intercalated every century or every year into the existing flora. If the Dix pear was created for the first time in a garden in Washington Street, who shall say that the same power may not have just given us a new fungus in some corner of its vast nursery?

Whatever difficulties we find in attempting to frame a conception of the first evolution of *animal* life, there are certain facts which we are authorized to take as guides in our reasonings or imaginings upon the matter. Science confirms the statement of Revelation, that animal life must have come into being after vegetable life. The plain reason is, that plants are necessary to prepare the food of animals. And since no existing animal organism is ever built up directly from the

elements, but only out of materials derived directly or mediately from the vegetable world, we may question whether those first created were put together directly from the elements. The first animals were necessarily placed where their food was abundant. But their food contained the elements of their bodies, and why should not the proximate principles contained in the accumulations of vegetable matter about their birthplace have furnished the materials of the first, as well as of all subsequent organisms?

The primordial development of the higher animals presents this peculiar difficulty, — that their germs depend for their evolution on their continued connection with the parent. We can conceive of an infusorial seed or ovum as being formed by the "concourse of atoms," guided by that Infinite Wisdom which we see every day grouping the same atoms about their living nuclei. Reasonable men experiment with the hope of observing such a fact. But no one since Paracelsus — unless it be the mother of Frankenstein — has thought of getting up an artificial *homunculus*, or *homo*, or even a lower mammal, or a bird. Vaucanson's duck was perhaps the nearest approach to such a performance. He could utter the monosyllable abhorred of medical men, and make himself disagreeable in more ways than it is necessary to mention. But he was nothing better than wood, and illustrates the hopeless distance between the best of our paltry toys and the universe of miracles shut up in any one of the more perfect animal organisms. So difficult has the problem of the evolution of the higher animal forms appeared to speculative philosophers, that they have invented the theory of progressive development of the superior from the lower types. The sharp lines which separate species, as shown by observation of every organic form, extinct as well as living, have caused this famous and seductive hypothesis to be very generally rejected as untenable.

With all the difficulties, however, that stand in the way of our conceiving of the evolution of a mammal by the aid of the general forces of nature acting on the organic elements, we do not see where to draw the line which shall separate the higher from the lower forms of life, and assign a different ori-

gin to the two divisions of the series. Reasoning from below upwards, we should come to this frank conclusion, that, as definite form, limited duration, growth and decay, harmony of parts, transmissible qualities, all implying a controlling intelligence, are manifested in the inorganic world, we cannot assume that the same forces which produce its phenomena may not show themselves through all forms of organized matter as *vital* force. And as the conditions of action of these forces must have varied at different periods of the earth's history, we cannot assume that they have always been incompetent to bring together the elements of organized matter. The various organic forms which we observe fossilized in the strata of the earth, without any parent structures in the subjacent layers, may be considered as marking by their appearance the epoch of successive "fits of easy transmission" of the plastic elemental influence.

> "Sed, quia finem aliquam pariundi debet habere,
> Destitit; ut mulier, spatio defessa vetusto."

And here we leave this aspect of the question, to look at it in another point of view.

We recognize two, and only two, great divisions in created things. To the first class of his creatures the Deity sustains only active relations. All their qualities, functions, adjustments, harmonies, are immediate expressions of his wisdom and power. Every specific form is a manifestation of the Supreme thought. Every elemental movement is the Sovereign's self in action. The only question is whether he has at one time been present in our elements with an organizing force, and afterwards withdrawn this particular manifestation, or whether under the same conditions these elements would always manifest his ideas in the production of the same forms, just as they now maintain the present forms of life by a perpetual miracle, which we fail to recognize as such only because it is familiar to our daily experience. We have stated, as well as our space permitted, the argument for the presence of an organizing force in the elements around us.

To the second class of his creatures the Creator stands in passive as well as active relations. They are no longer simple instruments to do his bidding. They may disobey him,

and violate the harmonies of the universe. They have the great prerogative of self-determination, which, with knowledge of the moral relations of their acts, constitutes them responsible beings.

Now, if our previous view of matter and of elemental force as continuous Divine manifestations is correct, they could not in the nature of things become self-determining existences. The creation of independent centres of will and action involves a change in the character of the formative agencies hitherto at work in the portion of the universe with which we are acquainted. And here we come at once upon that mystery of mysteries: How and when are these spiritual natures called into being, and what is their relation to the material frames whose fundamental vital action we have alone considered? Have they existed in some former state, as Plato taught in the Academy, and Dr. Edward Beecher has maintained in the Church? Are the shores of embryonic life crowded with souls waiting for their bodies, as Lucretius tells his readers was the foolish fable, and as Brigham Young reveals to his congregation and announces in his harem? Or can it be that Tennyson has solved the difficulty when he tells us that,

> "star and system rolling past,
> A soul shall draw from out the vast,
> And strike his being into bounds,
>
> "And, moved through life of lower phase,
> Result in man, be born and think"?

Or does the soul organize its own body, as thoughtful men have held, from Aristotle to Mr. Garth Wilkinson?

Into these and similar questions we cannot now enter, if under any circumstances we should be willing to cast a line into such fathomless abysses of speculation. But as we have followed the physical view of life upward until we have reached an impassable limit, it is but fair to indicate briefly the reversed aspect of living nature, when viewed from above downward, by taking, as the point of departure, its spiritual apex, instead of its material base.

The introduction of self-determining existence, or sub-creative centres, into the order of things, marks, as we have said, the great change of action by which Omnipotence saw fit to

assume passive, as well as active, relations to its creatures. There is nothing in light or heat, or electricity, or chemical or mechanical force, that can give any account of spiritual existence. When the first human soul was introduced to earthly being, if not before the date of this last birth of creation, there was a new force put forth which was not any of these. And so, whenever a new soul takes mortal shape, we recognize it as an emanation from its Maker by some other channel than through the elemental substances or influences that wait upon its secondary and simply organic necessities.

We could not think it strange that, at the period of this spiritual evolution, a force running parallel with it in the material world, — a force not identical with any of the ordinary physical agencies, — should combine the elements of the bodily form, and shape it to the wants of the immaterial principle. We should not therefore be constrained to throw upon the common forces of Nature that wonderful development from simple to complex, from general to special, which carries a translucent vesicle through a series of evolutions and differentiations, until it wears the shape of the august being to whom the Deity has delegated a portion of his omnipotence. But this conclusion would oblige us to argue backward from it to the lower animals, whose material frames and food-needing existence are essentially identical in their composition and mode of being with our own. And conceding that a special change of character in the forces of Nature marks the appearance of animal life, there would be strong reason for extending the same supposition to the vegetable kingdom. This is only one instance of the difference between our conclusions when we look from the higher sphere, and those which we naturally accept from the workshops of material philosophy. We must be content to remain in doubt on many details of creation not revealed to us, on which we can only shape a few half-shadowed hypotheses.

In conclusion, we recognize our spiritual natures as having only incidental and temporary relations with the material substance and general forces of the universe. But we may concede that, the farther our examination extends, the more completely the organic or simply vital forces appear to resolve

themselves into manifestations of those closely related or mutually convertible principles which give activity to the unconscious portion of the universe. We have no experimental evidence that these physical agencies can form any living germ by their action upon matter; nor can we prove the contrary. The only directly observed conditions of the evolution of a living structure involve the presence of a germ derived from a being of similar characters. But observation of the earth's strata shows that new forms of life have appeared at numerous successive periods by some other creative mechanism. We can frame hypotheses not inconsistent with the ordinary laws of matter to account for such formations, but they can be regarded only as more or less ingenious speculations. We are obliged to recognize a special intervention of creative power in the introduction of spiritual existence in the midst of the pre-existing unconscious creation. If we allow that higher modes of action have once been superinduced upon the ordinary physical forces, we cannot deny the possibility, and even probability, of repeated changes in the working machinery of creation, coinciding with the evolution of each new type of organization. And if new formulæ of force in combination with matter preceded the creation of each organism, or group of organisms, we can understand that a special *vital* formula may be involved in the continuance of their existence. Thus accepting the fact of a change of law as a possible part of the constitution of the universe, we arrive, independently of Revelation, at the doctrine of Miracles, as this term is commonly understood. But in the view we have taken, whatever part may be assigned to the physical forces in the production and phenomena of life, all being is not the less one perpetual miracle, in which the Infinite Creator, acting through what we often call secondary causes, is himself the moving principle of the universe he first framed and never ceases to sustain.

ART III. — 1. *Biblical Researches in Palestine, and in the Adjacent Regions. A Journal of Travels by E. Robinson and E. Smith.* In three volumes. Vols. I. and II. *Journal in* 1838. Vol. III. *Later Researches in* 1852. Drawn up from the Original Diaries, with Historical Illustrations, by EDWARD ROBINSON, D. D., LL. D. With new Maps and Plans. Boston: Crocker and Brewster. 1856.

2. *Sinai and Palestine in Connection with their History.* By ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY, M. A., Canon of Canterbury. With Maps and Plans. London: John Murray. New York: J. S. Redfield. 1856.

3. *Phœnicia.* By JOHN KENRICK, M. A. London: B. Fellowes.

4. *Karte von Syrien und Palästina.* Zu RITTER'S *Erdkunde*, von CARL ZIMMERMANN. Berlin: Dietrich Reimer.

5. *Reise nach Ostindien über Palästina und Egypten von Juli*, 1844, *bis April*, 1853. Von K. GRAUL. Leipzig. 1854.

6. DR. TITUS TOBLER'S *Zwei Bücher Topographie von Jerusalem und seinen Umgebungen.* Berlin: Georg Reimer.

7. *Five Years in Damascus.* By Rev. J. L. PORTER, A. M., F. R. S. L. In two volumes. London: John Murray. 1855.

8. *Palestine. Description Géographique, Historique, et Archéologique.* Par S. MUNK. Paris: Firmin Didot Frères.

9. *Cartes de la Terre-Sainte: Atlas Universel.* Par HOUZÉ. Paris.

10. *The Chronological Scripture Atlas.* London: Bagster and Sons.

11. *Map of Jerusalem and its Environs.* By J. T. BARCLAY and SONS. Philadelphia: James Challer.

12. *Neue Hand-Atlas üb. alle Theile der Erde.* Berlin: H. Kiepert.

13. *Geognostische Karte des peträischen Arabien.* Wien: Joseph Russegger.

MAPS are an essential auxiliary to the study of history. The difference between correctly rendering Xenophon's narrative of the Expedition of Cyrus and rightly conceiving of that marvel of strategy, the *cata*basis of the Ten Thousand, is the differ-

ence between measuring off parasangs of unknown wastes and interminable marshes, and making a journey over a diversified and exciting region in the company of an intelligent and observing traveller, who remarks all the features and incidents of the way, while he notes carefully its times and distances; — in other words, the difference between a lesson in grammar and a study in history. Almost every student of the classics will remember with what pleasure he awoke to the idea that the confused mass of names in Xenophon's Anabasis and Cæsar's Commentaries, which so stumbled in his undisciplined larynx, had each a locality upon the map of the world, and represented places as real as the Exeter, the Andover, the Ellington, or the New Haven of his grammar school. Almost every student of the Scriptures will remember a kindred satisfaction at the discovery that the geographical lists of the Book of Joshua had reference to the same Palestine that he now traces upon the map of Syria. The harbor in which a Russian fleet so cruelly massacred a Turkish convoy lying at anchor, was the same Sinope where Xenophon and his retreating army first made port in their coasting voyage down the Euxine. The Scutari where the allied armies had their hospital, was the Chrysopolis of that weary army, returning from defeat and disaster in the East. The Mount Tabor that witnessed the bloody triumphs of Napoleon and of Saladin, is the same from which Deborah and Barak descended to fight against Sisera. The St. Jean d'Acre which the Crusaders held against the Turk, is the Accho of the Phœnicians whose inhabitants Asher could not drive out.* The almost fabulous marches of Xerxes toward the West, and of Alexander toward the East, become definite routes of travel when traced upon a map lettered with both ancient and modern names. The great empires of antiquity, that move like shadows over half the globe, assume shape and substance upon a well-defined chart. The travels of Herodotus are less a myth in the imaginary biography of Wheeler,† overlying his accurate geography of the Father of History,

* Judges i. 31.

† *Life and Travels of Herodotus*, by J. Talboys Wheeler, F. R. G. S. New York: Harper and Brothers.

than in the Clio, Euterpe, Melpomene, Urania, of the historian himself.

But while geography thus serves to locate and identify history, it also furnishes materials for history by its own progress as a science. A comparison of maps at different eras affords most striking proofs of the advancement of the human race in the knowledge of its own abode. The circular Thracia and Libya of Homer, girdled by the ocean, and fringed with Cimmerii, Æthiopes, and Pygmæi; the more flattened sphere of Herodotus, divided into the two equal segments of Europa and Asia; the egg-shaped world of Strabo, in which Asia preponderates over both Europa and Libya, and upon whose surface appear the Northern and the Indian Oceans with their respective islands of Britannia and Taprobane; the trapezium-world of Ptolemy, with its well-proportioned Europa, Asia, and Africa, its Britain and its India, its seas, bays, mountains, rivers, and that vast inland Indian Ocean encircled by imaginary coasts of Africa and Asia, — the map which settled the geography of the world till Vasco de Gama entered the Indian Ocean by circumnavigating Africa, and Columbus pushed forth in quest of India beyond the Atlantic; — these mark the gradual construction of a science of the earth's surface from an utter blank, as legibly as geological strata mark the structure of the globe itself from chaos. By a series of maps constructed after Homer, Herodotus, Strabo, and Ptolemy, we trace the progress of navigation, of astronomy, of commerce, of travel, of conquest, of empire; while from the actual map of Ptolemy to Mercator's projection, we have the whole progress of the world from the second to the nineteenth century.

These general remarks are strikingly illustrated in the geography of Palestine and Arabia Petræa. Could we transfer to our pages the curious series of maps of the Holy Land collected by Laborde,* and add to them his own and those of Kiepert after Robinson, we should address to the eye a conception of the improved geography of Palestine, which we fear no description of ours can convey to the mind of the

* *Commentaire Géographique sur l'Exode et les Nombres*, par Léon de Laborde. Paris et Leipzig.

reader. Here, for instance, is a map of Arabia Petræa, with part of Palestine, and of Egypt from Jerusalem to Cairo, drawn after nature, in 1484, by Erhard Rewich, a painter of Utrecht, companion of the traveller Breydenbach. Jerusalem and Cairo appear in the foreground, nearly upon a line; there is hardly any perceptible angle or turn at the junction of the coast of Egypt with that of Syria; the Nile has three mouths, one emptying very near Alexandria; while on the coast of Syria, besides the Rhinocolura, appears the mouth of a large river at Ascalon, and another at Jamnia. The Red Sea has two short square forks, and Mount Sinai, instead of lying between these, appears to the north of them both, and northeast of Cairo. This chart, however, is rather a geographical panorama than a topographical map. Again, we have a map of the same region, with the addition of the route of the Israelites, painted at the beginning of the fifteenth century on the walls of the cathedral of Hereford by Richard Haldingham. This is covered with hieroglyphics, and with figures of birds and animals, illustrating the natural history of each district. Lot's wife appears in a nude figure of melancholy mien, to mark the catastrophe of Sodom and Gomorrah. The Red Sea is unmistakably red, looking like the scarlet pantaloons of a French recruit, with legs of unequal length. A broad track of white through the hither fork, like a plaid on the pantaloons aforesaid, marks the passage of the Israelites. Altogether this is a curious specimen of the geography and the art of the Middle Age. Besides these quaint specimens of cartography, Laborde's work contains maps of Arabia Petræa by Pococke in 1730, by Niebuhr in 1763, by D'Anville in 1764, by the French Commission in 1802, by Burckhardt in 1816, by Ehrenberg in 1824, by Rüppell in 1826, and by Colonel Lupie in 1828, as well as that of the author in 1841. It is curious to observe how the contour of the coast varies in these several maps, and especially how the southern extremity of the peninsula ranges on the scale of longitude from a mere point to a breadth of one and a half degrees. Now this whole region is accurately defined, and we have not only geographical, but geological, maps of Arabia Petræa, that are creditable both to science and to art.

For this improved knowledge of the geography of Palestine we are mainly indebted to the laborious and accurate research and observation of Dr. Edward Robinson. The results of Dr. Robinson's first visit to Palestine have been before the world for fifteen years, and have received the approbation of the most competent critics in England, Germany, and the United States. It were a very inadequate view of these results to regard them as the notes of a traveller, however acute in observing and patient in recording. They were strictly what the title of the volumes describes them to be, — Biblical *Researches* in Palestine, — the laborious and continued searching for places mentioned in the Bible, with the Bible itself as the authoritative guide. Strictly speaking, Dr. Robinson made few discoveries. Unlike M. de Saulcy, — who was bent upon regarding Palestine as some vast Nimrood mound, which he should first open to the admiration of mankind, and who succeeded in making "capital discoveries" under the very eyes of such competent explorers as Rev. Wm. M. Thomson of Sidon, and Rev. J. L. Porter of Damascus, in their respective beats of travel, — our more impassible countryman addressed himself mainly to the work of investigation, leaving nothing to chance, and pursuing nothing from impulse.

The visit of Dr. Robinson to Palestine in 1838 had been preceded by nearly twenty years of special preparation for the exploration of that land, with a view to a systematic work on its physical and historical geography. Dr. Robinson's edition of Calmet, familiar to all Biblical students, and the earlier volumes of the *Biblical Repository* edited by him, show for how many years his mind was engrossed with the details of Biblical geography before he had the opportunity of visiting the Holy Land. At the same time, his studies in Hebrew lexicography, and in the cognate Arabic, prepared him for those linguistic inquiries and comparisons which proved of so much value in his researches. Thus Dr. Robinson went to Palestine with a thorough and accurate knowledge of the geography of the land as exhibited in the Bible, and also of the observations of all responsible residents and travellers in that land, from Josephus and Jerome down to Von Schubert

and Von Raumer. The twenty pages devoted to a mere list of authors consulted by him — authors evidently read, not by their titles merely, but with discriminating criticism — show how complete was his preparation. He went to Palestine, therefore, to test upon the spot the accuracy of previous observers, to supply, if possible, their omissions, to correct their errors, and to verify the geographical allusions of the Scriptures, so far as this can be done by means of affiliated Arabic names, and from local scenery, monuments, and ruins.

Upon his first visit to the Holy Land, Dr. Robinson laid down a canon of criticism respecting traditionary localities, which he re-affirms with emphasis in his new volume. This canon is, that "*all ecclesiastical tradition respecting the ancient places in and around Jerusalem, and throughout Palestine*, IS OF NO VALUE, *except so far as it is supported by circumstances known to us from the Scriptures, or from other cotemporary testimony.*"

As a reason for this canon, Dr. Robinson affirms that the traditions concerning the sacred localities in Palestine were, for the most part, brought forward by a credulous and unenlightened zeal, like that of the Empress Helena, who might well be styled the mother of holy places; that the fathers and monks who originated them were, for the most part, strangers in Palestine, ignorant of its topography, and of the language of the common people; that, for many centuries, the only visitors to Palestine were pilgrims, who went thither with an unquestioning belief in the traditions of the Church; and that later travellers in the Holy Land have, for the most part, been under the tutelage and guidance of the monks, whose faith and whose piastres both depend upon maintaining these traditions.

"In this way, and from all these causes, there has been grafted upon Jerusalem and the Holy Land a vast mass of tradition, foreign in its source and doubtful in its character, which has flourished luxuriantly and spread itself out widely over the western world. Palestine, the Holy City, and its sacred places, have been again and again portrayed according to the topography of the monks, and according to them alone. Whether travellers were Catholics or Protestants, has made little difference. All have drawn their information from the great storehouse

of the convents; and, with few exceptions, all report it apparently with like faith, though with various fidelity. In looking through the long series of descriptions which have been given of Jerusalem by the many travellers since the fourteenth century, it is curious to observe how very slightly the accounts differ in their topographical and traditional details. There are, indeed, occasional discrepancies in minor points, though very few of the travellers have ventured to depart from the general authority of their monastic guides. Or, even if they sometimes venture to call in question the value of this whole mass of tradition, yet they nevertheless repeat, in like manner, the stories of the convents, or, at least, give nothing better in their place." — *Researches*, Vol. I. p. 253.

As specimens of this implicit faith of travellers in the monks, we give the following from Sir John Maundeville, in the fourteenth century, and Chateaubriand, in the nineteenth: —

"To the west of Jerusalem is a fair church, where the tree of the cross grew. And two miles from thence is a handsome church, where our Lady met with Elizabeth, when they were both with child, and St. John stirred in his mother's womb, and made reverence to his Creator, whom he saw not. Under the altar of that church is the place where St. John was born." — *Maundeville*, Bohn's ed., p. 175.

"Tout au fond de la grotte, du côté de l'orient, est la place où la Vierge enfanta le Rédempteur des hommes. . . . . A sept pas de là, vers le midi, après avoir passé l'entrée d'un des escaliers qui montent à l'église supérieure, vous trouvez la crèche. . . . . A deux pas, vis-à-vis la crèche, est un autel qui occupe la place où Marie était assise lorsqu'elle présenta l'enfant des douleurs aux adorations des mages. . . . . Ces lieux sont pourtant ceux-là mêmes où s'opérèrent tant de merveilles." — *Chateaubriand, Itineraire*, Tom. I. p. 399.

The credulity of the monks is fully equalled by that of the Jews in their traditions of sacred places. Thus Rabbi Petachia states that in Mount Gaash, in Upper Galilea, "a footprint is perceptible, like that of a human being treading on snow. This is that which the angel imprinted after the death of Joshua, son of Nun, when the land of Israel was shaken." At Hebron he bribed his way into the cave of the patriarchs. "But over the entrance, in the middle, are placed very thick iron bars, — the like no man can make, unless through heavenly

instrumentality, — and a storm-wind blows from between the holes between bar and bar. He could not enter there with lights. Whenever he bent towards the mouth of the cave, a storm-wind went forth, and cast him backwards." In the same vein the Rabbi describes the "Gate of Mercy" at Jerusalem, probably the so-called "Golden Gate," concerning which the tradition is common to Jews, Christians, and Moslems, that the Divine glory shall there appear for the recapture of the city. It seems that in Petachia's time the Crusaders were as watchful of this gate as the Moslems now are. "No Jew, and still less a Gentile, is permitted to go there. One day, the Gentiles wished to remove the rubbish, and open the gate; but the whole land of Israel shook, and there was a tumult in the city until they left off." *

Having repudiated ecclesiastical tradition as a guide, Drs. Robinson and Smith laid down these two general principles to govern their researches in the Holy Land: — *first*, "to avoid, as far as possible, all contact with the convents, and the authority of the monks; to examine everywhere for ourselves, with the Scriptures in our hands, and to apply for information solely to the native Arab population"; and, *secondly*, "to leave, as much as possible, the beaten track, and direct our journeys and researches to those portions of the country which had been least visited."

The determination to avoid contact with the convents and the monks may seem to argue a weakness, or a supercilious-ness, which are alike foreign to the ordinary tone of our author's mind. We confess, indeed, to having formed the same determination after a little experience of Oriental travel, but upon grounds less elaborate and scientific than those which Dr. Robinson sets forth. We avoided the convents because we found their larders scanty, their cooking execrable, their beds untidy, and their vermin abundant and voracious; and, withal, because the holy brethren, while thus superior to the demands of the flesh, made ghostly exactions upon our purses "for the love of God," equal to the tariff of first-class

* Travels of Petachia. Translated from the Hebrew by Dr. A. Benisch. London: Trübner & Co. 1856. — Petachia visited the Holy Land toward the close of the twelfth century.

hotels. Sir John Maundeville testifies of the convent at Mount Sinai, that "in that abbey no flies, toads, or lizards, or such foul, venomous beasts, nor lice, nor fleas, ever enter, by the miracle of God and of our Lady; for there were wont to be so many such kind of pests, that the monks were resolved to leave the place, and were gone thence to the mountain above, to eschew that place. But Our Lady came to them, and bade them return; and since that time such vermin have never entered in the place amongst them, nor never shall enter hereafter."* But, whatever may have been Maundeville's experience in 1322, we do testify that in 1853 Our Lady's charm had lost its potency; and we do not hesitate upon this point to adopt Dr. Robinson's canon, that "ecclesiastical tradition is of no value, when not supported by circumstances known to us." Thus much for the convents.

As to the monks, they generally appeared amiable, indolent, and ignorant, with here and there an exception of vivacious intelligence or of earnest devotion. Such independent observers as those concerned in the Biblical Researches of 1838 had nothing to apprehend from monkish authority over their private judgments. We never could quite forgive Dr. Robinson for his cavalier treatment of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre during his first visit to Jerusalem. We believe that on that occasion he entered the church but once, when he "looked in for a few moments, with a friend," upon the Latin mass at nine o'clock on the morning of Easter Sunday. The traditionists have made much of this contemptuous neglect of the reputed site of the Sepulchre, as an evidence that Dr. Robinson rejected the traditions concerning that site upon arbitrary and *a priori* grounds, without a fair investigation.

During his second visit, Dr. Robinson retrieved that omission, and made a most careful inspection of the so-called tomb of Joseph and Nicodemus, on the western side of the rotunda. The result of that visit was to turn the strong-hold of the traditionists against themselves, and to demonstrate upon archæological grounds, as the author had before demonstrated upon both topographical and historical grounds, that the genuineness of the present site of the Holy Sepulchre is sustained

* Bohn's edition, p. 158.

by no valid argument or authority. We shall speak again of this result, in considering the topography of Jerusalem.

Recurring to the canon laid down by Drs. Robinson and Smith to guide their researches, we find that, in determining any locality, it gives to the Scriptures the first place of authority; next to these, it places "other contemporary testimony"; and next to this, the evidence from names and associations surviving in the language of the native Arab population. This last may in some sense be styled tradition. But there is an obvious distinction between such native indigenous traditions and associations, and traditions whose origin and intent are ecclesiastical. The tenacity of the common speech of the common people in respect to names and local associations is strikingly exemplified in the Saxon element of the English tongue. In speech the Saxon conquered the Norman; so that to this day, in the dialect of the English island, as Mr. Emerson phrases it, "the male principle is the Saxon; the female, the Latin. The children and laborers use the Saxon unmixed. The Latin unmixed is abandoned to the colleges and Parliament." Not Stonehenge itself is more fixed and commanding upon the wide expanse of Salisbury Plain, than are the sturdy pillars of Saxon uplifted on the face of English literature. At every summer solstice, the sun still greets them in their ancient place.

What is true of the vernacular speech of progressive, changeful England, is even more true of the common language of the impassive, stereotyped Orient. There every mound and stone and pillar is a Stonehenge, which changes neither form nor place through ages of decay. The names of *Nimrood* and of *Neby Yûnas* still survive upon the banks of the Tigris. *Libnân* and *Yâfa* still designate the Lebanon and Japho of the Hebrew Scriptures. The common Arab population, aside from ordinary routes of travel, untainted with ecclesiastical traditions and superstitions, unbiassed by any motive to err or to deceive, are unquestionably a better authority for the names of places in Palestine, than are the monks of Nazareth or Bethlehem. A complete mastery of the Arabic tongue, combined with a thorough knowledge of Arabic character, enabled Dr. Eli Smith to pursue this linguistic branch of the

researches with remarkable success. The identification of many localities established by these researches was due in a good degree to that worthy missionary, whom Gesenius once accredited as the first living Arabic scholar. When to this rare qualification of his associate were united the exact, complete, and critical learning of Dr. Robinson upon the points of inquiry, and his keen and patient observation of places and of incidents, it was almost impossible that a fact should be overlooked, or an error be recorded, in the Researches. An explorer who went to Palestine knowing exactly what to seek and where to seek it, and who took his own bearings by the compass every half-hour, and registered the thermometer four times a day, could hardly go astray either in his facts or in his judgments.

One of the best examples of the application of Dr. Robinson's canon of investigation, is given in the identifying of *Kâna el-Jelîl* as the scene of the first miracle of Christ. A small village called *Kefr Kenna*, an hour and a half northeast from Nazareth, is asserted by the monks of the latter town to be the Cana of the New Testament. Such has been the tradition of the past two centuries; and "so fixed has the impression now become that this was the true Cana, that most travellers probably are not aware of there ever having been a question as to the identity." The allusions of many of the earlier travellers to Cana are too brief and indefinite to shed much light upon its locality. Maundrell did not go to the place, but "passed in view" of it, on the way from Nazareth to Acre, "going at first northward, crossing the hills that encompass the vale of Nazareth on that side, and then turning to the westward."* Maundeville only says that "Cana is four miles from Nazareth"; but gives no hint of the direction. And besides, little confidence could be placed in one who gravely records the following item: "Half a mile from Nazareth is the leap of our Lord; for the Jews led him upon a high rock, to make him leap down, and have slain him; but Jesus passed amongst them, and leaped upon another rock; and the steps of his feet are still to be seen in the rock where

* Journal of April 20 (A. D. 1697).

he alighted."* Sæwulf is a little more precise. He says: "Six miles to the northeast of Nazareth, on a hill, is Cana of Galilee, where our Lord converted water into wine at the marriage feast. There nothing is left standing, except the monastery called that of Architriclinus"† (the Ruler of the Feast). Dr. Robinson regards this statement of Sæwulf as applicable not to Kefr Kenna, but to Kâna el-Jelîl. But since the rebuilding of the church and convent at Nazareth in the early part of the seventeenth century, tradition has uniformly and strongly pointed to Kefr Kenna as the Cana of the New Testament.

Kâna el-Jelîl is a ruin on the northern border of the plain el-Bŭttauf, about three hours distant from Nazareth, in a northeasterly direction. It was first pointed out to Dr. Robinson from the Wely above Nazareth, by an Arab-Greek Christian of that town. The prevalence of the ancient name among the common people, in opposition to the tradition of the monks, is with Dr. Robinson a sufficient reason for "rejecting the present monastic position at Kefr-Kenna," and fixing the site of Cana at Kâna el-Jelîl. "The name is identical, and stands the same in the Arabic version of the New Testament; while the form Kefr-Kenna can only be twisted by force into a like shape." Moreover, Kâna el-Jelîl "is sufficiently near to Nazareth to accord with all the circumstances of the history." Thus, two conditions of the canon are fulfilled; the site of Kâna el-Jelîl answers to the Biblical narrative, and it is determined by the permanence of the name in the language of the native Arab population.

But Dr. Robinson presents much more than this negative evidence against the claims of Kefr Kenna. He shows that "an earlier tradition actually regarded the present Kâna as the ancient Cana"; that, according to Quaresimus, so lately as at the commencement of the seventeenth century, "two Canas were spoken of among the inhabitants of Nazareth and the vicinity, one called simply Cana of Galilee (Kâna el-Jelîl), and the other Sepher Cana (Kefr Kenna)"; and further, that many earlier travellers in Palestine place Cana north of Sep-

* Chap. X. (A. D. 1322). † Travels (A. D. 1103).

phoris, and describe it as "having a mountain on the north, and a broad, fertile, and beautiful plain towards the south; all which corresponds to the position of Kâna, and not to Kefr Kenna." These arguments are conclusive in favor of Kâna el-Jelîl as the true site of the Cana of the New Testament. The tradition concerning Kefr Kenna obviously originated with the monks of the convent at Nazareth, as best suited to their convenience.

Since the first edition of the Biblical Researches was published, nearly all intelligent travellers, and the best geographers, have adopted Kâna el-Jelîl as the true site of Cana. Munk, whose admirable work just *preceded* the Researches, makes Cana the modern *Kefer Kanna.** Houzé, whose latest map of Palestine is that of 1848, places Cana in the site of Kâna el-Jelîl, retaining also the site of Kefr Kenna, but without giving the Arabic names. Kiepert follows Dr. Robinson. Ritter also makes Cana identical with Kâna el-Jelîl. Bagster's Chronological Atlas identifies Kâna el-Jelîl with the Cana of the New Testament, as demonstrated by the "powerful arguments" of Dr. Robinson. Dr. Wilson, who is slow to acknowledge Robinson's authority, speaks of Kâna el-Jelîl as the Cana of Galilee, which was privileged to witness the beginning of our Lord's miracles.† Van de Velde, who, however, can hardly be called an original authority, accepts the decision of Dr. Robinson in favor of Kâna el-Jelîl. We are therefore the more surprised to find Mr. Stanley still in doubt. Without entering upon the question, he only says: "The claims of Cana are almost equally balanced between the two modern villages of that name, — the one situated at some distance, in the corner of the basin of Sepphorieh, the other nearer, in an upland village, to the east of Nazareth." ‡

Horne, in the new edition of his "Introduction," exhibits a carelessness upon this point that is truly surprising. Although he has corrected much in the geographical portion of his work, upon the authority of the Researches of Dr. Robinson, yet in his article on *Cana*, in the Geographical Dictionary appended to the third volume, he ignores the disputed question as to the

* Palestine, p. 35 b.

† Lands of the Bible, Vol. II. p. 94.

‡ Sinai and Palestine, p. 359.

site of Cana, but so describes the place as to leave no doubt that Kefr Kenna is in his mind, while he gravely remarks that it is "a small town of Galilee, situated on a gentle eminence *to the west of Capernaum*." This mode of designating the locality has at least the merit of being as safe as it is original.

We have dwelt thus long upon this example, because it furnishes so fine an illustration of Dr. Robinson's method of investigation and its results. It is in fact an *experimentum crucis* of the principles laid down in his canon. But while we would congratulate our countryman upon his success in thus arraying Scripture, history, language, and reason against a mere monkish tradition, and upon the tribute which the learned world has accorded to his judgment, we would not have it supposed that he has one whit subdued that monkish tradition in Palestine itself, or broken its charm with travellers who are susceptible to superstition. Of this class is the eccentric M. de Saulcy, who, while nervously suspicious of an Arab, always clings tenaciously to a monk. He attempts to refute "the seductive arguments of the learned Dr. Robinson," as to the true site of Cana, and, as he thinks, "completely destroys them all." His arguments are three, which we present in an inverted order.

The first is drawn from a criticism of the sacred text (John ii. 1). "How could Jesus," he asks, "starting from Nazareth for the purpose of proceeding to Capernaum, have thought of going out of his way four or five leagues to the northward, when his easiest, shortest, and most natural course was evidently to take the beaten road from Nazareth to Capernaum, which road passed of necessity by Kefr Kenna?" But the Evangelist makes the marriage the motive of the journey from Nazareth, and not a mere incident upon the way from Nazareth to Capernaum, though Jesus afterwards went down to the lake. Beside, Kâna el-Jelîl is but about fifteen miles from Nazareth, and not much of a detour from the road to Capernaum. Alford, who is keenly alive to the minutest points of criticism, remarks: "Dr. Robinson satisfactorily establishes that Kâna el-Jelîl, about three hours N. ½ E. from Nazareth, is the site of this miracle. The name is identical, and

so stands in the Arabic version of the New Testament. He shows this to have been recognized in early tradition, and only recently usurped by Kefr Kenna, a village one and a half hours northeast from Nazareth, on one of the roads to Tiberias."*

M. de Saulcy's second argument is historical. He does not deny that "an old tradition pretended to identify the Cana of the Gospel with Kâna el-Jelîl"; but he insists that Quaresimus had good reason to reject that tradition for the evidence in favor of Kefr Kenna as the true locality. This evidence he makes to consist mainly in "the tradition of a church built upon the identical spot of the miracle," whose ruins De Saulcy professes to identify with those of an ancient mosque near the modern church in Kefr Kenna, and in the existence there of two water-pots, "as old as the time of the miracle." The weighty testimony of most earlier writers in favor of Kâna el-Jelîl he attempts to offset by the ambiguous evidence of Phocas in the twelfth century, of Willibald in the eighth, and of Antoninus the Martyr in the sixth, who certifies that he not only saw two of the original water-pots of Christ's miracle, but that he "filled one with water, and drew forth wine"!

His third argument is linguistic. "The words Cana of Galilee could never have been expressed by Kâna el-Jelîl. This last word is positively an adjective, meaning great, or illustrious. I then most conscientiously declare, that, according to my interpretation, and I dare say according to the interpretation of any native scholar, the words Kâna el-Jelîl cannot have any other meaning than *Kana the Great*, or Kana the illustrious." To this Dr. Robinson quietly but effectually replies: "Had M. de Saulcy turned to his Arabic New Testament, he would have found, not only that *Galilee* (*Γαλιλαία*) is always rendered by *el-Jelîl*, but also that *Cana of Galilee* (*Κανᾶ τῆς Γαλιλαίας*), wherever it occurs, is uniformly given by *Kâna el-Jelîl* (John ii. 1, 11; iv. 46; xxi. 2)."

Dr. Robinson having expressed the wish, in his first edition, that future travellers would bear in mind the true Cana, and would verify his conclusions, we made a memorandum of the

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* Commentary on John ii. 1.

bearings of Kâna el-Jelîl from Nazareth, and resolved to satisfy ourselves of its identity with the Cana of John. The success of this endeavor may be learned from the following extract from our unpublished journal, which, in imitation of Mr. Stanley, we here introduce, to relieve the tedium of dissertation. We take the liberty of retaining the first person singular: —

"*Nazareth, May 28th*, 1853. In planning a tour of Palestine, it was a first consideration to include in it as many places of interest as could be brought within the time allotted, and especially such places of sacred association as had been identified by reliable authorities. But Dr. Robinson has so completely upset both the topography of Palestine and the traditions of the elders, that one might as well attempt to explore Japan before the friendly expedition of the United States has opened its gates, as to go out of the beaten track to verify any of his discoveries in this stereotyped land. Once or twice I succeeded in getting upon his route, and found it marked at every step by the most learned and cautious accuracy. But there seems to be a universal conspiracy among dragomans, guides, sheiks, guards, monks, moukris, horses, and mules, to ignore every place that Dr. Robinson has identified, and to follow still the beaten way. My own dragoman, who has long resided in Syria, and is well acquainted with the country, and by far the most intelligent and obliging of his class that I have seen, though he has travelled with Rev. Dr. Keith, and with Mr. Bartlett the artist, often tells me that nobody ever before asked him about such and such places, or expressed any desire to visit them!

"There was one place that I was determined, if possible, to see, namely, the true Cana of Galilee. I had read with interest Dr. Robinson's opinion as to the location of this village, and had seen Lord Nugent's ill-natured criticism upon it; I had also just read, at Jerusalem, Dr. Robinson's re-affirmation of his view in a late number of the *Bibliotheca Sacra*. With the aid of Kiepert's map, and of Dr. Robinson's description, there was no difficulty in fixing the spot; and I was rejoiced to find that my dragoman knew the place, though he had never been led to attach any importance to it as the real Cana. Accordingly, I stipulated that this place should be comprised within our northward route. Before leaving Tiberias, I took special pains to have it understood by the dragoman, and the mounted guard that accompanied us, that we did not wish to go to Nazareth by the beaten track of *Lûbieh* and *Kefr Kenna* (the traditional Cana), but by a more northern path around the base of Jebel Hattîn, and by Rummâneh across el-Bŭttauf

to *Kâna el-Jelîl*, and thence due south to Nazareth. All this was agreed upon before starting. But we had not been an hour on our way before I suspected that we were on the wrong path, — a suspicion that was soon confirmed by seeing Lûbieh in the distance. The dragoman assured me, however, that the guard had undertaken to lead us to *Kâna el-Jelîl* by a more direct route; but, on inquiry, I was satisfied that the guard had quite mistaken my instructions.

"At about eleven o'clock we reached the traditional Cana, where I saw the little Greek chapel in which are deposited two huge stone jars said to have been used at the marriage feast. The chapel was deliciously cool, while, without, the thermometer ranged above 100°; and if the water-pots had only been filled with iced Croton, I should, without further inquiry, have indorsed this as the place of the beginning of miracles. Determined to see the other Cana also, I made an arrangement to go there with a guide from this place, and one of our mounted guard. One of my comrades concluded to join the expedition, while the rest of the party proceeded directly to Nazareth.

"The illness of the cook made it desirable that both dragomans should go on to Nazareth to make ready the tents and the evening meal; so, with a guide fully instructed as to the object of our search, — which he professed to know perfectly, — we set out, without an interpreter, for a detour of some three or four hours. At a distance of some twenty minutes from Kefr Kenna, the guide turned aside to a little mound partly covered with wheat, and, showing us the scanty remains of a wall and a small tank, insisted that this was *Khirbet Kana*. At the same time our cavalier proposed that we should now go to Nazareth! Their eyes seemed to betray a trick, and a collusion between them to get the *buksheesh* without performing the stipulated service; so, remounting my horse, and indicating the positions of *Kefr Menda* and of *Rummâneh* respectively, I pointed to a spot between the two, as the true site of Cana, and rode off quietly in that direction. But this sort of demonstration, which had hitherto proved effectual with refractory Arabs in the desert, had no effect upon our redoubtable cavalier. He rode after me a few paces, shouting *Hawagee!* then handed me the water-skin, and headed his horse for Nazareth, the guide accompanying him. This was cool, — as much as to say, 'You may be thirsty before you get back; so you may as well take water with you on your lonely expedition.' We now came to a parley. I offered more *buksheesh* if they would take us to Kâna el-Jelîl, and refused any for this sham service.

"At first, both guard and guide denied that there was any such place; then, pointing to the sun, they represented it as too far, and

refused to go. I felt sure that it was but about an hour's ride around the base of the mountain a little in advance of me; but, in the confusion of the moment, instead of calling upon the Arabs to name the neighboring mountains, I called from the map the names of the *Tells* near Cana, and the fellows put every one of these as far off as I could see. Again I set out to go forward, hoping that they would follow; but the guide would not stir, and the guard rode off toward Nazareth, looking back upon us with a most provoking leer. Here was a predicament, — two strangers in a turbulent region, having no Arabic at hand, but obliged to converse through monosyllables and signs, deserted by their hired protectors at the outset of an afternoon journey of some five hours. We could do nothing but turn back toward Nazareth, leaving it to Dr. Robinson to find Kâna el-Jelîl, if he could. If he had never disturbed its locality, instead of being left in doubt of its very existence, I might have spent the sultry noon in that cool little church, and, bating a phrenological want of veneration, might have imagined myself in the very house of the bridegroom, with the identical water-jars before me; or I might have reposed upon the neighboring stone from which the multitudes were fed with five loaves and two fishes. Fresh from the scene of the *latest* miracle of Christ, — the miraculous draught of fishes at the Sea of Tiberias, after his resurrection, — I longed to enjoy the associations of the *first* miracle at Cana, — associations quite apart from the intrusions of monkish superstition. But in this I was doomed to disappointment.

"When we reached Nazareth and told the story, the dragoman was ready to flog the cavalier on the spot. He had taken the utmost pains with the guide, who had agreed to go to *Khirbet Kana*, about two hours distant from *Kefr Kenna*, and to show us there the remains of a fosse, &c. belonging to the ancient town; so the real difficulty seemed to have been with the guard, who wished to save himself and his horse an extra ride. But though I lost the personal association of the miracle with its true site, I have no doubt of the correctness of Dr. Robinson's opinion as to that site; while I am equally clear that it is not my province to identify localities, or to verify his conclusions."

The tour of Drs. Robinson and Smith in Palestine in 1852 was far from being a repetition of the tour of 1838. With the exception of a single excursion into the vicinity of Hebron, the map exhibits no trace of the second tour south of Jerusalem. The scenes of the second exploration were mainly Galilee and the regions east and west of the great northern road leading from Jerusalem by Nâbulus. The heart of

Galilee was thoroughly explored; occasional excursions were made to the east of the Jordan; the district of Lebanon was crossed in all directions; the most northern bounds of ancient Phœnicia were visited, and the great plain of Cœle Syria was traversed in its entire length. The most northerly point attained was *el-Husn*, and the most easterly, *Riblah*. Dr. Robinson's plan of visiting the Haurân was frustrated; but this is the less to be regretted, since Mr. Porter has furnished us with so admirable a map of that district, drawn from his own accurate observations.

Some idea of the results of Dr. Robinson's second tour to geographical science may be formed from the fact, that nearly fifty ancient places were then visited or identified for the first time by a Frank traveller. The number of such places visited or identified for the first time in the tour of 1838 was about one hundred and twenty. The determination of all these places may be fairly credited to Dr. Robinson. One of the most interesting results of these researches is the identifying of three of the Ramahs of Scripture; that of Benjamin at *er-Râm*, near the road from Jerusalem to Bethel;* that of Naphtali, and that of Asher. Another point of interest is the probable identity of the *Emmaus* of the New Testament with the ancient *Nicopolis*, which is unquestionably represented by the modern *'Amwâs*, about twenty minutes east of el-Lâtrôn, the well-known fortress of the Romans and the Crusaders on the road from Joppa to Jerusalem. We saw 'Amwâs from the road, but had not time to visit it. We were satisfied, however, from a thorough cross-examination of our native Arab attendants, that Kiepert's map of 1840, which locates Emmaus to the southwest of el-Lâtrôn, was in error.† The correction appears in the recent maps of Kiepert. Ritter, however, locates 'Amwâs or Nicopolis northwest of el-Lâtrôn, for which there is no authority.

The excursion of Dr. Robinson to Pella beyond Jordan and his return by way of Beth-shean was full of interest and excitement. Notwithstanding the ignorance of his guides, and the extreme haste with which the examination was conducted,

* "*Er-Ram* is certainly Ramah of Benjamin." — Stanley, p. 210.

† We made this correction of Kiepert in *The Independent* of July 14, 1853.

we feel sure that he has identified the spot where the Christians of the first century found a refuge during the siege of Jerusalem. Both the historical and topographical arguments are conclusive; though the actual inspection of the ruins of Fahil was made between 1.55 and 2.10 P. M., i. e. in fifteen minutes! We trust that some future explorer will devote at least a day to that vicinity, if this can be done with safety.

We are not so well satisfied with Dr. Robinson's argument for the identity of *Sâkût* on the *west* side of the Jordan in the Ghôr, with the *Succoth* to which Jacob journeyed after his reconciliation with Esau. Notwithstanding the strong arguments of our author in favor of this view, we must still think that, to meet the conditions of the narrative, Succoth should be sought upon the eastern side of the Jordan. It is at least an open question. Schwarz marks Sukkoth with a note of interrogation, upon the western side of the Jordan, near the southeastern extremity of Gilboa, but not within the Ghôr. His map, however, does not accurately represent the mountainous borders of that region. The date of Schwarz's map is 5607, i. e. A. D. 1847, and he must have been acquainted with Dr. Robinson's Researches, though we do not find that he mentions them. His map corresponds with Robinson's also in the discrimination between *Kâna* and *Kefr Kenna*, which indeed is now followed by all respectable authorities.

To sum up in one glance the results embodied in these three volumes: draw a line from Bethel, a few miles north of Jerusalem, to Lydda, near Joppa, and another from Engedi, down the western shore of the Dead Sea, to Gaza in the southwestern corner of Palestine, and the country included within these lines is crossed and recrossed by Dr. Robinson's routes of travel so thoroughly, that hardly an important point within the limits of the tribes of Judah, Benjamin, Simeon, and Dan remains unvisited. The author, however, did not explore the coast of the Mediterranean from Gaza to Carmel. It shows how little he was influenced by mere sentiment, that he should have gone within sight of Joppa and Carmel without visiting either; but the fact was, that both were so well ascertained that he could have no occasion to visit them as an explorer, and mere curiosity, or

even historical and religious association, was not with him a prominent motive. From Bethel his first route was northward, by Sychar, across the plain of Esdraelon to Nazareth, then eastward by Tabor to Tiberias, thence along the coast northward to Safed, and then in a northwesterly direction to Tyre. The second route, within these bounds, consists of two zigzag tracks, with frequent detours, the one lying to the west of the first, the other to the east, and sometimes crossing the Jordan. Thus the country between a line from Bethel to Joppa, and another from the head of the Sea of Tiberias to Acre, — the region of Samaria and Galilee, or the inheritance of Ephraim, Gad, Manasseh, Issachar, and Zebulon, — was pretty well explored longitudinally.

After this the route, as has already been indicated, traversed the valley of the Hüleh, and the great vale of Cœle Syria. This northern section of the tour is the most novel and interesting. Upon every point which he visits, Dr. Robinson sheds the light of history and of scholarly investigation. Even where other men of learning and ability have preceded him, he brings forth from his treasure things new and old. His description of Baalbek is an example of this, making that wondrous ruin real to those who have not seen it, and intelligible to those who have. At Damascus, of course, Mr. Porter is much more at home than any transient visitor could be; yet even there Dr. Robinson's notes are valuable.

In the neighborhood of the great convent of Mâr Jirjis el-Humeira, at the northernmost extremity of his tour, Dr. Robinson visited the intermitting fountain (Fauwâr ed-Deir), the identity of which with the Sabbatical River of Josephus* was first suggested by Rev. Mr. Thomson of the Syrian Mission, in 1840. This fountain issues from a small cavern in the limestone rock, and flows at very irregular intervals, — sometimes two or three times a week, and sometimes not for twenty or thirty days. The same popular belief which obtained among the Jews as to its flowing only upon the Sabbath, now exists among the Mohammedans of that region, who say that the fountain flows only on Friday, the Moslem Sabbath. A

* Bell. Jud. VII. 5. 1.

similar instance of credulity is found in the account given by Rabbi Petachia of Ratisbon, of intermittent fountains visited by him in the twelfth century. "At Yabneh [*Jamnia* on the Mediterranean] there is a spring which flows all six days, but on Sabbath not a single drop is found in it. In lower Galilea there is a cave which inside is spacious and high. On one side of the cave are buried Shammai and his disciples, and on the other Hillel and his disciples. In the middle of the cave there is a large stone, hollow like a cup, which is capable of containing more than forty seah. When men of worth enter, the stone appears full of sweet water. One may then wash his hands and feet, and pray, imploring God for what one desires. The stone, however, is not hollow from below, for the water does not come from the bottom, as it only occurs in honor of a man of worth, since to an unworthy man the water does not appear. Though one should draw from the stone a thousand jugs of water, it would not be diminished, but would remain full as before." *

But the most interesting topic in the new volume — and, with the exception of the discussion of the position of Israel at Sinai, the most valuable result of the original researches — is the topography of Jerusalem, especially with reference to the site of the Holy Sepulchre. Here Dr. Robinson's assaults upon ecclesiastical tradition were most vigorous and effective, and it is therefore at this point that the first edition of the Researches has provoked the most earnest opposition. Foremost among the champions of the traditional site of the sepulchre is Mr. Williams,† fortified by the topographical and architectural arguments of Professor Willis. In the archæological argument, Mr. Williams had a seeming advantage in the fact that Dr. Robinson did not, at his first visit, personally inspect the so-called sepulchre of Joseph and Nicodemus. This error, as we have before stated, Dr. Robinson has abundantly retrieved in his third volume; and his masterly argument against the identity of the alleged with the actual site of the Holy Sepulchre is now complete at every point. But the controversy is not yet at rest. We do not

* Travels, Trübner's edition, p. 57.

† The Holy City, Vol. II.

propose to enter upon it here, but only to give a *résumé* of the arguments upon both sides.

Mr. Stanley modestly declines any "attempt to unravel the tangled controversy of the identity of the Holy Sepulchre." But he presents the question at issue with admirable clearness.

"It is enough to state that the argument mainly turns on the solution of two questions, one historical, the other topographical. The historical question rests on the value of the tradition that the spot was marked before the time of Constantine by a temple or statue of Venus, which the Emperor Hadrian had erected in order to pollute a spot already in his time regarded as sacred by the Christians. The topographical question is, whether the present site can be proved to have stood without the walls of Jerusalem at the time of the Crucifixion." — p. 452.

The most careful and candid summary of the argument for the identity of the alleged site of the Holy Sepulchre is given by Thrupp. He endeavors to identify the rock now included within the Church of the Holy Sepulchre as Golgotha, and he traces in it a fancied resemblance to a human skull. He assumes that this name, applied to a bold, rocky knoll, was perpetuated among the natives of Jerusalem until the date of the erection, by the Emperor Constantine, of the present church, or rather of the original edifice upon its site. This supposed identification of the rock Golgotha, "establishes the approximate locality of the sepulchre." The identity of the site now pointed out as the place of burial, he argues from the statement of Eusebius concerning its discovery by Constantine. The place was surmounted and polluted by a temple of Venus. In removing this temple to the foundations, the workmen unexpectedly came upon a rock-hewn sepulchre. But the narrative of this affair in Eusebius is so tinged with the marvellous, that Mr. Thrupp is "forced to admit that the chain of traditionary evidence for the authenticity of the present sepulchre is by no means so perfect as has been sometimes represented." *

The topographical argument Mr. Thrupp presents in a some-

* Ancient Jerusalem, p. 273.

what novel form. He maintains that the "second wall" of Josephus is identical with the wall of Hezekiah and Manasseh, which was "without the city of David, on the west side of Gihon, in the valley, even to the entering in at the fish-gate." * This fish-gate he assumes to be the same with the gate Gennath, or the garden-gate of Josephus. But of this he offers no proof. He places the fish-gate at the *northeastern* corner of the Upper City, and argues that the second wall "did not cross the northwestern ridge, or Christian quarter, of the northern city, but ran along the valley encircling the northern part of the Lower City, or Hill of Zion." † This would give the second wall a total length of but 2250 feet; which very circumstance, however, Mr. Thrupp regards as confirming his theory of the course of the wall, since Josephus states that the third wall, that of Agrippa, had ninety towers, the ancient wall sixty, and the middle or second wall but forty; ‡ and assuming that these towers were regularly disposed at equal intervals in the three walls, he infers that the second wall was but one sixth the length of the wall of Agrippa. Accordingly, on Mr. Thrupp's plan, the second wall begins a little to the west of Millo, and runs northward to a line with the so-called Pool of Bethesda, where it turns to the east. This excludes almost the whole of the northwestern portion of the modern city, and of course excludes the site of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. Mr. Thrupp finds the pool of Hezekiah in the well of the Hammâm esh-Shefa, a little to the north of the causeway Millo, which has been explored by Mr. Wolcott, Dr. Tobler, and Dr. Barclay, without, however, any visible trace of its supposed connection with the Gihon.

This view of Mr. Thrupp differs essentially from that of Mr. Williams, who places the gate Gennath about midway between Hippicus and the temple area, i. e. in the *middle* of the northern wall of the Upper City, and carries the second wall across the slope of Akra, below the site of the Church of the Sepulchre. Against the theory of Mr. Williams, Thrupp urges with much force the objection which strikes the eye of the observer upon the ground, that according to his view "the

* 2 Chron. xxxiii. 14.

† Ancient Jerusalem, p. 104.

‡ Bell. Jud. V. 4. 3.

second wall must have stood on the slope of a hill, the ground ascending from it on the outside. No position could have been worse adapted for defence; and yet the second wall was evidently regarded by the Romans as no contemptible fortification." This objection to the line proposed by Williams, Thrupp attempts to obviate by greatly reducing the area within the second wall, and confining that wall to the defence of the Lower City, along the valley, the Upper City being defended by the old wall. But we find nothing either in history, monuments, or the science of fortification that goes to establish this view.

Schwarz maintains quite the opposite extreme, and his view is worth mentioning for its singularity. On the authority of the Targumist Jonathan Ben Uzziel, who lived in Jerusalem at the time of King Herod, he identifies the tower of Hippicus with the tower of *Chananel* of Jeremiah xxxi. 38; and *this* he places to the northeast of Jeremiah's grotto. He argues from Josephus that Hippicus was on the northern side of the city, not far from the Antonia; and further, in the high rocky hill to the north of the grotto of Jeremiah, he professes to have found "some vestiges which betoken that at some time a strong building or fort must have stood there." * He describes the course of the *first* wall of Josephus on this wise: "From the northwest corner of the temple wall in a northern direction to the tower of Chananel or Hippicus, not far from Jeremiah's grotto; then, on the other side, that is, in a western direction, the wall extended from Hippicus towards the Upper Gihon, then ran southwardly around Mount Zion, then northerly, and again southerly, and formed the double wall; ran next around the fountain of Siloah, thence past the lower pool, till it reached the Ophel, and terminated finally at the eastern gallery of the temple." This he regards as the wall of Nehemiah.

The second wall of Josephus, Schwarz regards as "the same which Jonathan the Maccabee caused to be built *within* the city, in order to separate Akra, where his enemies, the Grecians, were posted, from other parts of Jerusalem."

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* Descriptive Geography of Palestine, p. 251.

This theory brings the Church of the Holy Sepulchre within the *first* wall. The Rabbi adds: "It is clearly proved, from what has been said, that the alleged grave of Christ is quite wrong; as it must have been indisputably without the city, at a distance at least of 100 paces, or 50 cubits, according to Bava Bathra, 2. 9."

These speculations are interesting as coming from purely Jewish sources. Rabbi Joseph Schwarz resided for sixteen years in Palestine, and devoted much attention to the geography and the natural history of the country. His chapters on the products of Palestine in the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms, are particularly valuable. He describes the plague of locusts, which he witnessed in 1837, and again in 1845. His notes upon the synagogues of Jerusalem, and the Jews of Palestine, are also of special interest to the Christian reader. Had he been more familiar with the labors of Gentile scholars, the geographical section of his volume would have been more thorough and accurate. The work of Schwarz was printed in Hebrew at Jerusalem; but a good English translation by Isaac Leeser has been published in Philadelphia.

Dr. Robinson, in his third volume, sums up with his usual ability the controverted points of the argument brought forward in his first edition for the course of the second wall from the vicinity of Hippicus northward to the Damascus gate. He justly remarks, that "it is only by a careful consideration of *all* the particulars specified by Josephus, and by a cautious comparison of each with the features of the surface as still seen, or as known from history, that we can hope to arrive at legitimate and trustworthy conclusions." Regarding the ancient tower just south of the Yâfa Gate as the Hippicus of Josephus, he argues, as we think conclusively, that the Gate Gennath, or the *Garden Gate*, which "led out of Zion to the country," was near to Hippicus. The Tyropœon he regards as beginning, not near the Damascus Gate, and running southwards to Siloam, but near the Yâfa Gate, and running down along the northern side of Zion. This identifies Akra as the "gibbous" ridge on which the Church of the Holy Sepulchre now stands. The Pool of Hezekiah is probably the reservoir

that still bears his name. The ancient remains connected with the present Damascus Gate, Dr. Robinson regards as those of an ancient gate belonging to the second wall of Josephus. That author thus briefly describes the course of the second wall: "The second wall had its beginning from the gate called Gennath belonging to the first wall; and encircling only the tract on the north, it extended quite to Antonia." * The problem then is simply to describe a wall from Hippicus to the Damascus Gate across the ridge of Akra, in such a manner as to embrace the Pool of Hezekiah, and both to enlarge the area of the city and to defend it upon its northwestern side. A careful inspection of the map will show that, to fulfil these conditions, the wall must have run to the west of the site of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and therefore that site, having been within the walls, cannot be accepted as genuine. What may be thus clearly traced upon the map, is most palpable to the eye from any point that commands the whole western and northern range of the modern city. Yet Tischendorf follows almost implicitly the traditions of the monks, and argues against Dr. Robinson for the genuineness of the alleged site of the sepulchre. †

To sum up the topographical argument, the line of the second wall adopted by Thrupp, after Krafft,‡ must be rejected as narrowing the city too much, as ill planned for defence, and as faulty in the position of Gennath. The course advocated by Williams must be decidedly rejected for the last two reasons. That suggested by Schwarz is opposed to a mass of evidence which identifies the tower near the Jaffa Gate with the Hippicus of Josephus. The line proposed by Dr. Robinson comes nearer than any other to the vague and general statement of Josephus concerning the course of the second wall, taken in connection with other points of reference given by the Jewish historian. Upon the whole, while we strongly incline to Dr. Robinson's view, we would unite with Isaac Taylor in the belief so well expressed in his edition of Traill's Josephus, that,

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* Bell. Jud. V. 4. 2.

† *Reise in den Orient,* von Constantin Tischendorf.

‡ *Die Topographie Jerusalem.*

"in the almost inevitable progress of European affairs, Palestine must come under the wing of one of the great European States; that this land will receive, erelong, a Christian and civilized government, — will have a police, — will afford a secure and tranquil liberty of travel and of residence, — a liberty of wandering and of strolling about, even as one does in the Highlands of Scotland or in the valleys of Switzerland; that it will give leisurely opportunity to dig and to trench, to upturn and to excavate. When such a time comes, or within a period of five years after it has come, Palestine — a region not more extensive than any three adjoining English counties — will have opened its long-hidden secrets to antiquarian eyes; its few square miles of soil, teeming with historic materials, will have been, if not *sifted*, yet turned over, or pierced here and there; and, especially, the lowest basements of the Holy City will have been moved from their places, or sufficiently exposed to view.

"Such a time will not pass without yielding evidence enough for constructing an *authentic* plan of Ancient Jerusalem; and may it not be well, until then, to hold in suspense our opinion, whatever it may be, on matters which, at present, cannot be conclusively determined? Let the Turk retire, and the topographer may step forward." — Vol. II. p. cxxi.

The historical argument for the alleged site of the Holy Sepulchre Dr. Robinson does not handle quite so successfully as the topographical. Still, he grapples vigorously with the tradition, and labors with much earnestness and force to show that, in the time of Constantine, there was no "such historical evidence or tradition respecting the place of our Lord's sepulchre, as to lead to the selection of the present site as the true one"; but that, according to Eusebius, "the discovery of the sepulchre was the result, not of a previous knowledge derived from tradition, but of a supernatural intimation." It seems to us that Dr. Robinson here strains a little the language of Eusebius to make his point, and that there is more validity in the objection, that, even had there existed a tradition of the site of the Sepulchre before the time of Constantine, "it could have had no authority in opposition to the clear and definite topographical evidence." Such a tradition is fairly matched by those concerning the place of the Ascension, and that of the martyrdom of Stephen, both which are known to be erroneous.

The objection is of no force against Dr. Robinson's view, that he suggests no site of the Sepulchre as a substitute for the present. This he was not bound to do; nor do we find any data from which such a conjecture could be framed. Indeed, with respect to the sepulchre of Christ, we prefer to rest in that sublime indefiniteness of place which Keble so finely expresses as to Gethsemane, in answer to the wish to trace each sacred spot: —

"It may not be:
Th' unearthly thoughts have passed from earth away,
And, fast as evening sunbeams from the sea,
Thy footsteps all, in Sion's deep decay,
Were blotted from the holy ground: yet dear
Is every stone of hers; for Thou wast surely here.

"There is a spot within this sacred dale
That felt Thee kneeling, touched Thy prostrate brow:
One Angel knows it."

Mr. Stanley's "Sinai and Palestine" differs widely, both in scope and in style, from the "Biblical Researches." It does not search out minutely the localities of Biblical history with a view to identify these with modern sites or existing ruins; it is hardly, in any sense, a contribution to the cartography of Palestine; but it seeks so to connect sacred History and sacred Geography as to clothe the former with the reality of place as well as of time, and to give to the records of the Past the actual life of the Present. To this task Mr. Stanley brings the furniture of an extensive, if not always accurate, scholarship, the faculty of quick and pertinent observation, a fine talent for description, and a polished rhetoric. His descriptions of physical scenery are graphic and beautiful; his collocation of historical events is frequently striking and impressive, always apt and graceful; his moral reflections are just in conception, and chaste in expression. In colloquial phrase, it is a readable and companionable volume.

Occasionally, indeed, we notice a carelessness of style, especially in the fragments of the author's journal which are interspersed among graver disquisitions. Such is the anti-climax of the word "mentioned," in an otherwise fine period touching the obelisk at Heliopolis: —

"It is the oldest known in Egypt, and therefore in the world, — the father of all that have arisen since. It was raised about a century before the coming of Joseph; it has looked down upon his marriage with Asenath; it has seen the growth of Moses; it is mentioned by Herodotus; Plato sate under its shadow; of all the obelisks which sprang up around it, it alone has kept its first position. One by one, it has seen its sons and brothers depart to great destinies elsewhere. From these gardens came the obelisks of the Lateran, of the Vatican, and of the Porta del Popolo; and this venerable pillar (for so it looks from a distance) is now almost the only landmark of the great seat of the wisdom of Egypt." — p. xxxi.

The parenthetic clause tames down this last sentence almost as much as the matter-of-fact "mentioned" mars the poetic climax of the preceding. The opening sentence of the Introduction is a solecism. "Egypt, amongst its many other aspects of interest, has this special claim." That which is singled out *from* other aspects, for special notice, cannot still be enumerated *amongst* those "other aspects." We make these trifling criticisms because the learned Canon of Canterbury should be superior to such small defects of style.

In an Introduction of some twenty pages Mr. Stanley gives a bird's-eye view of Egypt in relation to Israel. This contains some pleasant sketches of Nile scenery and of ancient monuments. But the real interest of the volume begins with the chapter on the Peninsula of Sinai. The general geographical and geological features of the peninsula are admirably described, and its historical and traditionary events are introduced often with high scenic effect. It is this grouping together of the physical features and the historical incidents of the region, that is the main excellence of Mr. Stanley's book. He paints the landscape well, and then animates it with the associations of human life. The geological maps interspersed through the volume greatly assist the reader in forming a just conception of Arabia Petræa. In this respect, the large geological map of that region by Russegger has much value. The maps of Mr. Stanley's book strike us as generally faithful in the coloring, as well as in the outline and classification of the rocks.

But while the author is so ample in all physical and histori-

cal details, and so vivid and picturesque in his descriptions, he disappoints our expectation from him as a scholar in the settlement of disputed questions. Whenever he approaches such a question, he seems to lose confidence either in his own learning upon the subject, or in the results of his own logic; and, after arraying history and logic upon both sides, but usually with a preponderance toward one conclusion, he evades the conclusion toward which he points by some doubtful generalization. Thus he narrows down the controversy of the passage of the Red Sea to two points, — "the Wâdy Tuârick, opposite the Wells of Moses, or the immediate neighborhood of Suez"; and after a candid statement of the arguments in favor of each, he comes to the conclusion, that, "if the passage of 600,000 armed men was effected in the limits of a single night, we are compelled to look for it in the narrower end of the gulf, and not in the wide interval of eight or ten miles between the Wâdy Tuârick and the Wells of Moses." But Mr. Stanley does not adhere to this conclusion. A few pages later, he introduces extracts from his letters written at the Wells of Moses, bearing upon the same question. In these, after stating the two principal theories of the passage, he adds: —

"It is remarkable that this event — almost the first in our religious history — should admit, on the spot itself, of both these constructions. But the mountain itself remains unchanged and certain, and so does the fact itself which it witnessed. Whether the Israelites passed over the shallow waters of Suez by the means, and within the time, which the narrative seems to imply, or whether they passed through a channel ten miles broad, with the waves on each side piled up to the height of one hundred and eighty feet, there can be no doubt that they did pass over within sight of this mountain and this desert, by a marvellous deliverance." — p. 67.

This answers the purposes of religious feeling with one whose faith in the miracle is established. But the scholar who would test, illustrate, and confirm the miracle by topographical considerations, should aim at something higher than poetic sentiment.

Dr. Robinson, in his first volume, clearly defines the limits

of the land of Goshen. Lepsius* has identified the ruins of Abu-Keshêb with the ancient Rameses almost beyond a doubt. Osburn, in his Monumental History of Egypt, finds Rameses "on the western border of the Delta, about midway between the Canopic branch of the Nile and the Canal of Alexandria"; and hence argues that the Wady et-Tîh must have been the scene of the journey from Egypt to the Red Sea.† This theory comports neither with the recorded itinerary of Exodus, nor with the surface of the country. But if "the land of Goshen lay along the Pelusiac arm of the Nile, on the east of the Delta," and if Rameses is represented by Abu-Keshêb, a little to the west of Lake Temsah, — where, according to Lepsius, has been found a monument of King Rameses II. as the divinity of the place, — then the traditionary route from Rameses to the Red Sea by the far southern pass of the Wady Tuârik is clearly out of the question. But there is a decisive argument against this lower passage, which both Dr. Robinson and Mr. Stanley seem to have overlooked. It occurred to us with great force upon the ground. The route to the sea by Wady Tuârik would have been the worst possible in a *strategic* point of view, and therefore Moses, with his knowledge of the desert, would not have chosen it. There is no evidence that Moses was advised by Jehovah of an intended miracle, and so drew the people into a strait from which only a miracle could deliver them. He was commanded to lead the people out from Egypt, the ulterior design being to enter Palestine. The direct route to Palestine by the way of Gaza was impracticable, because of the hostile temper of the Philistines.‡ Therefore Moses was instructed to lead the people "by the way of the wilderness of the Red Sea." Of course he would aim for the head of the sea, above Suez, intending to pass round the neck into the desert. It is incredible that, aiming for the wilderness on the eastern side of the Gulf of Suez, he should have led the multitude through a narrow mountain defile that would bring them out upon the rocky western shore, ten miles from the head of the sea, and

* Letters from Egypt, &c., p. 438; see also Robinson's map.

† Vol. II. pp. 575, 597.

‡ Exodus xiii. 17.

where the channel is at least ten miles broad. The movement of the camp toward the sea-shore was a detour southward by express command of God;* and at Pihahiroth they were shut in by the wilderness and the sea, with the army of Pharaoh in the rear. This strategic consideration should settle the question in favor of a passage near the neck of the gulf. Upon the ground, the argument to the eye is conclusive. The several conjectural points of the passage are finely presented in Laborde's *Carte du Golfe de Suez.*† Laborde rejects the traditionary views of the lower passage, and also the view of Niebuhr, that the passage was made at the ford above Suez, and suggests nearly the course that Dr. Robinson has since indicated, — from Suez diagonally toward the Wells of Moses. It was with no ordinary emotion that we made this passage in a small open boat, with a strong "east wind." ‡

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* Exodus xiv. 2.

† *Commentaire Géographique sur l'Exode.*

‡ Since the preceding paragraph was written, we have received the Notes of Horatius Bonar, D.D., of Kelso, upon *The Desert of Sinai,* and find the strategic disadvantages of the movement of Israel toward Jebel Atâkah urged as an argument *against* Dr. Robinson's theory that the passage was made near the neck of the Gulf of Suez. Dr. Bonar assumes that Moses had some premonition of the miracle, and on that ground defends this perilous movement of the camp. "In coming up to the sea at all, they were taking a circuit, — a circuit which, without any compensating advantage, threw them upon their enemies, and made their position most perilous. But in going south along the western margin of the sea for miles, as they did, they were doing more than taking a circuit. They were *deliberately* interposing the sea between them and Sinai, and voluntarily imposing upon themselves the necessity for crossing a gulf which they could easily have avoided, thereby making their extrication almost impossible. Had any general done so with his army, he would have been declared either mad or utterly ignorant of the country. But Moses knew the region well. He had more than once gone to Sinai, and was fully acquainted with the way. He could not but know that he was misleading Israel, unless he was conscious of Divine guidance all the way, — guidance which superseded and overruled his own judgment. . . . . His object was to reach the Sinaitic desert, yet he turns away from it, and throws a broad sea between himself and that desert! Only one thing can account for this, and acquit him of the greatest folly ever manifested by the leader of a people. That one thing is, that it was at the direct command of God that all this was done. God's purpose was to show his power both to Israel and to their enemies. For this end, he led them by a way which *required* the special and supernatural forthputting of that power. . . . . Either there was in this case a most enormous blunder, or a most signal miracle, — a miracle deliberately fore-intended, — a miracle which owes its magnitude to the

Mr. Stanley does better service to Biblical topography in his description of Mount Sinai and its surroundings. To Dr. Robinson belongs the credit of having brought to the knowledge of the Christian world a plain at the base of the Horeb cluster, — the Wady er-Râhah, lying north-northwest from es-Sŭfsâfeh, — which meets all the requisitions of the narrative of the giving of the Law; a plain two miles long, and nearly half a mile in breadth, from the lower extremity of which the northern front of Sinai-Horeb, visible from all parts of the plain, rises almost perpendicularly to the height of about two thousand feet. A fine view of this plain and peak is given in Bartlett's "Forty Days in the Desert." Laborde has a good topographical plan of the Sinai group in his *Commentaire sur*

peculiarly circuitous march which Israel was commanded to make. Deny the miracle, and you make this circuitous route a piece of reckless folly, or pure ignorance, on the part of Moses." — *Notes of a Spring Journey from Cairo to Beersheba*, pp. 82 - 84.

Dr. Bonar seems to have taken a just view of the location of Rameses, and of the general route of the Israelites from that point to the Red Sea, except that he bends their course too far to the south. We have shown that the direct route would have led them around the neck of the Gulf of Suez; and it is evident that Moses, as a good strategist, was conducting them thither when he was commanded to turn southward toward the sea. This fact is conclusive against any of the lower routes conjectured for the passage. No doubt the miracle was "deliberately fore-intended" by God, who does not act at haphazard, or by sudden expedients to meet emergencies. But was Moses advised of the intended miracle before he came to Etham? That he was, Dr. Bonar assumes without evidence, or rather in face of evidence. It seems clear, from the narrative, that Moses was making for the head of the gulf, intending to go around it, when he was commanded to turn aside from his course, and to encamp by the sea (Exodus xiv. 1 - 12). *Then* it was revealed to him, on the day before the miracle, that Pharaoh was already in pursuit, and should be overthrown in the sea. This view of the case is rational, and corresponds alike with the narrative in Exodus, and with the natural features of the country; and this points to Suez as the place where the passage was made.

Dr. Bonar is severe upon Dr. Robinson for "paring down the miracle" by taking into account the ebb-tide. But the narrative in Exodus expressly recognizes natural agents, such as the "east wind," in producing the phenomenon of the divided waters; and as the use of natural agents does not set aside the supernatural direction and control of the same, neither does Dr. Robinson's recognition of those agents argue against his own belief in the supernatural. The foresight of the effect of wind and tide at that critical juncture, and a grand military movement founded upon it, point to a supernatural gift in the leader of that fugitive host. We believe that there was more than this in the case; but, in his zeal for the miracle, Dr. Bonar verges upon credulity; and we are not surprised to find him afterwards giving full credence to the legendary Sinai, in face of all the evidence for Sŭfsâfeh as the peak, and er-Râhah as the plain.

l'Exode; a better one is given in Wilson's Lands of the Bible,* drawn after Russegger, by Johnston of Edinburgh; but better still is the colored map in Stanley's Sinai and Palestine. We are surprised not to find in the maps accompanying the Biblical Researches a separate plan of this mountain cluster, such as is given in Kiepert's map of 1842.

It will surprise no one that the plain er-Râhah, now so conspicuous in the topography of Sinai, should have been overlooked by travellers previously to Dr. Robinson's visit in 1838, when it is remembered that tradition, which seeks the highest peaks and the deepest caverns, had fixed upon Jebel Musa as the Sinai of the Law, and that, till quite recently, the visitors to Sinai have been either pilgrims of devotion, or travellers who placed themselves implicitly under the guidance of the monks as to sacred localities. Since Dr. Robinson's visit in 1838, there has been a general acquiescence in his view by intelligent travellers. Dr. Wilson, who follows the tradition of the Wady Tuârik as the point of the Red Sea crossing, and controverts Dr. Robinson's theory of the upper passage, most cordially concurs in his conclusion that er-Râhah was the place of encampment at Sinai. Lepsius, however, boldly transfers the whole scene to Mount Serbâl, which has in its favor neither name, tradition, nor topography. His arguments are, mainly, the prominent and striking character of the mountain, and the vicinity of Wady Feirân, which, he alleges, "in consequence of its incomparable fertility, and its inexhaustible rapid stream, must have been the most important and the most desirable central spot of the whole peninsula." † But Lepsius overlooks the fact, that Serbâl has no plain at or near its base adequate to the accommodation of such a multitude, and that the supply of the camp at Sinai is expressly stated to have been miraculous. He also exaggerates the fertility of Wady Feirân.

A very good reply to the arguments of Lepsius for Serbal is given *seriatim* by Graul, in the Appendix to his second volume. Graul is Director of the Evangelical Lutheran Mission

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* Vol. I. p. 160.

† Letters from Egypt, &c., p. 304, Bohn's edition.

at Leipzig. He seems to be a devout, earnest, and intelligent man; but his volumes add little to our previous knowledge of Palestine, Egypt, and Arabia Petræa. He holds that the passage of the Israelites through the Red Sea must have taken place somewhere in the immediate vicinity of Suez. In discussing the comparative claims of Jebel *Musa* and es-*Sŭfsâfeh*, he characterizes the latter as the *Robinson'schen* Ras es-Sufsafeh in opposition to the *klösterlichen* Jebel Musa, — a designation which indicates the exact controversy everywhere in Palestine, *Robinson* vs. *the Convent*. Graul's work contains a neat but not very accurate map of the region from Wady Ghŭrŭndel to Sinai.

Between the Wady *er-Râhah* and the Wady *Sebâyeh* at the foot of Jebel Musa, there is hardly room for a question. The latter is broken in every direction by ravines and spurs of the mountain; it is not large enough for such an encampment; and it does not command from every point a view of the summit of the mountain. But er-Râhah comes up flush to the base of the mountain, and in every other particular answers the conditions of the narrative. We have always regretted that Dr. Robinson, after his minute measurement of er-Râhah, did not go around to the southern base of the mountain Jebel Musa, and there inspect as thoroughly the Wady Sebâyeh. His omission to do this, like his failure to examine the tombs in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, has given occasion to some to cavil at his conclusions. Ill health prevented us from making a personal exploration of the Wady Sebâyeh; we only looked down upon it from the summit of Jebel Musa. But the contrast in the appearance of this and of er-Râhah, as seen from the top of es-Sŭfsâfeh, is conclusive in favor of the latter as the place of the encampment. The jagged surface and narrow area of Sebâyeh forbade us to believe that three millions of people could have there encamped "in sight of the mount that might be touched." But from es-Sŭfsâfeh, the plain of er-Râhah lay in all its amplitude directly at our feet, sweeping up to the very base of the mountain, so that one could drop a plummet upon it, and stretching out its smooth triangular surface broad enough for five millions to stand upon it, all in sight of the summit where we

stood. A few days before, we had crossed this plain in approaching Sinai by the awful defile of Nŭkb Hâwy, had then measured the fitness of the plain for the encampment of Israel, and had felt the grandeur of the mountain that towers at its extremity. Now, on the summit of that mountain, we could not have a doubt. With uncovered head we read aloud "all the words of the law" that once were uttered there by "the voice that shook the earth."

By a thorough examination of Wady Sebâyeh, Mr. Stanley has supplemented the labors of Dr. Robinson, and strengthened his conclusion. We quote his graphic account of the two summits and their adjacent plains.

"And now for the question which every one asks on that consecrated spot. Is this 'the top of the mount' described in Exodus, or must we seek it elsewhere? The whole question turns on another question, whether there is a plain below it agreeing with the words of the narrative. Dr. Robinson, who has the merit of discovering first that magnificent approach which I have before described, on the other side of the mountain, declares not; but Laborde and others have so confidently maintained that there was a large and appropriate place for the encampment below this peak, that I was fully prepared to find it, and to believe in the old tradition. This impression is so instantly overthrown by the view of the Wâdy Seb'âyeh, as one looks down upon it from the precipice of Gebel Mousa, that it must be at once abandoned in favor of the view of the great approach before described, unless either the view of the plain of Er-Râheh was less imposing from above than it was from below, or the plain of Seb'âyeh more imposing from below than it was from above. The first thing to be done was, therefore, to gain the summit of the other end of the range called the Râs Sasâfeh (Willow Head), overlooking the Er-Râheh from above. The whole party descended, and, after winding through the various basins and cliffs which make up the range, we reached the rocky point overlooking the approach we had come the preceding day. The effect on us, as on every one who has seen and described it, was instantaneous. It was like the seat on the top of Serbâl, but with the difference, that here was the deep, wide yellow plain swelling down to the very base of the cliffs; exactly answering to the plain on which the people 'removed and stood afar off.' . . . . . There is yet a higher mass of granite immediately above this point, which should be ascended, for the greater completeness of view which it affords. The plain below is then seen, extending not only between the ranges of Tlaha and Furei'â, but also

into the lateral valleys, which, on the northeast, unite it with the wide Wâdy of the Sheykh. This is important as showing how far the encampment may have been spread below, still within sight of the same summit. Behind extends the granite mass of the range of Gebel Mousa, cloven into deep gullies and basins, and ending in the traditional peak, crowned by the memorials of its double sanctity. The only point which now remained was to explore the Wâdy Seb'âyeh on the other side, and ascertain whether its appearance and its relation to Gebel Mousa from below was more suitable than it had seemed from above. This I did on the afternoon of the third day, and I came to the conclusion, that it could only be taken for the place if none other existed. It is rough, uneven, narrow. The only advantage which it has is, that the peak from a few points of view rises in a more commanding form than the Râs Sasâfeh. But the mountain never descends upon the plain. No! If we are to have a mountain without a wide amphitheatre at its base, let us have Serbâl; but if otherwise, I am sure that if the monks of Justinian had fixed the traditional scene on the Râs Sasâfeh, no one would for an instant have doubted that this only could be the spot. . . . . Considering the almost total absence of such conjunctions of plain and mountain in this region, it is a really important evidence to the truth of the narrative, that one such conjunction can be found, and that within the neighborhood of the traditional Sinai. Nor can I say that the degree of uncertainty, which must hang over it, materially diminished my enjoyment of it. In fact, it is a great safeguard for the real reverence due to the place, as the scene of the first great revelation of God to man. As it is, you may rest on your general convictions, and be thankful." — pp. 75, 76.

This near approach to a positive opinion from the pen of Mr. Stanley upon a disputed point, is truly grateful. We had the pleasure of observing the effect of an actual survey of the Sinai district upon a company of Oxford graduates, two of whom could boast Mr. Stanley as their tutor. One day at dinner at the English hotel in Cairo, a very intelligent party seated opposite to us began to discuss the probable route of the Israelites to the Red Sea and Mount Sinai. Presently a speaker, turning suddenly to ourselves, inquired, "Who is this Dr. Robinson, a countryman of yours, who has made such an assault on our most sacred traditions?" In reply we gave an account of Dr. Robinson's labors in Hebrew and Greek lexicography, and in connection with the theological semina-

ries at Andover and New York. This led to an exposition of the American mode of theological education, which was received with marked courtesy and attention. But the conclusion with our English friends was still, that, however learned Dr. Robinson might be, and however respected at home, he had forfeited the respect of every true Churchman by his wanton irreverence toward tradition, and especially the traditions of Suez, Sinai, and the Holy Sepulchre.

This party left Cairo for Sinai a little in advance of us, and on reaching the convent, we met them coming down from the summit of es-Sŭfsâfeh. "Oh," cried they, with one voice, "what a man your Dr. Robinson is! He is quite right. We have visited every summit, and surveyed the whole ground, and every one must agree with him." We had the satisfaction of hearing them at Jerusalem renew this testimony to the accuracy of our countryman. Indeed, this iconoclast of tradition seemed to be their chief authority and guide, — a result honorable alike to him and to them.

Mr. Stanley entered Palestine from Petræa by way of Hebron. He followed, with little deviation, the usual route of intelligent travellers; his object being, not to search out and identify localities, but to enjoy sacred and historical associations, and to reproduce through the permanent physical features of the country the faded scenes of the past. His work, therefore, does not take the form of an itinerary, but is based upon natural and geographical divisions, such as the Maritime Plain, the Plain of Esdraelon, Ephraim, Galilee, and Lebanon.

Mr. Stanley rejects Tabor as the Mount of Transfiguration, and the summit of Olivet as the scene of the Ascension, upon grounds familiar to every scholar. He is evidently not a traditionist. With regard to the Ascension, we may here add, that Dr. Barclay claims to have identified the site of Bethphage, — overhanging the Wady Geddoom on the southern slope of the Mount of Olives, — and by means of this to have approximated the place of the Ascension.* We rode over the ground with him, and were much impressed by his ingenious and

* See Map of Jerusalem and Environs, by J. T. Barclay, M. D.

enthusiastic reasoning, but not wholly satisfied with his conclusion.

The most interesting, and perhaps the most valuable, portions of Mr. Stanley's book, are the chapter on Palestine, — which treats in general of the territory, its position, climate, cities, scenery, and geological features, — and the chapter on the Gospel History and Teaching, viewed in connection with the localities of Palestine. This strikingly exhibits "the reality of Christ's teaching, its homeliness and universality, and its union of human and divine." No better idea of the book can be given than is conveyed in these words of the Preface: —

"So to delineate the outward events of the Old and New Testament, as that they should come home with a new power to those who by long familiarity have almost ceased to regard them as historical truth at all, — so to bring out their inward spirit that the more complete realization of their outward form should not degrade, but exalt, the faith of which they are the vehicle, — this would indeed be an object worthy of all the labor which travellers and theologians have ever bestowed on the East.

"The present work is but a humble contribution towards this great end. . . . . Its object will be accomplished if it brings any one with fresh interest to the threshold of the Divine story, which has many approaches, as it has many mansions; which the more it is explored, the more it gives out; which, even when seen in close connection with the local associations from which its spirit holds most aloof, is still capable of imparting to them, and of receiving from them, a poetry, a life, an instruction, such as has fallen to the lot of no other history in the world." — p. xxv.

"Sinai and Palestine" and the "Biblical Researches" supplement each the other. The former is a book that will be read, the latter a work that should be studied. Mr. Redfield of New York has published Mr. Stanley's book in a very attractive style, — a fac-simile of Mr. Murray's edition. We are sorry that we cannot speak in praise of the mechanical appearance of the "Researches." The paper is poor; the typography inferior; and the whole aspect of the work heavy and uninviting. When shall we see such a work published in the style of Milman's Latin Christianity? — But we suppose that "would not pay."

The extent of this article forbids a notice of the topographical and archæological researches, measurements, and plans of Dr. Tobler, which will hereafter be a leading authority in this department. The principal value of the works above noticed lies in the materials they furnish for an authentic geography of Palestine. Dr. Robinson's Researches, it is well understood, are but preliminary to the preparation of a Biblical Geography. We presume that these three volumes will be used as books of reference, to substantiate what the Geography will assume with regard to disputed localities. It is devoutly to be wished that the life and health of Dr. Robinson may be spared to complete this cherished object of years of toil.*

Meantime it is encouraging to notice that even maps for popular use exhibit traces of the recent investigations of scholars in Palestine. Colton's New Atlas, Chambers's Parlor Atlas, and Bagster's Chronological Atlas, all follow Robinson in the site of Cana, though they retain the old errors with respect to Emmaus and other places. Kiepert's new maps of course exhibit the latest and most accurate results of geographical science. His *Neuer Handatlas*, however, contains no separate map of Palestine. This country appears on a reduced scale in the map of *Klein-Asien, Syrien, und Armenien.* This Atlas, which is a beautiful specimen of improved cartography, will consist of ten *Lieferungen*, each containing four *Blättern.* Only three numbers, with twelve maps, have yet been published. Dr. Barclay's map of Jerusalem, made from personal surveys during a long residence in that city, is reliable and complete, and is worthy of a far better dress than that in which it appears.

Palestine is no longer a *terra incognita;* yet "there remains much land to be possessed." The names of Robinson, Smith, Thomson, Calhoun, Lynch, are an assurance that American scholarship and enterprise will not be wanting in the further exploration of the land. What is now most needed is a

* Keil, in his recent *Commentary on the Book of Joshua,* makes free use of the geographical data furnished by Ritter and Robinson. This Commentary is itself a contribution to Biblical geography in its relations to history.

thorough scientific survey of the whole country, with special reference to its agricultural capabilities, and an exploration of the trans-Jordanic regions for localities and remains, with a view also to commercial openings toward the East. While we write, there lie upon our table the Charter of the "Euphrates Valley Railway," and the project of the "European and Indian Junction Telegraph Company." The railway is to run *via* Seleucia and Aleppo; but a "Syrian Desert" Road has been projected, with branches from Damascus, *via* Sidon to Beirut, and *via* Jerusalem to Joppa! Possibly our learned friend Rabbi Raphall is right in his reading of Isaiah xliii. 19, as applicable to the proposed Syrian Desert Railroad:* "Behold I bring you something new, and even now shall it spring forth. Will you not recognize it? I will cause a road to be made through the wilderness, and rivers to flow through the desert." Possibly there *is* to be a restoration of the Jews to the soil of their fathers, — a point upon which we have been sceptical; and now that all nations are turning their eyes to Suez and Syria as the future routes of the China and India trade, and are there concentrating the resources of science and commerce for the world's highway, it may be that with this "fulness of the Gentiles" Israel shall be gathered to the land of their fathers.

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* Essay read before the American Geographical Society, in New York.

ART. IV. — 1. *Thesaurus Hymnologicus, sive Hymnorum, Canticorum, Sequentiarum circa Annum MD. usitatarum Collectio amplissima. Carmina collegit, Apparatu critico ornavit, Veterum Interpretum Notas selectas suasque adjecit* HERM. ADALBERT. DANIEL, Ph. Dr. Tomus Primus: *Hymnos* continens. Tomus Secundus: *Sequentiæ; Cantica; Antiphonæ.* Tomus Tertius: *Delectus Carminum Ecclesiæ Græcæ*, curante REINHOLDO VORMBAUM; *Carmina Syriacæ Ecclesiæ*, curante LUDOVICO SPLIETH, Ph. Dr., etc. Tomus Quartus: *Supplementa ad Tomum Primum* continens. Halis et Lipsiæ. 1841 – 1855.

2. *Lateinische Hymnen des Mittelalters, aus Handschriften herausgegeben und erklärt von* F. G. MONE, Director des Archivs zu Karlsruhe. Erster Band: *Lieder an Gott und die Engel.* Zweiter Band: *Marienlieder.* Dritter Band: *Heiligenlieder.* Freiburg im Breisgau, Herder'sche Verlagshandlung. 1854 – 55.

3. *Gesänge Christlicher Vorzeit. Auswahl des Vorzüglichsten, aus dem Griechischen und Lateinischen übersetzt von* C. FORTLAGE, Doctor der Philosophie. Berlin: G. Reimer. 1844.

4. *Carmina e Poetis christianis Excerpta ad Usum Scholarum edidit, et permultas Interpretationes, cum Notis Gallicis quæ ad diversa Carminum Genera, vitamque Poetarum pertinent adjecit* FELIX CLEMENT. Parisiis, apud Gaume Fratres, Bibliopolas in viâ dictâ Cassette. 1854.

5. *Sacred Latin Poetry, chiefly Lyrical, selected and arranged for Use; with Notes and Introduction.* By RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH, M. A. London: John W. Parker. 1849.

6. *De Poesis Latinæ Rhythmis et Rimis præcipue Monachorum.* Libellus conscriptus per CHRIST. THEOPHIL. SCHUCH. Donaueschingæ. 1851.

7. *An Essay on the Origin, Progress, and Decline of Rhyming Latin Verse; with many Specimens.* By SIR ALEXANDER CROKE, D. C. L. and F. A. S. Oxford: D. A. Talboys. 1828.

CHRISTIAN psalmody takes its origin and finds its rudiments in the worship of the Hebrews, and may be said to

have passed over from the ritual of the Synagogue to the offices of the Church on the night when the Teacher of Galilee ate the Passover with his disciples, and instituted the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. Whether the "hymn" which was sung at the conclusion of that solemn feast was one adapted to the new significance of the Passover as a Christian rite, or whether it was the usual paschal hymn, called the *Hallel*, and composed from the 113th and the five following Psalms; whether it was chanted, or "sung," as the translators of our Received Version have rendered the term in the original, — are questions which, since they depend partly on speculation and partly on historical research, have given rise to much learned and not always profitable controversy. We are informed by St. Luke, that the disciples, after the ascension of Christ, returned to Jerusalem, "and were continually in the temple, praising and blessing God." That the usual Jewish liturgy was used in these services would seem highly probable; but that the new spirit of Christianity soon released itself from the appointed forms of the temple worship is a fact certified by the earliest annals of the Church. Indeed, in the very opening of the book which records the Acts of the Apostles, we have bequeathed to us the most ancient relic of the Christian liturgical worship, when, in celebration of Peter and John's deliverance from prison, the whole company of the disciples are represented to have lifted up their voice to God with one accord, and recited that sublime hymn which, taking its key-note from the second in the Book of Psalms, begins and ends its strains of supplication and praise in the name of the "holy Child Jesus." As scholars have seen or imagined themselves to see in the purer Greek of St. Peter, as preserved in his Epistles, the traces of that miraculous inspiration which, on the day of Pentecost, imparted to the Apostles the gift of tongues, so with greater reason may this fragment of pious recitative be regarded as the immediate offspring of that divine influence which was then shed upon the Church, quickening and purifying, as with a baptism of fire, "the whole multitude of them that believed," who "were of one heart and of one soul." In undoubted allusion to this gift of poetical improvisation, as one of the "manifestations" of the

Spirit, St. Paul is found addressing the Corinthian Christians in words like these: "When ye come together, every one of you *hath a psalm*, hath a doctrine, hath a tongue, hath a revelation, hath an interpretation"; and in his letters to the Ephesians and Colossians, "psalms and hymns and spiritual songs" are enumerated as among the services of the Church. There are not wanting those who profess to find snatches of the early sacred verse deposited in the prose of the New Testament writers. Among such fragments of song supposed to be current in the Apostolic age, and therefore quoted by the writers from "psalms and hymns" which have perished in the lapse of time, may be cited the following from the Epistle to the Ephesians: —

Ἔγειρε ὁ καθεύδων
Καὶ ἀνάστα ἐκ τῶν νεκρῶν,
Ἐπιφαύσει σοι ὁ Χριστός.

And the well-known hexameter line in the Epistle of St. James: —

Πᾶσα δόσις ἀγαθὴ καὶ πᾶν δώρημα τέλειον.

To this same most ancient Christian poetry is also referred that often-repeated "chorus" of the Apocalypse: —

Ἐγώ εἰμι τὸ ἄλφα καὶ τὸ ὦ,
Ὁ πρῶτος καὶ ὁ ἔσχατος.

And the song of Moses: —

Μεγάλα καὶ θαυμαστὰ τὰ ἔργα σου,
Κύριε ὁ θεὸς ὁ παντοκράτωρ·
Δίκαιαι καὶ ἀληθιναὶ αἱ ὁδοί σου,
Ὁ βασιλεὺς τῶν ἐθνῶν, κ. τ. λ.

Though it is quite true, as Quintilian remarks, that metrical feet are often found in prose, and that too without any design on the part of the writer, yet it will be admitted that the excerpts we have quoted (and their number might be greatly multiplied) have in themselves a poetical coloring which favors the hypothesis of their origin in the early Christian verse. But whatever may be the reader's judgment upon

a matter so purely speculative and conjectural, we have the authority of Eusebius and Tertullian for the assertion, that the ancient Christians not only employed in their religious services the psalms and canticles of the Old Testament, but also added to their number original hymns and songs, the natural outgushings of that pious emotion which was then most vehement when the new leaven of the Gospel was warmed by the fires of a holy enthusiasm, like that which glowed in the bosoms of confessors and martyrs. In his description of the ancient *agapæ*, Tertullian states that, at the conclusion of the meal, each participant was invited to sing, as he might be able, "either from the Holy Scriptures or from the prompting of his own spirit, a song of praise to God"; while Pliny the younger, in his well-known letter to the Emperor Trajan, reports, as a trait of the Christians in Bithynia and Pontus, that they "sang hymns to Christ, as to a god, in choral responses." *

That trite aphorism which ascribes to the ballads of a people a greater influence than to their laws, would seem to find an illustration in the religious no less than in the political world. As early as during the second century after Christ, the songs of the Church had become a popular vehicle for the transmission and diffusion of the faith. Bardesanes of Edessa, who was contemporary with the Emperor Marcus Aurelius, and Paul, Bishop of Samosata, who found a patroness in Queen Zenobia, did but avail themselves of what was seen to be a powerful lever in the Church, when they thus early pressed sacred music into the service of their peculiar opinions, just as, in the era of the Reformation, the six thousand hymns of Hans Sachs exerted an influence which was co-operative, if not commensurate, with the sermons of Luther and the epistles of Melancthon.

Church psalmody received, however, in the East, its highest culture and its greatest impulse from the poetical labors of St. Ephrem Syrus, whose voluminous writings in prose and verse the Vatican press has published in such a splendid edition. For his skill in versification, and for the melody of his

* "Carmen Christo, quasi deo, dicere, secum invicem." — Plin. Epist. X. 97.

sacred songs, St. Ephrem has been called "the sweet singer of Syria, and the lyre of the Holy Ghost"; as for the ingenuity and acuteness of his polemical disquisitions, he is styled by Chrysostom "the Church's javelin against the heretics." In the third volume of Dr. Daniel's *Thesaurus Hymnologicus*, the reader will find a selection from the hymns of St. Ephrem in the original Syriac, accompanied by a German translation, the work of Lewis Splieth, a distinguished Oriental scholar of Germany. If the translator has faithfully represented the manner, and reproduced the spirit, of these ancient relics of Christian song, the German reader will not find it difficult to acquiesce in all that has been said in praise of St. Ephrem's inspiration. His hymns were spread throughout the East during the third century, and are said to have first incited the Grecian Christians to the invocation of the sacred Muse. Joseph Melodes, Andreas Cretensis, Joannes Damascenus, and their imitators, are thought by some critics to have caught their poetic fire from the kindling influence of St. Ephrem, the Syrian.

As early, however, as the third century, the Christian lyre was struck among the Greeks by Clemens Alexandrinus, who was followed by Gregory Nazianzen, Theodosius the Martyr, Euthymius, Sophronius, and others, whose songs, if not always their names, have descended even to the present day. The earliest sacred poem in the Greek language, from a known writer whose works have been preserved to us, is a hymn addressed to "Christ the Redeemer," by Clement of Alexandria, found at the close of his *Παιδαγωγός*, and occupying the first place in Dr. Daniel's anthology of Grecian hymns.

The sacred poetry of the Greeks, copious and beautiful as it is, forms no part of our subject-matter in the present paper, and will therefore receive no notice at our hands, save that which may seem essential by way of introduction to the Latin verse whose strains it preluded, and, in so many cases, inspired and prompted. A study and appreciation of the spirit which animated and informed the sacred poetic art of the Greeks will serve, from its contrasted beauties and excellences, only the more fully to reveal what is most characteristic and distinctive in that of the Western Church.

We shall find, on examination, that the hymns of the Greek and Latin Churches reflect in the clearest outlines the national features of their respective members, as well as the peculiar theological tendencies so early developed in these two great branches of ancient Christendom. As the poetical temperament more than any other is characterized by sensibility, we might naturally expect the cadences of popular verse to mark, as with a nilometer, the ebb and flow of those great tidal waves which have stirred from age to age the bosom of humanity. And if it be true, as we think, that the consciousness of a nation or an age mirrors itself most clearly in the waters of its Helicon, it is no less true that the inner life of a church pours forth its strongest pulsations from the well-heads of its poetical inspiration, issuing, as it were, from the Geyser fountains of the soul. The "diversities of gifts" in the Greek and Latin Churches are thus exhibited in their poetry, as well as in their dogmatic theology; the angles of thought marked by the rigid lines of a speculative and disputatious Christianity are subtended also by a lyrical development, which enables us to measure equally the divergent creeds and the inner consciousness of the Eastern and Western branches of the Church.

The civilization of a people being, as Bunsen expresses it, "the natural result of an outwardly growing union of the individual spirit with the national and social life," we are not surprised to find that Christian doctrine, as apprehended by its confessors among the Greeks and Romans, soon came to represent, in its developments and modifications, the distinctive characteristics of the civilization with which it came in contact. Hence Neander, in reviewing the doctrinal controversies of the early Christian ages, does but generalize an historical truth universally admitted, when he states that the Greek mobility of intellect and speculative direction of thought predominated in the Eastern Church, while in the Western the more rigid and calm, the less excitable but more practical tendency of the Roman mind prevailed. If Origen, in his fondness for speculative subtilties and his imaginative exegesis of the Scriptures, may in some sense be regarded as a type of the former, St. Augustine, by his profound and

sometimes sombre anatomy of the human heart and consciousness, with their relations to the doctrines of grace and redemption, may be considered as the most illustrious embodiment of that dogmatic theology which predominated in the latter or Western Church. And so, too, in the domain of poetry, if Clement of Alexandria, Methodius the Martyr, and, above all, Synesius of Cyrene, psalmists of the Greek Church, delight to indulge in the imagery of that Christian Neo-Platonism which flourished in the schools of Alexandria, and in whose principles Synesius, we may add, was instructed by the fair Hypatia, we find, on the other hand, that St. Ambrose, Hilary of Poictiers, Prudentius, and others, poets of the Latin Church, are chiefly remarkable for a certain pith and sententiousness of expression, as well as for a subdued contrition of heart germane to that severer theology and monastic piety which, if Augustine was its founder and most illustrious exemplar, attained its full and rotund development in the scholastic philosophy of the Middle Age.

The sacred Grecian poetry possesses also, in its general spirit, a greater lyrical elevation than the Latin, a superiority which it shares equally with the songs of the classic age in Greece as compared with those of the corresponding age in ancient Rome, and which, with regard to the latter, extorted from Quintilian the confession, that, of the lyrical poets in the Latin tongue, Horace alone was worth reading. The sacred poetry of the Western Church, oftener than that of the Eastern, has for its burden the sighs and confessions of penitence, as though the psalm of its spiritual life were set by the "still sad music of humanity." If the notes of jubilant praise and the shouts of rejoicing which still soar to heaven in the sublime canticles of the "Gloria in excelsis," and the "Te Deum laudamus," may seem an exception to this remark, it will perhaps be sufficient to refer the reader to the annotations of Dr. Daniel, in which the Eastern origin of these heirlooms of Christian antiquity is placed, as it seems to us, beyond successful controversy. Exceptions, however, there are to this general observation, as indeed there must be in all generalizations based on national character. Thus Gregory Nazianzen, writing a θρηνητικόν on his own soul, utters the low,

moaning cry of a heart withered and smitten like grass; and if the general tenor of the sacred Latin poetry is attuned to a plaintive strain, we yet behold the fire of a more than Spanish enthusiasm often shooting into a leaping flame in the verse of Prudentius.

Augustine informs us in his "Confessions," that psalmody, as an institute of Christian worship, was not of ancient origin in the Western Church, dating no farther back than a year before his baptism by Ambrose in the church at Milan. The occasion of its introduction in the West is stated by Augustine to have been as follows. The Empress Justina, mother of the young Emperor Valentinian, having espoused the cause of the Arians, signalized her zeal by the persecution of Ambrose, who, as the leader of the opposite party in the Church, was most obnoxious to her hatred. The flock of the good bishop, however, did not desert him in his adversity, but took refuge with him in the basilica, all animated, says Augustine, with a holy zeal, and ready to die by his side. "Then it was," he adds, "that hymns and psalms first began to be sung, (after the manner of the East,) lest through the tedium and weariness of their confinement the spirit of the people might droop."

It would seem difficult to accept this statement in the generality which its terms naturally import; for that the Western churches, until the day of Ambrose, should have excluded all psalmody from their public worship must be deemed improbable in itself considered, and is moreover in contradiction with the well-authenticated facts of contemporaneous Church history. Perhaps the subsequent history of hymnology may throw some light upon this topic, and afford us a hint by which to limit the application and extent of Augustine's assertion.

The annals of the Church disclose to us the fact, that what were called "original hymns" encountered for a time the most determined opposition on the part of many among the faithful. It was contended that such poetical productions, partaking as they necessarily must of the individual sentiments of their writers, might degenerate into a source of mischief to the purity of the Apostolic faith. The examples

of Bardesanes and Paul of Samosata, who, it was alleged, had by their "spiritual songs" undermined sound doctrine as contained in the Sacred Scriptures, were frequently cited in illustration of the dangers attendant on the tŏleration in the Church of any other sacred poetry than that of the Book of Psalms, or the short doxologies composed of verses from the inspired volume. These had been used, it would seem, from the earliest times; for they are adduced as in contrast with the new hymns of Ambrose and Hilary, whose introduction into the offices of the Church was in certain quarters strenuously resisted as an unauthorized and perilous innovation. When, therefore, Augustine speaks of the "psalms and hymns" which, "according to the usage of the East," were introduced into the church at Milan, and thence spread throughout nearly all the congregations of the Western world, he may be understood to allude only to such original psalms and hymns as had been made popular in the East by the sacred poets of Syria and Greece. The Psalms of the Old Testament were the common heritage of the Church, and it seems difficult to believe that none of them had been translated into Latin or adopted in the offices of the Church before the day of Ambrose. Still, the testimony of Augustine is explicit to this effect, unless we resort to what must be admitted an interpretation not the most apparent from the text itself, though not without plausibility if the facts of the later Church history be taken into consideration. For we scarcely need add, that this dispute respecting the admissibility of original hymns and songs into the liturgy of the Church extended into the sixth and seventh centuries, and has been revived again and again at later periods.* The first council of Braga, held in the year

* Not to recur to the controversies on this subject in the Scottish Kirk, we may recall the fact, that Christians in our own country have not been exempt from contention on this topic. In the recently published life of that distinguished divine, the late Dr. John M. Mason, we find one of his correspondents groaning over "three bones of contention which had been often picked before," but were not yet laid aside. These were: — 1. "Is it lawful to omit the observance of a fast preparatory to the Lord's Supper?" 2. "*Is* it Scriptural to extend Christian fellowship beyond the limits of our own Church?" 3. "*Is it right to use any other than a literal version of David's psalms in public praise to God?*" In the conscientious scruples which demanded a most literal version of the Psalms will be found perhaps a char-

561 A. D., directed that, besides the Psalms or other portions of the canonical Scriptures, no poetical composition should be sung in the Church, — a decision afterward rescinded by the fourth council of Toledo, in the year 633, by which the hymns of Ambrose and Hilary were placed on the same footing in the divine service with such prayers and other liturgical formularies of human composition as had been already admitted into the ritual of the Western Church.

As a branch of this same controversy, the dispute concerning the introduction of heathen tunes and measures in the music of the Church prevailed through several centuries. Already had Jerome sought to rebuke a growing tendency in his day to what we now call "secular effects," which, we may infer from his instructions to those "whose office it was to sing in church," had thus early foisted themselves into the choral services of the Church. "We are not," he says, "like comedians, to soothe the throat with sweet drinks, in order that we may hear theatrical songs and melodies in the Church; but the fear of God, piety, and the knowledge of the Scriptures should inspire our songs; . . . . . so that the evil spirit which entered into the heart of Saul may be expelled from those who are in like manner possessed by him, rather than invited by those who would turn the house of God into a heathen theatre." Thus early, it would seem, were there those who sought to introduce into the psalmody of Christianity the popular melodies of heathendom, if not those actually allied to the old ethnic worship with its "gay religions full of pomp and gold"; and that such "secular effects" have not even yet been expelled from the choir will be credited by many who have "attended worship" in our modern "fashionable churches," where, through "long-drawn aisle and fretted

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itable explanation of the fact that Sternhold and Hopkins are oftentimes more literal than poetical in their translation of the Hebrew melodies. Indeed, we learn from a letter of Dr. Mason's, found in the same volume, that the sensitiveness of certain minds on this point extended not only to literal versions of David's psalms, but also to other minuter questions of Hebrew liturgical worship; for he writes of a good old Kentucky lady who, when two lines of a hymn were given out at once by the clergyman to be sung by the congregation, incontinently arose and declared that she would "have no such doings there," and would tolerate "none but David's psalms, David's tunes, and David's *way of lining*."

vault," a pealing symphony has been known to resound, which to the practised ear of the dilettante has seemed more like echoes from the opera-house than native melodies of the Christian temple.

From the tunes of the Church to its poetical measures the transition is natural and easy. If the intrusion in the former of airs that were redolent only of heathenism formed a subject of regret to pious minds in both the Eastern and Western Churches, we might without examination be led to infer, as many students of hymnology seem to have done, that a pious aversion for the metres of the heathen poetry was the principal, if not the sole, motive of those changes which the classical scansion of the Latin language underwent in the hands of the sacred Latin poets. An exhaustive treatment of this subject would greatly transcend the limits within which we must confine its proportionate space in the present paper, involving, as the question does, a partly historical and partly philosophical appreciation of those causes from without and within, which during the Middle Age wrought, along with the corruption of the Latin tongue, the gradual disintegration of the classical prosody, and laid the foundations of that accentual and rhyming Latin verse which reached its highest development and proved its fullest capabilities in the hands of the monastic poets of France and Italy during the twelfth century.

In the works of Croke and Schuch, whose titles we have placed at the head of this article, the reader will find but an inadequate treatment of this interesting subject, the information they afford serving rather to pique than to gratify the curiosity of the inquisitive student. Sir Alexander does not seem to have brought to his scholarly diversions — for as such his treatise must be classed — any very considerable measure of that critical acumen for which he was distinguished in the study and administration of the law. He is often inaccurate in his dates, mistaken in his quotations, and uncritical in his literary judgments. The monograph of Schuch illustrates all the merits and all the defects of a German *Gelehrte*. Copious in the details of the subject, it is jejune in its comments, and is marked by the almost total absence of any me-

thodical or systematic treatment of the general theme which gives title to the essay. The reader will find, we think, in the observations and critical comments of Dr. Mone, as scattered throughout his volume, nearly all that is of scholarly value in the works of Croke or Schuch on this specialty of literary and historical inquiry.

We have much reason for believing that the true theory of the classical prosody is only partially comprehended, and the secret of its harmony but inadequately appreciated, at the present day. As pedagogy can by no dint of laborious drilling in longs and shorts succeed in reproducing hexameters as classical in their structure and Latinity as those of Virgil or Ovid, so no perspicacity of modern pedants, though Scaligers or Bentleys in their classic lore, can fully enter into or explain the nature and essence of a versification, which is known to have charmed the ears, and stirred like a trumpet the hearts, of the ancient Greeks and Romans. With the lost art has vanished, if not the sense of its loss, at least the knowledge of its rational significance and value as an attribute of poetry. If any one has doubts on this point, let him gather and collate the opinions which have been propounded on the subject by all the critics and all the commentators, and he will find that such opinions are little better than a confused mass of "*Adversaria*," even when they are not expressly uttered (as is sometimes the case) under this name and title.*

The prosodical system of the earlier Greeks and Romans, founded as it was on a full-orbed pronunciation of each word in accordance with certain harmonic relations of the various syllables as determined by their several quantities, appears to have been the product of that wonderful *Sprachsinn* [faculty for speech], as Wilhelm von Humboldt calls it, which, especially as it existed among the former, (for among the Romans the temporal prosody was a superfœtation rather than a natural outgrowth of the Latin tongue,) may be deemed to have sprung in a measure from the play of delicate and cultivated organs of speech in a genial climate, and an atmos-

* The reader is referred for abundant confirmation of this remark to Hawkins's "Inquiry," Lindemann *De Prosodia Plauti*, Bentley's *Emendationes*, and similar labors of the *grammatici*.

phere still remarkable for its acoustic properties, though breathed by "living Greece no more." But as in all mental phenomena the outward development implies the inward *nisus naturae*, and as all true living art is but the concrete form of some spiritual faculty of which no ultimate analysis can discover the secret of its spontaneous activity, so the poetic art of the ancients plants its roots deep from our sight in the spiritual life and sensibility of a people "feelingly alive to each fine impulse."

Hence Wilhelm von Humboldt has not hesitated to say,* that mere syllabic measures, like those of the hexameter, afford to him, in their "linked sweetness long drawn out," a clearer evidence of the subtile and profound sense for speech (*Sprachsinn*) possessed by the ancients, than he finds in the poetry itself (abstracted from the metres) which they have left as the monuments of their genius; a sentiment which can hardly fail to recall to the poetical reader the line of Schiller,

"In der Dichtkunst allein macht das Gefäss den Gehalt."

But, whatever may be our theory respecting the genesis and harmonic principles of the metrical versification, it cannot be disputed that its measures were not native and indigenous products of the old Ausonian soil. They were first planted in ancient Italy when captive Greece led her rude victor captive and introduced the arts into rustic Latium.

"Sic horridus ille
Defluxit numerus Saturnius, et grave virus
Munditiae pepulere; sed in longum tamen aevum
Manserunt hodieque manent vestigia ruris."

And that the "rough saturnian numbers," among their other "vestigia ruris," possessed both accentual rhythm and sometimes rhyme, is sufficiently indicated in the few fragments of this ancient verse which have descended to us in the writings of Cicero. The following examples are familiar to every reader: —

"Caelum nitescere, arbores florescere,
Vites laetificae pampinis pubescere,
Rami baccarum ubertate in curvescere," &c.
Tusc. Disp. I. 28.

* See his treatise *Ueber die Buchstabenschrift und ihren Zusammenhang mit dem Sprache.* — Gesammelte Werke. Berlin. 1848.

And again: —

"Haec omnia vidi inflammari,
Priamo vi vitam evitari,
Jovis aram sanguine turpari." — *Tusc. Disp.* I. 35.

In such Saturnian numbers, in the convivial songs which formed those "lays of ancient Rome" whose loss Cicero regretted, in the hymns of the Salii (*axamenta*), in the Atellan farces, in the Fescennine verses of the peasantry, and in the refrains of the Roman mob shouting around the victor's car as it moved along the *Via Sacra*, we must look for the traces of that popular poetry which the Fauns and bards sang of yore in Latium, before as yet any one had been found to scale those "rocks of the Muses," the peaks of Parnassus.* The Camenæ took their flight at the death of Nævius, and in the prosody of Plautus and Terence we witness the gradual superposition of the Grecian poetical metres upon the Latin language, yet so that many vestiges of the old rusticity still remain to puzzle the critic who will see in it naught but the rules of classical scansion. In the poets of the Augustine age the transition was complete, yet, as Macaulay has said, "while Virgil, in hexameters of exquisite modulation, was describing the sports of rustics, those rustics were still singing their wild Saturnian ballads" in the harvest-field and the vineyard, and at the uncouth merry-makings of the country wedding.† Accent and rhyme were displaced by the metrical scansion in the language of literature and polite culture, yet, either through accident or the old instinct bringing back old forms, the poetical purists of the Augustine age sometimes lapsed into a rhyming versification. Take, for instance, the following lines from Horace, which are positively in the monkish Leonine style of the Middle Age: —

"Nox erat, et coelo — fulgebat luna sereno
Inter minora sidera.
Cum tu, magnorum — numen laesura deorum
In verba jurabas *mea*."

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* "Quid? Nostri veteres versus ubi sunt?
'Quos olim Fauni, vatesque canebant,
Cum neque Musarum scopulos quisquam superarat,
Nec dicti studiosus erat.'" — Cic. in *Bruto*, XVIII.

† Cf. Lucretius, V. 1391 et seq.

Or the following verse from Virgil's eighth Eclogue: —

"Limus ut hic durescit — et haec ut cera liquescit."

Or this from Ovid: —

"Quot coelum stellas — tot habet tua Roma puellas."

Of rhyming hexameters these poets, we need not add, present numerous examples, which will recur to every classical reader who is curious in detecting such accidental or designed coincidences.

We are warranted, therefore, in saying, that the presence of rhyme in the sacred Latin poetry is to be regarded rather in the light of a *renaissance* than of a new creation. It outcropped once more so soon as the extrinsic causes which had displaced it were removed. Accent and rhyme, as they had been banished from the language of literature by the Grecian versification, were reintroduced *pari passu* with that disintegration of the metrical prosody which was gradually effected in the tongue of Cicero and Virgil. Foremost among the causes which brought about, or at least accelerated, this disintegration, must be placed the barbarian irruptions and popular migrations, which in the early centuries of the Christian era began to subvert the peace and disturb the social life of the Roman empire. The mixture of alien dialects with the Latin broke up its homogeneous structure, and jangled the syllabic measures which, as they had been moulded, so could be preserved, only by the rigid and artificial standard of a polite pronunciation founded on the metrical prosody. This polite pronunciation was soon merged in a chaos of barbarian sounds, and under these conditions it was that the Latin language passed into that *lingua rustica* which prevailed throughout Europe before the modern Romanian tongues had crystallized around their several national centres. So true is this, that Mone fancies himself to see an allusion to these chaotic convulsions in the following stanza of a Latin vesper hymn, which is assigned to the fifth century: —

"Mane junctum vesperi
Diem vocari praecipis;
Tetrum chaos inlabitur,
Audi preces cum fletibus."

Mone, Vol. I. p. 83. Cf. Dan., Vol. IV. p. 49.

We can trace from step to step, in the mediæval hymns, the gradual elimination of metre and the introduction of accent, the transition to which latter seems, with slight exceptions, to have been synchronous and parallel with the development of rhyme. Guest, in his valuable work on "English Rhythms," has truly remarked, as indeed the elder grammarians had remarked before him, that rhyme is the time-beater of accentual verse. "It marks and defines the accent, and thereby strengthens and supports the rhythm. Its advantages have been felt so strongly, that no people have ever adopted an accentual rhythm without also adopting rhyme."

The rhymes of the sacred Latin poetry were at first mere vowel assonances, in which the terminal consonant was often disregarded, a license growing, we may suppose, out of the corrupt pronunciation of the *lingua rustica*, in which the terminal consonants were sometimes indistinctly slurred or wholly silent. Commodianus, who is assigned by Dodwell to the third century after Christ, and who certainly did not live later than the fourth, closes his "Instructiones" with an acrostic of twenty-six lines, each of which terminates in the same vowel assonance. In the hymn "Aeternus orbis conditor," which belongs to the fifth century, and observes quite strictly the classical prosody, we have such rhymes as this: —

"Sedes Canopi proxim*as*
Fuga salubri visit*ans*," —

in which the vowel-sounds are alone regarded, the consonants being absorbed or suppressed by them. Any attempt, such as is made by Clément in the work whose title we have cited at the head of this article, to reduce the hymns of the Middle Age to the metres of the classical period, must prove illusory and abortive; and we concur with Mone in the opinion, that the sacred Latin poetry from the fifth to the ninth or tenth century is to be judged neither by the rigorous application nor by the total renunciation of the metrical prosody. Nothing but the most Procrustean criticism can torture it into a rigid and unvarying conformity with the classical *gradus*.

After the seventh century the tendency to accentual rhythm and rhyme became more and more decided. The argument

of Trench, that the transition was hastened by a Christian antipathy to the classical metres, which, having been married in immortal verse to the heathen mythology, could not, he thinks, but have been regarded by the early disciples with pious aversion and disgust, however plausible in theory, does not seem to be sustained by the facts of history; for if any such feeling had been operative, we should naturally expect it to have most visibly declared itself when the abominations of heathenism were freshest in the memory of the Church, and the earliest hymns of the sacred Muse would have been the first to emancipate themselves from such alleged profane associations of idolatrous worship. Such, however, is not the case. Hilary of Poictiers and St. Ambrose, the morning stars of Christian song, both observe quite strictly the regular classical iambic dimeter, without any scruples because of its heathen surroundings; and the pious Prudentius, in the very opening of his *Hymni Peristephanon*, declares, quite in the face of this theory, —

> "Nos citos *jambicos*
> *Sacramus* et rotatiles *trochaeos*."

In still further confirmation of this view may be adduced the *Centones Virgiliani*, which, as is known, were popular among the early Christians, who seem to have had no prejudice against the hexameter, but rather forced its *disjecta membra* to do involuntary service to Christianity. From one of these Centos, attributed to Proba Falconia, a Roman lady of the fourth century, Clément gives the following specimen of scraps from Virgil "on the Birth of Christ." We quote only the opening lines.

> "Attulit et nobis aliquando optantibus aetas
> Auxilium adventumque Dei: quum femina primum
> Virginis os habitumque gerens, (mirabile dictu!)
> Nec generis nostri puerum nec sanguinis edit.
> Seraque terrifici cecinerunt omina vates,
> Adventare virum populis terrisque superbum,
> Semine ab aethereo, qui viribus occupet orbem,
> Imperium oceano, famam qui terminet astris."

But, to return from this digression, besides the social con-

vulsions and the confusion of tongues consequent on the irruption of the barbarian hordes into Southern Europe, the mental habitudes of the early Christian writers afford us still other explanations of that tendency to accent and rhyme which so early betrayed itself in the sacred Latin poetry. St. Augustine, in his "Retractiones," informs us that he composed his Latin psalm against the Donatists to be sung by the people, and that, with the view of accommodating it to the common mind, he discarded the classical prosody, because he did not desire that any metrical necessity should constrain the use of words which, having been set apart from the rest of the language, and consecrated to classical poetry, would be unfamiliar to the general ear. How greatly this metrical necessity restricted the classical Latin poet, may be inferred from a statement made by Mr. Trench, that one word out of every eight in the Latin language which it might otherwise be desirable to use, is, by the rules of prosody, excluded from the chief metres. In order still further to fix this "Psalmus contra partem Donati" in the minds of the people, Augustine constructed it so that each additional stanza should open with a successive letter of the alphabet ("tales hymnos abc-darios appellant"), and, as a device to aid the memory, the same vowel assonance is found at the close of every line. When we remember, moreover, that such psalms and hymns were composed to be sung in the great congregation, it is easy to perceive how naturally rhyme would have been seized upon as the handmaid of memory when hymn-books, though not unknown, as Dr. Mone has shown, were yet a rare possession, found only in the hands of the clergy and choristers. And when we consider that the early Christians were gathered chiefly from among the common people, to whom the classical prosody had always remained "a something unknown," we can readily accord with Mr. Trench in ascribing to this fact a prominent part in breaking down, among Christian worshippers, the arbitrary exactions of classical versification.

Another mental trait of the early Christian writers — their fondness for antithesis, epigrammatic point, and jingling combinations even in prose — doubtless contributed to strengthen the growing tendency to rhyme, which was, in truth, nothing

more than this same trait methodized and intensified. Every reader of patristic theology is familiar with this idiosyncrasy, which often exists in writers the most remarkable for their diffuseness. Hence such sentences as this in the writings of Augustine, concerning the two Testaments: "In Novo *patet* quod in Vetere *latet*." Indeed, the abundance of such antitheses in the writings of the great Bishop of Hippo, made it a comparatively easy task for Prosper of Aquitaine, the Quarles of his day, to compose the one hundred and twelve epigrams which he versified from the prose of that Father; and it was, perhaps, a reminiscence of the very passage from Augustine to which we have alluded, that inspired Adam of St. Victor when he wrote, —

"In Scripturis sub figuris,
Ista latent sed jam patent
Crucis beneficia:
Reges credunt, hostes cedunt,
Sola cruce, Christo duce,
Unus fugat millia."

During the ninth, tenth, and eleventh centuries, the tendency to rhyme becomes more and more strongly marked in the Latin verse, until in France and Italy, during the twelfth century, it reached its culmination in couplets terminating in uniform rhymes of one, two, and often three syllables. Then, too, it was that the "strenuous idleness" of the cloister began to expend itself in feats of rhyming skill, in which the ingenuity, if not the genius, of the verse-maker seems to have been exhausted: —

"Quos anguis dirus tristi mulcedine pavit,
Hos sanguis mirus Christi dulcedine lavit."

Leonine couplets, also, now began to abound in every variety of rhyming cæsura; nor were they restricted to sacred poetry. The following examples will, perhaps, suffice to illustrate the most common forms of this popular verse: —

"Linquens terrenas — migravit dux ad amoenas
Rogerius sedes, — nam coeli detinet aedes."

"O Valachi, — vestri stomachi — sunt amphora Bacchi,
Vos estis — Deus est testis — teterrima pestis."

"O miseratrix, — O dominatrix, — praecipe dictu
Ne devastemur — ne lapidemur — grandinis ictu."

"Cellula mellis — fundis ardorem — virgo serena,
Nescia fellis — cui dat honorem — nostra Camena."

Poetical puzzle-readings, like the following, were also conceived and planned by the "studious monks": —

"Arbore sub qua- } dam { dictavit clericus A- } dam."
Quod primus A- peccavit in arbore qua-
Sed postremus A- natus de virgine qua-
Damna prioris A- reparavit in arbore qua-
Si non primus A- peccasset in arbore qua-
Non postremus A- moreretur in arbore qua-

But without bestowing upon such monastic *tours de force* in poetical art an attention to which they are hardly entitled, we proceed to quote at length, as an illustration of the wonderful perfection to which the rhyming Latin was brought, one of the hymns left us by that most copious and consummate master in versification, Adam of St. Victor. France was the great seat of sacred Latin poetry in the twelfth century, Hildebert, the two Bernards, Marbod of Angers, Peter the Venerable, and last, but greatest, Adam of St. Victor, being its principal votaries. The last named not only surpassed all his contemporaries, but may be said to have illustrated the highest rhyming capability of the Latin tongue. In place, moreover, of the often dry, if sometimes terse, simplicity which had previously characterized the Christian verse of the Western Church, Adam of St. Victor introduced into sacred Latin poetry a more ornate and richer style, though not infrequently, as his admirers will admit, his verse, like the cloak of Helen, "signis auroque rigentem," is stiff from the very superabundance of its imagery and ornamentation. The hymn we quote, however, deserves to be quoted for other and higher reasons than its exquisite versification.

"DE FESTIVITATE PENTECOSTES.

"Qui procedis ab utroque,
Genitore genitoque
Pariter, Paraclite,
Redde linguas eloquentes,
Fac ferventes in te mentes
Flamma tua divite.

"Amor patris filiique,
Par amborum et utrique
Compar et consimilis;
Cuncta reples, cuncta foves,
Astra regis, coelum moves,
Permanens immobilis.

"Lumen clarum, lumen carum,
Internarum tenebrarum
Effugas caliginem.
Per te mundi sunt mundati;
Tu peccatum et peccati
Destruis rubiginem.

"Veritatem notam facis,
Et ostendis viam pacis
Et iter justitiae.
Perversorum corda vitas,
Et bonorum corda ditas
Munere scientiae.

"Te docente nil obscurum,
Te praesente nil impurum;
Sub tua præsentia
Gloriatur mens jucunda,
Per te laeta, per te munda
Gaudet conscientia.

"Tu commutas elementa,
Per te suam sacramenta
Habent efficaciam:
Tu nocivam vim repellis,
Tu confutas et refellis
Hostium nequitiam.

"Quando venis, corda lenis,
Quando subis, atrae nubis
Effugit obscuritas.
Sacer ignis, pectus ignis
Non comburis, sed a curis
Purgas, quando visitas.

"Mentes prius imperitas
Et sopitas et oblitas
Erudis et excitas.
Foves linguas, formas sonum,
Cor ad bonum facit pronum
A te data caritas.

"O juvamen oppressorum,
O solamen miserorum,
Pauperum refugium,
Da contemptum terrenorum,
Ad amorem supernorum
Trahe desiderium.
Pelle mala, terge sordes,
Et discordes fac concordes,
Et affer præsidium.

"Tu qui quondam visitasti,
Docuisti, confortasti
Timentes discipulos,
Visitare nos digneris,
Nos, si placet, consoleris
Et credentes populos.

"Par majestas personarum,
Par potestas est earum,
Et communis deitas:
Tu procedens a duobus,
Coaequalis es duobus,
In nullo disparitas.

"Quia tantus es et talis,
Quantus pater est et qualis,
Servorum humilitas
Deo patri filioque
Redemptori, tibi quoque
Laudes reddat debitas."

To pass from this branch of our general subject to a consideration of its other phases, as presented in the works which we have chosen as the basis of our remarks, we may premise, in the first place, that it will form no part of our purpose to enter into any critical examination of either the merits or defects of the particular volumes we have cited. For the reader who would desire to trace the Christian hymnology of

the Middle Age in its widest domains, extending from Armenia to Portugal, and covering a tract of time embraced between the third and the sixteenth centuries, the *Thesaurus* of Dr. Daniel possesses advantages over any other work in its department with which we are acquainted. Nor can the immense services which he has rendered to this once neglected branch of literature be overlooked by any lover of the old Christian poesy. As he truly recites, in the "Prolegomena" to his fourth volume, recently issued in Germany, when he first commenced the publication of his collections, at a period no earlier than fifteen years ago, the taste for this species of sacred poetry was circumscribed within narrow boundaries and confessed by few, whereas now its diffusion is as wide as the love of letters, and its culture and gratification have engaged the attention of scholars among the most enlightened and accomplished of the present day.

The collection of Dr. Mone is more copious than that of Daniel, and possesses also the additional advantage of being carefully edited from manuscript copies of the hymns, as still preserved in the libraries and monasteries of Europe. The three volumes of Dr. Mone comprise 1,215 hymns, of which 320 are devoted to God and angels, 301 to the Virgin Mary, and 594 to all the saints in the calendar. Already known and most favorably known by his previous labors in kindred studies of literary and ecclesiastical history, Dr. Mone has undoubtedly added to his well-earned reputation by the scholarly work before us, notwithstanding a certain harshness in his censorial judgments on the labors of others, and a spirit of over-refinement in some of his own criticisms on the hymns themselves; to both of which blemishes Dr. Daniel, in his fourth volume, has frequent occasion to make allusion, partly in self-defence and partly by way of just retaliation. The rule which Mone has prescribed to himself in the execution of his task, to admit no hymn into his collections for which he could not find a reliable manuscript copy, has, we need scarcely say, necessitated the exclusion from his work of some among the choicest of the sacred Latin hymns, as well as of some, it would seem, among the most popular and common, which it is difficult to conceive how he could have failed

to find in manuscript if he had searched in the proper quarters. We need only designate such well-known hymns as the following, to indicate the omissions which, it is to be regretted, detract from the completeness of Dr. Mone's compilations: "Aeterne rerum conditor"; "Somno refectis artubus"; "O lux beata Trinitas"; "Te lucis ante terminum"; "Aurora jam spargit polum"; "A solis ortus cardine"; "Rex Christe, factor omnium"; "Ave maris stella"; "Salvete flores martyrum"; "Ut queant laxis resonare fibris";* etc. The work of Dr. Mone, we need not add for the information of those acquainted with his earlier productions, is a labor of love on his part, no less as a polite scholar than as a zealous votary and defender of the Roman Catholic faith.

We have cited the works of Fortlage and Trench as representatives of their class in the department to which they both belong, the former being useful for its historico-literary memoranda, and the latter for its appreciative criticisms and scholarly annotations; while the volume of M. Clément, an officer in the *Ministère de l'Instruction publique et des Cultes* in France under the present Emperor, if not possessing in itself any great value for its contributions either to the literary history of hymnology or to its products, is at least interesting for the evidence it affords that, in the reviving taste for these relics of ancient song, they are designed to form hereafter in France a part of the curriculum of the classical grammar schools, as, many years ago, a similar anthology from the sacred Latin poets was published by Kehrein for use in the gymnasia of Germany.

The works we have named, either at the head of our paper or in connection with its theme, will suffice, perhaps, to illustrate the present status of hymnological study and research in England and on the Continent, though we are very far from having exhausted the bibliography of our subject even for the

* With this last-named hymn, the production of Paulus Diaconus, who flourished in the eighth century, is connected the interesting fact, that Guido of Arezzo, an Italian music-teacher of the eleventh century, derived from the initial syllable of each half-verse in its first stanza the names of the musical notes in his diatonic scale: —

"Ut queant laxis Resonare fibris
Mira gestorum Famuli tuorum;
Solve polluti Labii reatum."

period, little longer than a decade, within which we have restricted our citation of authorities.

Where the field is so wide in point of space and time, and the contributors so various in point of character, the difficulty of forming any sound generalizations to embrace and coordinate the multiplied and multiform facts of the Latin hymnology can be readily appreciated by every mind. When it is remembered that every nation of Western Europe contributes to its treasures, and that the authorship of comparatively few among the Latin hymns can now be ascertained, leaving us to depend upon nothing better than tradition with regard even to many which are popularly ascribed to particular writers, but which perhaps, if more strictly considered, would deserve to be entitled anonymous, every reader is at once prepared to admit that any treatment of the mediæval hymnology in connection with its authors must be founded rather on conjecture than on historical certitude. St. Ambrose is among the most illustrious as well as earliest of the sacred Latin poets, yet we need scarcely intimate to the critical and intell gent reader, that not all the hymns called *Ambrosian* are entitled to the honor of the name they bear.

The best analysis of the sacred Latin poetry is, perhaps, that of Dr. Neale, who, in his work on the "Mediæval Hymns," considers them as the productions of three distinct periods in European history. In the first of these periods, the Church was unshackling herself from the fetters of the classical metre; in the second, she was bringing out all the capabilities of rhyme; and in the third, after the revival of letters, she sought to subject her poetry anew to the slavish bondage of a revived paganism. By a still wider generalization, they might, perhaps, be reduced under two several heads, as determined by the character of their poetical treatment, the earlier hymns being uniformly *objective* in their composition and texture, while those of a later date breathe a constantly increasing *subjective* spirit. How wide is the interval, for instance, which, in this respect, marks the difference between the poetical genius of Ambrose in the fourth century, and of St. Bernard, "the mellifluous doctor," of the twelfth! A single example, in illustration, selected from the versifica-

tion of each, will suffice not only to disclose the distinctive traits of their respective authors, but to present for the reader's admiration two hymns of remarkable interest and beauty in the regard of every student of hymnology: —

HYMNUS DE ADVENTU DOMINI.

BY ST. AMBROSE.

"Veni Redemptor gentium,
Ostende partum virginis,
Miretur omne saeculum:
Talis decet partus Deum.

"Non ex virili semine,
Sed mystico spiramine
Verbum Dei factum est caro,
Fructusque ventris floruit.

"Alvus tumescit virginis,
Claustra pudoris permanent,
Vexilla virtutum micant,
Versatur in templo Deus.

"Procedit e thalamo suo,
Pudoris aula regia,
Geminae gigas substantiae
Alacris ut currat viam.

"Egressus ejus a Patre,
Regressus ejus ad Patrem,
Excursus usque ad inferos,
Recursus ad sedem Dei.

"Aequalis aeterno Patri
Carnis tropaeo accingere,
Infirma nostri corporis
Virtute firmana perpetim.

"Praesepe jam fulget tuum,
Lumenque nox spirat novum
Quod nulla nox interpolet
Fideque jugi luceat."

CURSUS DE AETERNA SAPIENTIA.

BY ST. BERNARD.

(AD MATUTINOS.)

"Jesu, dulcis memoria,
Dans vera cordis gaudia,
Sed super mel et omnia
Ejus dulcis praesentia.

"Nil canitur suavius,
Auditur nil jucundius,
Nil cogitatur dulcius,
Quam Jesus, Dei filius.

"Jesu, spes poenitentibus,
Quam pius es petentibus!
Quam bonus es quaerentibus!
Sed quid invenientibus?
"Aeterna sapientia
Tibi patrique gloria
Cum spiritu paraclito
Per infinita saecula.

(IN LAUDIBUS.)

"Jesu, rex admirabilis
Et triumphator nobilis,
Dulcedo ineffabilis,
Totus desiderabilis.

"Nec lingua potest dicere
Nec litera exprimere,
Experto potest credere
Quid sit Jesum diligere.

"Amor Jesu cotinuus
Mihi languor assiduus,
Mihi Jesus mellifluus
Fructus vitae perpetuus.
"Aeterna, etc.

(AD PRIMAM.)

" Amor Jesu dulcissimus
Et vere suavissimus,
Plus millies gratissimus,
Quam dicere sufficimus.

" Jesu decus angelicum,
In aure dulce canticum,
In ore mel mirificum,
In corde nectar coelicum.

" Jesu, mi bone, sentiam
Amoris tui copiam,
Da mihi per poenitentiam
Tuam videre gloriam.
" Aeterna, etc.

(AD TERTIAM.)

" Tua, Jesu, dilectio
Grata mentis, affectio
Replens sine fastidio,
Dans famem desiderio.

" Qui te gustant, esuriunt,
Qui bibunt, adhuc sitiunt,
Desiderare nesciunt
Nisi Jesum, quem diligunt.

" Desidero te millies,
Mi Jesu, quando venies,
Quando me laetum facies,
Me de te quando saties?
" Aeterna, etc."

Or compare the passion hymn of Fortunatus with that of an unknown writer of uncertain date, but who certainly flourished after the fifteenth century : —

" IN PASSIONE DOMINI.

BY FORTUNATUS.

" Pange lingua gloriosi praelium certaminis
Et super crucis tropaeo dic triumphum nobilem
Qualiter redemptor orbis immolatus vicerit.

" De parentis protoplasti fraude facta condolens
Quando pomi noxialis morsu morte corruit,
Ipse lignum tunc notavit, damna ligni ut solveret.

" Hic opus nostrae salutis ordo depoposcerat,
Multiformis perditoris ars ut artem falleret
Et medelam ferret inde, hostis unde laeserat.

" Quando venit ergo sacri plenitudo temporis,
Missus est ab arce patris natus orbis conditor,
Atque ventre virginali carne factus prodiit.

" Vagit infans, inter arcta ponitur praesepia,
Membra pannis involuta virgo mater alligat
Et pedes manusque crura stricta cingit fascia.

" Lustra sex qui jam peracta tempus implens corporis,
Se volente natus ad hoc, passioni deditus
Agnus in crucis levatur immolandus stipite.

" Hic acetum, fel, arundo, sputa, clavi, lancea,
Mite corpus perforatur, sanguis unde profluit,
Terra, pontus, astra, mundus quo lavantur flumine.

" Crux fidelis, inter omnes arbor una nobilis,
Nulla talem silva profert fronde, flore, germine,
Dulce lignum dulces clavos dulce pondus sustinens.

" Flecte ramos arbor alta, tensa laxa viscera
Et rigor lentescat ille, quem dedit nativitas
Ut superni membra regis miti tendas stipite.

" Sola digna tu fuisti ferre saecli pretium
Atque portum praeparare nauta mundo naufrago,
Quam sacer cruor perunxit fusus agni corpore."

IN PASSIONE DOMINI.

FROM DAN. THES. HYMN., vol. II. p. 359.

" Salve mundi salutare,
Salve, salve, Jesu care!
Cruci tuae me aptari
Vellem, tibi me aequari,
Da mihi tui copiam.

" Salve Jesu, Rex sanctorum,
Spes votiva peccatorum,
Crucis ligno, tanquam reus,
Pendens homo, verus Deus;
Caducis nutans genibus.

" Quid sum tibi responsurus,
Actu vilis, corde durus?
Quid rependam amatori,
Qui elegit pro me mori,
Ne dupla morte morerer?

" Salve Jesu, pastor bone,
Fatigatus in agone,
Qui per lignum es distractus,
Et ad lignum es compactus,
Expansis sanctis manibus.

" Clavos, pedum plagas duras,
Et tam graves impressuras
Circumplector cum affectu,
Tuo pavens in aspectu,
Tuorum memor vulnerum.

" Dulcis Jesu, pie Deus!
Ad te clamo, licet reus,
Praebe mihi te benignum,
Ne repellas me indignum
De tuis sanctis pedibus.

" Dum me mori est necesse,
Noli mihi tunc deesse,
In tremenda mortis hora
Veni Jesu absque mora,
Tuere me, et libera.

" Cum me jubes emigrare,
Jesu care, tunc appare,
O amator amplectende,
Temet ipsum tunc ostende,
In cruce salutifera."

In the later of these hymns, as compared with the earlier, the reader cannot fail to remark the advancing traces of that intensely subjective spirit which informs the poetry of the moderns, in contrast with that objective representation which

distinguishes the poetic art of the ancients. If the poetry of the earlier Christian age still partook of the spirit of the declining classicism, it is equally apparent that that of the succeeding period was more and more assimilating itself to the forthcoming romanticism. That this process was checked for a time by a servile imitation of the classical models, as practised during the revival of learning in Europe, has been already intimated. In those days of Ciceronian idolatry when Bembo, the secretary of Leo X., was a greater purist than Pollio had been in the days of Augustus; when the Holy Ghost was Latinized into "aura Zephyri cœlestis Afflatus"; when the Virgin Mary smiled to hear herself called "Deam ipsam"; and when, because Cicero was a polytheist, the papal secretary held it polite to speak of his master only as one who trusted in the immortal gods, "diis immortalibus fidit, quorum vicem gerit in terris," — it is not surprising to find that the Latin hymnology shared in the general infection, and that, in the place of the grand old barbarian doxology, it was sought to substitute a classical refrain in alcaics and sapphics of more irreproachable modulation. As a specimen of such doxological verses, the following will suffice: —

> "Unum est divum sacer Imperator,
> Triplicis formæ, facie sub una,
> Qui polum, terras tumidosque fluctus
> Temperet alti."

During the pontificate of Clement VII., one Zachary Ferreri was commissioned by his Holiness to remodel the hymns of the Church, and to reduce them to the metrical forms of the classical prosody.* His work, when completed, according to order, in 1523, received the sanction of Clement, but, fortunately, failed to find favor with either priests or people. Even Dr. Mone, who is so zealous a defender of everything that has the odor of "Catholicity" about it, is constrained to

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* "His motive for undertaking the task is thus stated in the Preface of his volume: "Ad obeundum quoque id laboris me summopere animavit et impulit, quod qui bona latinitate præditi sunt sacerdotes, dum barbaris vocibus Deum laudare coguntur, in risum provocati, sacra sæpenumero contemnunt." — Quoted by Daniel, Thes. Hymn., Vol. IV. p. 293.

condemn this unwarrantable tampering with the genuine forms of the old barbaric hymns. Alluding to this subject, he says: —

"It was a want in historical judgment to overleap the Christian mediæval time and its development, or to attempt a reconstruction of its hymns according to heathen models which no longer could serve as standards in the Middle Ages. Such attempts, however, were made in the sixteenth century by Fabricius, and still more by Ellinger; in the seventeenth and eighteenth, by Guyet upon the French, and Areval upon the Spanish hymns, the latter being urged thereto by Strada, Galluci, and Petrucci, who regulated according to classical metre all the ecclesiastical hymns of the Romish Breviary, — a task to which they had been appointed by Pope Urban VIII. Their labor had a liturgical object, and is therefore to be regarded as an independent work; but collectors merely, like Fabricius, Ellinger, Guyet, and Areval, went too far, because they forsook the historical stand-point, and gave their own reconstructions instead of the ancient texts, for which they had no commission. Had they remained true to the principles of the Church Fathers with respect to the relations between the heathen literature and the Christian, they would have avoided any such aberration, and have better preserved the Christian propriety. This latter must be honored as well by the critic as by the poet, on account of its historical bearings. The classical scholars of the sixteenth century who were composers of hymns, such as Erasmus, Muretus, and others, fell into the mistake of mingling in their expressions the representations of heathenism with those of Christianity, although they gave to the former a Christian signification; and this evil influence of an exaggerated classicism manifests itself even in the French sacred poets of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, as in the brothers Santeul, Le Tourneux, Habert, Du Plessis de Geste, Le Brun Desmarettes, Coffin, and others. Such sacred songs, like the classically amended hymns of older date, present a variegated medley, which is inconsistent with the Christian economy because an interpolation upon it."

As intimately connected with this branch of our subject, the "musical word-building" of the mediæval Latin, as exemplified in the hymns of the Western Church, might very properly engage our attention; but, lest such a critical review should be found to involve discussions too scholastic, we pass at once from a single specimen of such poetical Latinity to a consideration of the more æsthetical phases of the Roman hymnology: —

"Ave virgo generosa,
Stirps venusta, regiosa,
Miseratrix uberosa,
Consolatrix gloriosa,
Indagatrix siderosa,
Suffragatrix non morosa,
Et beatrix jubilosa,
Glossa legis pretiosa,
Toti mundo nominosa.
Ave rosa vigilosa,
Mitis, pia et formosa,
Caritate viscerosa,
Claritate radiosa,
Sanctitate vaporosa," etc.

The sacred Latin hymns present themselves to our consideration in two distinct aspects, according to the stand-points from which they are viewed. The author of the *Gesänge Christlicher Vorzeit* sees in them the outbursts of a holy enthusiasm, the effervescence of that new leaven which, permeating the masses of heathendom, found its natural outlet in these bursts of lyrical emotion. To Fortlage these spiritual songs are more significant of what was vitally operative in the primitive ages of Christianity than are all the tomes of all the Fathers. He marks in them the mighty heart-throbs of that new principle of life which the Messiah had breathed into humanity, and by which the fountains of the great deep in the worlds of thought and feeling were broken up. But we will translate from his own glowing pages the following observations, in which he intimates his appreciation of the genius and quality of the early sacred Latin verse: —

"The fire of Revelation, in its strong and simple energy, by which, as it were, it rends the rock and bursts the icy barriers of the human heart, predominates in those oldest pieces of the sacred Latin poesy which are comprised in the Ambrosian hymnology, a species of song which moves in the simplest tones, and seldom uses rhyme. Its chief characteristic is the absence of ornament. Even through thorns and brambles it oftentimes takes its way; but beneath the rugged covering of the words there often glows a fiery energy, the power of that Word which interpenetrates the universe. This can well be called the primal song of Christendom, the song of its moral force; for by it Christianity begot in the soul of her confessors a stoicism that overcame the world, and which, by its untiring persistence, at last won victory for the cross. The fire of enthusiasm and sentiment, which in the old Roman song never came to an immediate outburst, gleamed brightly up, however, in Spain, especially in the poesy of Prudentius. If the severe simplicity of the Ambrosian hymns reminds us of the Mosaic mandate to sacrifice to God on altars of unhewn stone, we observe, on the con-

trary, in Prudentius, a bursting forth anew of the old flaming psalmody, blazing in many-colored lights, like the variegated hues transmitted through some stained-glass window. As we listen, the soul welters in deep and strong emotion. From this has arisen whatever of most sublime, magnificent, and fair the sacred poetry of Christendom has brought to light. In it the organ-pipes which thunder through heaven and earth seem in full play, as, with shudders of inner unworthiness, with cries and melting tears, with jubilant shouts over the goodness of God, and plaints and sighs over Adam's fall, and with triumphant strains that praise the great redemption, they thrill through the universe. It is thus that the heights of a freer and more ecstatic melody were reached, in opposition to the more measured and subdued notes of elder Rome, just as in the profane poetry of the South the many-colored lights of Calderon differ from the more sombre severity of Dante and the exquisitely compounded hues of Tasso.

"Under Fortunatus, this fuller strain of song proceeds to Italy, in the shuddering notes of his 'Vexilla Regis' and 'Pange Lingua,' and there unites, as at a later day in France, with the rich veins of song opened by Peter Damiani, Thomas Aquinas, Adam of St. Victor, Bernard, and Bonaventura, until at last it reached its highest summits in the terrors of the flaming 'Dies Irae,' and the pathos of the tearful 'Stabat Mater.' But that which spans the distance between them both, and in which consists the depth of the Christian poetry, is the element of a deep remorse, in which the wood of the cross appears, like to a wonder-working tree, as the central mystery of Christianity."

Dr. Mone, on the other hand, is chiefly pleased to contemplate in these sacred songs their historical and doctrinal significance as poetical fragments of the early Church literature, and, by collating them with the prose productions of the Fathers, seeks to show that they had their origin in, and stand in unbroken connection with, the patristic theology. He protests against the disposition of some to regard them mainly as the "outgushings of pious emotion," which, he fears, is to discrown them of their highest glory, and to convert them into mere poetical *morçeaux*, reflecting the individual feeling of their writers rather than the universal consciousness of the Church. To this effect he says: —

"Since Herder and Rambach, it has been the custom to regard these hymns not in this connection [i. e. with the prose Church literature], but to appreciate them chiefly as the outgushings of pious emotion,

which cannot fail of their impression on the tender heart. From this merely æsthetical point of observation, it is impossible to apprehend many of the allusions in these songs, and, like Rambach, we must reject, as the wild outgrowth of the fancy, much that, if more thoroughly comprehended, would present itself to us in a different guise. That to which these songs were meant to appeal was and is devotion, not poetical feeling and æsthetical sympathies; if we appreciate them according to the latter, we may easily overlook the very foundations of their thought, which surely is the main consideration. The doctrines of faith and the Biblical history were not meant to be perverted by arbitrary poetical experiments; substance is not to be sacrificed to form. It is only when we stand upon the doctrinal foundation of the Church, that we can see how all religious feelings plant in it their root, and are to be tried and explained by the standards erected upon it; apart from this, all such religious feelings are mere individual utterances, whose pious significance is fixed and regulated by no unchanging criterion. Such a sensibility leads to evil consequences, for it degenerates into personal views and reveries which are at the farthest remove from the genuine feeling of Christian devotion."

The appreciation of each party, of Fortlage on the one hand and of Mone on the other, seems to us equally just and proper, but neither should be pushed to the exclusion of the other. The æsthetical genius of these ancient hymns forms as legitimate a subject of inquiry and observation, as their doctrinal relations to the dogmatic history and prose literature of the Church. If it cannot be denied that the sacred Latin poetry is eminently ecclesiastical, ascetic, and monastic in its subject-matter, or if it "swarms," as Mr. Trench truly says, with allusions to the mediæval tropology of the Scriptures and the writings of the Fathers, just as little can it be denied that these spiritual songs receive color and complexion from the individual mind of the writer, and partake of that popular inspiration which caused Bossuet to remark that "poetry came by enthusiasm only among the Hebrews and Christians." If, as is sometimes the case, St. Ambrose versifies a fragment of one of his sermons, or if Gregory the Great, as in his

"Clarum decus jejunii,"

reproduces in verse a part of his homily on fasting, it is neces-

sary to admit that such hymns stand in close connection with the Christian dogma of the day in which they appeared; but is it the less true that the verse of Ambrose, in its pith and sententiousness, partakes of his mental habitudes? Or more than in all his prose, do we not discern in it "a fire burning inwardly, the glow of an austere enthusiasm"?

Dr. Mone, in the Preface to his first volume, objects also to Dr. Daniel, that he has inverted the order of nature and reason in his comments on the sacred Latin poetry of the Middle Ages. We translate a few paragraphs in which he explains and enforces his views on this subject: —

"Daniel has preferred to avail himself of the modern literature in his explanation and appreciation of these hymns, and this he has done for the special purpose of showing that, at the present day, they are honored and deserve to be honored, even by those of another faith. The object is an honorable one, and we could wish that its laudable end might be attained, but such a labor must leave great chasms in the scientific treatment of the subject; for it is manifestly more necessary to indicate the relations of the hymns to the old Church literature, since this latter stands in the closest conjunction with the Scriptures and their ecclesiastical apprehension, and hence affords a much more reliable standard by which to judge these hymns than is found in the modern literature, whose subjective ideas and conceptions so frequently lie without the circle of the old Christian modes of expression, and are, indeed, in opposition to them. By pursuing such a course, it is hardly possible to avoid mistaken explanations and crooked judgments; hence it is preferable, we may say indispensable, for the proper understanding of these hymns, to have chief recourse to the old ecclesiastical writers.

"This can be done in two ways: (1.) by collecting, for the illustration of each hymn, the parallel passages and references culled from the Greek and Latin Fathers and other Christian writers; and (2.) by a comparison of the Latin Church hymns with the Grecian. As the Fathers and other eminent writers had a great influence on the literature of the Church, so it cannot fail that hymnology also should have its points of contact with them, a reference to which must largely contribute to a right understanding of the hymns themselves. The comparison of the Greek Church hymns with the Latin shows not only the close affinity of their respective psalmodies, whether by interchange or appropriation, but also the harmony of their substance down to the schism of the Greek Church, and even later than that period. For

purposes of illustration, I have therefore collated many passages from the old ecclesiastical literature and the Greek hymnology, because this has heretofore been almost wholly neglected, Daniel, for example, having only once adduced the *Menäen*,* without making any use of these copious sources. . . . . .

"A comparison of the Latin hymns with the old Church literature guards against many mistakes in criticism, explanation, and translation, especially such as are found in certain late writers, who have made it apparent that a knowledge of the Latin language, as taught in the schools, does not suffice for the comprehension of these hymns, but that the significance of their words depends at once upon the doctrines of the faith and upon the traditionary *usus loquendi* of the times. This dogmatical and historical foundation of the ecclesiastical speech must be taken into account, for it had its origin in the necessity of things, since the heathen tongues did not possess all needful expressions for the revelation of Christianity, but had first to form them out of Christianity according to the linguistic laws which characterize those tongues."

The number and appositeness of the parallel passages cited by Dr. Mone from the Fathers of the Church to illustrate the text of the Latin hymns, compose the most valuable feature of his volumes. Besides giving us an unrivalled collection of sacred Latin verse, he has presented us with an anthology from the patristic prose. Yet without seeking to detract aught from his merits as the most learned of modern hymnologists, we may venture to affirm that, if a comparison of these hymns with those of the Greeks, and with the prose literature of the ancient Church, is indispensable to the illustration and comprehension of the former, it is no less true that the aspect in which they are more particularly regarded by Dr. Daniel has points of view equally important, and to us quite as interesting as those opened from the stand-point taken by Dr.

* It may not be superfluous to state, for the information of general readers, that the Menäen (*μηναῖα*, scil. *βιβλία*) are, in respect of their names, *month-books*, — in their contents, *hymn-books* for the daily divine service of every month in the Greek Church. The songs and the readings are arranged according to the days of the month, the text being purely in Greek, always from the press of Venice, where the printing of the Greek church-books has long been, and still is, executed, and from which city the trade in them is carried on with the Orient. Each "month-book" bears a distinct title, and is printed separately, as, for instance, *Βιβλίον τοῦ Ἰαννουαρίου μηνός*, or sometimes simply *Μὴν Φευρουάριος*. See Mone, Vol. II. p. x. of Preface.

Mone. Cicero was accustomed, with the fervor of an Athenian academic, to point to Athens, the "eye of Greece," as to the *integri fontes* of all that was fairest and best in Roman culture and literature. And Dr. Daniel, in his comments on the hymns of the old Latin Church, has sought to show that in them we must look for the originals of many a strain and stave still sounding in the churches of modern Christendom, Protestant as well as Roman Catholic. Especially does he show how greatly the German hymn-book has been enriched by importations from the sacred Latin verse. Reference is also frequently made to versions in the French, Danish, and other languages of Southern and Northern Europe.

Stephenson, in his "Hymns of the Anglo-Saxon Church," has preserved for us some of the canticles which were sung and chanted by our English forefathers; and though the hymnology of the English language is very far from containing so many additions to its contents from the Latin as are found in the tongues of the Continent, yet is the sacred poetry of the Middle Ages an appreciable element even in the liturgy and worship of English Protestantism. In the churches of our own country and time may be heard snatches and echoes of that antique poesy which was first intoned in the New World by the Jesuit missionaries and Romish ecclesiastics who planted the cedar column and the cedar cross along the shores of the Great Lakes and the waters of the West, chanting the while, amidst the painted savages who stood around in their robes of beaver and buffalo, the sonorous passion-hymn of Fortunatus,

"Vexilla regis prodeunt."

Among the *retenta* of the sacred Latin verse may be instanced that most familiar passage from the burial service of the Episcopal Church, "In the midst of life we are in death." Robert Hall once searched for this in the Bible, as a text from which he purposed to preach a sermon. Had he been versed in the mediæval hymnology, he would have been able to find it in an old *Antiphonarium* of the ninth or tenth century, composed by St. Notker, the "stammering" monk of St. Gall. The entire antiphone runs as follows: —

"Media vita
In morte sumus;
Quem quaerimus adjutorem
Nisi Te,
Domine,
Qui pro peccatis
Nostris juste irasceris?
Sancte Deus,
Sancte fortis,
Sancte et misericors
Salvator,
Amarae
Morti ne trades nos."

This Latin chant inspired the German hymn,

"Mittem wir im Leben sind von dem Tod umfangen,"

which, as is known, Luther enlarged by the addition of two stanzas. From Germany it passed into England, and has found a permanent lodgement in the Liturgy of the English Established Church and of its daughter in America.

The hymn "Veni Creator Spiritus," attributed by tradition to Charlemagne, but with greater probability, both from external and internal evidence, ascribed by Dr. Mone to Gregory the Great, with whose style and versification it certainly accords, is still retained among the hymns in the Book of Common Prayer, where it has a place in the offices for the ordering of priests and the consecration of bishops, being in truth the only one thus transferred from the Romish Breviary by the compilers of the Prayer-Book.

That favorite hymn, "Jerusalem, my happy home," derived its first inspiration from the "Urbs beata Hierusalem," but has, in the lapse of time and its passage through different hands, undergone so many variations, (which, we may add, have been made the subject of a monograph by a Scottish student of Christian poetry,) that scarcely a vestige remains of its original form.

But the German is without doubt the richest of modern tongues in the treasures of sacred verse, and how largely it is indebted to the poetry of the Latin Church we need not pause to demonstrate, since the evidences of the fact meet us on every hand as we open the German hymn-book.* Luther himself enriched with many such importations the psalmody of the noble language, which, by his translation of the Scrip-

* See especially Wackernagel, "Das Deutsche Kirchenlied von Martin Luther bis auf Nicolaus Herman und Ambrosius Blaurer."

tures, he may be said to have at once fixed and refined. The hymn of St. Gregory the Great on our Lord's passion, commencing "Rex Christe, factor omnium," is pronounced by Luther, in his Table-Talk, the "very best" of the Latin Church, — a praise, however, which, as a German hymnologist remarks, must be attributed rather to the theological merits than the poetical excellences of that sacred lyric. Among the many examples of German hymns translated by Luther from the Latin, the best known are, perhaps,

"Nun komm der Heiden Heiland,"

from the

"Veni Redemptor gentium"

of Ambrose, and the

"Christ der du bist Tag und Licht,"

from the

"Christe, qui lux es et dies."

To these we may add such reproductions by other hands as those in which the "Urbs beata" repeats its "vision of peace": —

"Jerusalem, du hochgebaute Stadt"; —

or, still otherwise,

"Stadt Gottes, deren diamanten Ring"; —

or as when the "Ecce homo" of sacred Latin verse, the passion hymn of St. Bernard,

"Salve caput cruentatum,"

haunts us again in Paul Gerhard's touching version: —

"O Haupt voll Blut und Wunden,
Voll Schmerz und voller Hohn."

Traces like these, which mark the veins of sacred Latin song that run through the poetry of modern Christendom, are quite sufficient, we think, to justify the place which Dr. Daniel gives to them in his "Thesaurus." The field which he chose to occupy certainly adjoins upon the wide domain of the mediæval hymnology, and if he preferred to be an admirer rather than an interpreter of the sacred Latin poetry,

he is not for this reason amenable to the carping censure by which Dr. Mone so frequently disparages his labors. Nor is it true, that, while giving attention to the relations of the sacred Latin hymns to the modern poetry of the Church, he has wholly neglected the literary history of their genesis and authorship. But it is true that, in this latter branch of inquiry, he is not always able to see so clearly as Dr. Mone, that the mediæval hymnology "plants its roots" in the apostolic faith, or even in the patristic theology of the early Christian ages; and we are not without our suspicions that the religious, rather than literary, heresies of which Dr. Mone must think him guilty because of the judgments he sometimes pronounces on the poet-monks of the Middle Age, afford the most natural explanation of that *odium theologicum* with which the Catholic hymnologist pursues his Protestant predecessor in this field of labor.

Dr. Daniel sometimes ventures to intimate that the sacred Latin poetry often runs parallel with something other than the "Bible and its apprehension by the early Church Fathers," to wit, with the legendary lore and "Christian mythology" which fill so large a space in the "civilization" of the Middle Age. And he would be an adventurous tamperer with the truth of history, as well as a purblind critic in mediæval literature, who should deny the fact that the "sacred Latin hymns" do often hold as in crystal the concretions which from age to age were gradually obscuring the purity and corrupting the simplicity of the primitive faith. As much that passed for metaphor or rhetoric with the Christians of the early ages came to be transmuted into dogmatic theology among their successors, so also many a Christian myth, which at first began in monastic legend and floated in pious song, was gradually interpolated into the body of Christian doctrine, and became a part of that ever-increasing heritage transmitted from generation to generation by the monastic orders (or "religions" as they were called) of the Dark Ages in European history. Each "religion" had its peculiar circle of traditions and its favorite hymns. The Jesuits were not the first and only order in the Catholic Church who, as the French wit charged, were men that lengthened the creed and

abridged the commandments. The process of agglutination commenced centuries before the day of Loyola, and found, perhaps, its most remarkable illustration in that growing veneration for the person of the Virgin Mary, which, after having been fostered and nourished throughout successive centuries by tradition and song, has but recently received the dogmatic sanction of Pope and Cardinals in grand ecclesiastical conclave. The number of the Latin hymns addressed to Mary, filling as they do in the collection of Mone a volume equal in bulk and contents to that which contains those addressed to "God and Angels" together, would seem to demand a special consideration, as being the most fruitful branch of the sacred Latin poetry; for if it be uncharitable to assert that the Blessed Virgin occupies the first and highest place in the Romish religion, it would seem to be no sin against candor to declare, if we may judge from the labors of Dr. Mone, that she occupies that pre-eminence in the Romish hymnology.

Protestant scholars and theologians have adduced many theories in explanation of the rise and prevalence of that "Mariolatry" which finds its poetical expression in the "Songs to Mary," and of which Dr. Mone presents us more than three hundred examples. The veneration of the Virgin, if we may not say her worship as divine, commenced at an early age in the Church, and seems to have found its incentives in that ascetic spirit which became so predominant in the third and fourth centuries, the history of which, in a popular form, has been presented in a well-known work by Isaac Taylor. The recluse "religions" of the Eastern Church venerated in Mary the ideal of "virginity," which, at that period in the development of Christianity, was exalted into the coronal of all the Christian graces. Others, again, adored in Mary θεοτόκος the mystery of a holy maternity, and worshipped her as the truly and purely human "mediatrix," (we do but assign to her one of the titles she receives in the Latin and Grecian hymns,) who had brought Deity into fellowship and reconciliation with Humanity. This latter feeling was doubtless intensified in the "fleshly minds" of the Orient by the dogmatic controversies of the time, and especially by the decision of the Council of Nice, declaring the coessentiality

of Christ with the Father, a decision which, (as Bishop Bull himself might admit without any disloyalty to the Nicene faith which he defended,) by concentrating the Christian consciousness on the abstract question of the Messiah's divinity, tended by the "brightness of its glory" to throw into shade the correlative doctrine of his perfect humanity. To the sensuous fancy Mary thus became, as it were, the substituted type of "the great mystery of godliness," the incarnation, and the immaculate "Mother of God" was installed in the mediatorial throne of her Divine Son. The poets feign that Isis, when she recovered the dissevered members of Osiris, erected in his honor as many imitative statues of wax as there were mangled pieces of his body; and so it would seem that even the worshippers of the incarnate Truth, when no longer holding him as their Head, have ever been prone to erect a false image in his stead, and to mar the beauty and symmetry of Christian doctrine by substituting the distortions of sect and party for the unity of the faith as held in the bonds of peace.

From the time when the Collyridians, or priestesses of Mary, in Arabia, as early as the fourth and fifth centuries, held high carnival in honor of the Virgin, to the day when mediæval chivalry boasted its noblest champions in the Knights of St. Mary, we can trace a sensuous instinct mingling with all the honors paid to the "Holy Mother," and hence we need not be surprised to find that Cyprus, under the rule of Templar and Hospitaller, each swearing by the Virgin, was hardly less faithful to the worship of Venus than in the day when that goddess

> "Far-fleeted by the purple island-sides,
> Naked, a double light in air and wave,
> To meet her Graces when they decked her out
> For worship without end."

If it be admitted that such in any degree was the corrupted sentiment which may have originally prepared the way for the worship of Mary, we might expect to find the traces of its presence in the hymns which bear her name and celebrate her praises. Accordingly, it is not too much to say, that many of the hymns addressed to the Blessed Virgin would seem to find their more appropriate place in an appendix to the

heathen erotic poets of the Latin language, than in a Thesaurus Hymnologicus of the Church. Dr. Mone, we are aware, takes exception to the criticisms of Dr. Daniel on this delicate subject, and adduces, in reversal of the sentence pronounced on this point by the latter, the apostolical precept, that "to the pure all things are pure"; but after all due allowances are made by that charity which "thinketh no evil," it still remains an incontestable fact, that certain of the songs in honor of Mary must in all candor be pronounced rather anacreontic than devotional. There is in not a few of them an evident toying with conceits which betray a prurient imagination instead of a pious sensibility. The mystical imagery of the Song of Songs being regarded by the tropologists of the Middle Age as especially applicable to Mary, it is easy to conceive the use which might be made of it by a monkish poet, who brings to its poetical interpretation a spirit like that of a Beroaldus in his commentaries on the classics. In a "hymn" cited by Sir Alexander Croke, the Virgin is actually represented as an object of carnal affection to the Holy Ghost. Our readers, we are sure, will excuse us if we dismiss this branch of our subject without adducing any examples in illustration of a poetical sacrilege which approaches the altar of the heavenly Muse with strange and unhallowed fire.

Dr. Mone, we scarcely need say, discards the ascription of any other origin to the veneration of Mary than that which "plants its roots" in the old Church literature and its exegesis of the Scriptures. On this point his argument is as follows: —

"The Old Testament is the necessary foundation of Christianity, for it contains the historical evidence that God even at the creation of man had foreordained his redemption. Accordingly, man's redemption was no accidental event, but the consequence of an eternal counsel. Of this connection of the two Testaments, the Old and the New, not only are the Jews shown to have been convinced by their expectation of the Messiah, but Christ and the Apostles have expressly declared it, and hence Christianity recognized the Old Testament as the prophecy, the New as the fulfilment of human redemption, and erected on this ground the Biblical Tropology or Typology, that is, the science which compares the prophetical passages and historical types of the Old Testament with the life of Christ and his Church, and thus opposes to the shadow of the olden time the substance of the new. Opinions may be

various respecting the correctness or admissibility of particular references and comparisons, but this will not justify us in contesting or discarding the whole Tropology, since it cannot be denied that it has a foundation in Christianity, and least of all can it be overlooked by the historical inquirer, who without it will find himself unable to comprehend the theological writings of the earlier times.

"As the incarnation of Christ was foretold by the prophets, *so must also his mother have been included in their thought, and hence the Biblical Tropology extends to Mary*, and consists of allusions to her both direct and indirect; namely, such as are derived from passages in the Old Testament expressly referring to Mary,* and such applications and figures as can be brought into relation or comparison with her. From this Tropology have arisen the manifold epithets of Mary which are met with in songs, prayers, and other compositions, and which rest altogether upon a Biblical foundation, apart from which they can neither be properly explained nor understood. Within this distinctly marked circle of thought the veneration of Mary has a self-subsistence and a peculiarity which cannot be derived from extrinsic influences, but which must be referred for their sources to this discovered interdependence of the two Testaments."

The reasoning of Dr. Mone will be seen at once by the critical reader to be based on an inversion or confusion of ideas. For the fact of Mary's prefiguration in the ancient prophets surely confers upon her no peculiar sanctity, since this is a distinction which she shares in common with the betrayer and the murderers of the Messiah. And how the Biblical Tropology, whether real or fanciful, founded on her motherhood, should be held to invest her with a right to veneration, must pass the comprehension of ordinary minds. Indeed, this tropology may more truly be regarded as the effect than as the cause or justification of such a homage, and therefore finds its proper position when used historically and æsthetically to explain the origin and subject-matter of the hymns which give expression to the worship of the Virgin, but must for ever be regarded as wholly out of place in any attempted vindication of the grounds on which that worship may be logically defended from the Scriptures. How large a part the Biblical Typology plays in the composition and

* As Gen. iii. 15; Isa. vii. 14; xi. 1; xxxv. 1, 2; lxvi. 7; Jer. xxxi. 22, &c.

texture of the hymns to Mary, we need not pause to demonstrate. A single specimen will suffice for this purpose better than any critical statement.

"AD MARIAM.

"Ave decus virgineum,
Ave jubar aethereum,
Nobis praesens sollemnitas
Assit perpes jucunditas,
Tua namque conceptio
Summis est gratulatio.

"Gaude, fidelis concio,
Adest ejus conceptio,
Quae delet Evae maculam,
Vitae redonat infulam.

"Cui Eva obedivit
Haec serpentis caput trivit,
Jugum spernens nuptiarum
Deo vovit coelibatum.

"A prophetis praecinitur
Et figuris ostenditur
Quod mulier procederet
Quae Deum virgo pareret.

"Namque rubus incombustus
Moysen qui terruit
Haec est virgo, quae pudore
Salvo Deum genuit.

"Virga Aaron fructifera
Mariae typum gesserat,
Quae nobis fructum attulit,
Famem qui nostram depulit.

"Esaïas ille divus,
Secretorum Dei rivus,
Virgae movens mentionem
Pangit hance conceptionem.

"Voce prophetiae
Signatur origo Mariae.

"Gloria patri," etc.

Hymns like these, we repeat, may be fairly held to illustrate the Biblical Tropology, and are themselves illustrated by it; but the simple fact of her typical adumbration in the prophetical Scriptures can be scarcely deemed a sufficient warrant for the divine honors rendered to the Virgin Mary.

All the hymns relating to Mary's miraculous conception must be referred to a later origin than the middle of the twelfth century, and thus attest by their very date the comparative novelty of the veneration paid to her in commemoration of that event. And the reader of Dr. Mone's collection can hardly fail to remark the significant fact, that the citations from the "Fathers" contained in the volume devoted to hymns in honor of the Virgin are almost wholly derived from writers of the twelfth century and later, St. Bernard, we believe, furnishing the great bulk of the *pièces justificatives* culled from ecclesiastical prose to show that the poetry of

the Western Church is in harmony with the Catholic faith; whereas in the volume of "Hymns to God and Angels" the chief authorities to which he resorts are such worthies as Augustine, Jerome, Ambrose, Gregory the Great, and others, their coevals if not their compeers.

The dogma of the Immaculate Conception, canonized by the festival created in its honor during the twelfth century, began about this time to find a poetical expression in snatches of song like these: —

"Si quidquid de crimine
Arguatur in virgine,
Caro Christi esset rea
Quam assumpserat ex ea."

"Salve Deo consecrata,
Ante huic mundo nata,
Intra matris uterum;
Dono fixa speciali,
Ut nec lapsu veniali
Peccares in posterum." *

How completely the legendary and the mythical elements mingled at this period with the "Scriptural Tropology" to lengthen the creed of the Church, as before remarked, and to enlarge the cycle of hymns to Mary, may be inferred from the poetical deposits retained in the following *Ad Completorium Hymnus*, in which the fiction of Mary's assumption and of the supernatural transmigration of her grave-clothes is celebrated as a verity equally authentic with the second coming of Christ on the morning of the resurrection: —

"DE CONCEPTIONE B. MARIAE VIRGINIS.

"Reginae coeli e domo delatum
Josaphat corpus, nihil reperitur
In loco, in quo mannaque de coelo
Ibidem esse.†

"Credimus pie sanctorum cum choris
Jesum venisse Deo jubilantes,
Animam corpus simul sociantes
In summo coelo.

* The prose citation corroborative of this poetical effusion is derived by Dr. Mone from that Coryphæus of the Marian theology, St. Bernard of Clairvaux, and is as follows: — "Fuit procul dubio mater Domini ante sancta quam nata. — Ego puto quod et copiosior sanctificationis benedictio in eam descenderit, quae ipsius non solum sanctificaret ortum, sed et vitam ab omni deinceps peccato custodiret immunem; quod nemini alteri in natis quidem mulierum creditur esse." S. Bern. Epp. 184. 5. This, like all the other passages quoted from St. Bernard, is intended to ascribe to Mary a sanctification like that of Jeremiah and of John the Baptist, and gives no countenance to the "new dogma" of the "Immaculate Conception."

† As the text of this stanza is corrupt, and at best presents a difficult reading, we append the comment made upon it by Dr. Mone: — "Verses 1 - 4 relate to the legend of Mary's burial, namely, that nothing more of her was found in the grave

"Trinitas sancta suscipiens matrem
Sertis coronat ter denis centenis;
Gaudium semper, jubilus in aevum
Sit tibi mater.

"Gloria patri," etc.

Candor, however, requires the admission, that many among the tenderest and most precious of the Latin hymns are those addressed to Mary, of which we may say that they seem to derive their inspiration from the very well-head of Christian feeling. To this class belongs that wide circle of hymns which find their central attraction in the "Stabat Mater." In these the person and the heart of the Holy Mother are taken, if we may so express ourselves, as the stand-points of the Christian poet, who seeks to interpenetrate his soul with a profounder sense of the Saviour's humiliation and agony on the cross, by appropriating subjectively the speechless grief of the Virgin doomed to behold the spectacle of his sufferings.* And regarded in the light of provocatives to pious emotion and holy ecstasy, such hymns explain to us the secret of their wonderful popularity in the later mediæval period, — a period when, as Sir James Stephen truly remarks, "the ideal of human existence, the very poetry of life, consisted in meek suffering, in patient endurance, in pouring oil into the bleeding wounds of a groaning world, and in escaping from its prevalent bondage and oppression, its cruelty and lust, into communion with more than female tenderness and more than angelic purity." Traces of the subjective spirit we have thus designated pervade the whole of the "Stabat Mater," and give to it that pathos and depth of feeling which render it difficult to be read without opening "the sacred, sympathetic source of tears." And in an earlier hymn, which may be regarded, in truth, as a foreshadowing of that touching *prosa*, we find stanzas like these addressed to the Virgin: —

than her shroud and pall, which at a later day transported themselves to Constantinople. The burial of Mary has a similarity with that of Moses: no man knows her sepulchre or has seen her remains."

* In such hymns, as Dr. Fortlage tersely expresses it, the person of Mary is made to serve "als *Resonanzboden* des Gefühls bei der Betrachtung des Leidens Christi."

"Corporis nati videns plagas, latus,
Sanguinis fluxum, derisorum verba,
Lacrimas fundens tu subjaces humo,
Tu pia mater.

"Me tecum flere plagasque sentire,
Genetrix, dona tua prece nati,
Lancea, clavis, cruce, spinis pungi,
Fac, dulcis mater."

Sacred poetry of this impassioned kind was particularly cultivated by the Franciscans, whose order was founded by St. Francis d' Assisi in the beginning of the thirteenth century. If before his day the cross and passion of the Saviour had formed the theme of devotional meditation and of pious song, this elevated and fervid spirit derived from him and the followers whom he gathered into his cloister a new and a mighty impulse. St. Francis himself was reputed to have received, in token of the Divine complacency in his ineffable meditations on the cross and passion, the miraculous impression, on his own body, of the five wounds inflicted in the crucifixion on the hands, feet, and side of the Saviour.* To become a partaker in these *stigmata* of their sainted superior, was the highest aspiration of his followers; and in such a spirit it was that Bonaventura exclaimed, in the closing stanza of his *Laudismus de S. Cruce*: —

"Crucifixe! fac me fortem,
Ut libenter tuam mortem
Plangam, donec vixero.
Tecum volo vulnerari,
Te libenter amplexari
In cruce desidero."

The Latin hymns in honor of Mary, by reason of their wide diffusion and popularity throughout Europe in the Middle Ages, were the first to be translated into the nascent modern languages of the Continent. Of such translations we can afford to give, for want of space, but a few examples, among the many at our hands, which we place by the side of Adam de St. Victor's "Prosa de Beata Virgine," and with which we must conclude our present paper, reserving for a future occa-

* Dante alludes in the Divine Comedy to the place where this miracle was said to have occurred: —

"Nel crudo sasso tra Tevero et Arno
Da Cristo prese l' ultimo sigillo
Che le sue membra du' anni portarno." — *Parad.* XI. 106.

sion, if it should be deemed expedient, the fulfilment of our purpose to enter still other walks of this rich old poesy of the Latin Church, and especially to trace the interesting literary history of the two most precious and widely honored of its products. We allude, of course, to the "Dies Iræ" and the "Stabat Mater," each of which, as our readers are aware, has been made the subject of an elaborate and scholarly monograph by a living German divine, F. G. Lisco, of Berlin.

"DE BEATA VIRGINE.

"Salve mater Salvatoris,
Vas electum, vas honoris,
Vas coelestis gratiae;
Ab aeterno vas provisum,
Vas insigne, vas excisum
Manu sapientiae.

"Salve verbi sacra parens,
Flos de spina spina carens,
Flos spineti gloria;
Nos spinetum, nos peccati
Spina sumus cruentati,
Sed tu spinae nescia.

"Porta clausa, fons hortorum,
Cella custos unguentorum,
Cella pigmentaria;
Cinnamomi calamum,
Myrrham, thus et balsamum,
Superans fragrantia.

"Salve decus virginum,
Mediatrix hominum,
Salutis puerpera;
Myrtus temperantiae,
Rosa patientiae,
Nardus odorifera.

"Tu convallis humilis,
Terra non arabilis,
Quae Deum parturiit.
Flos campi, convallium
Singulare lilium,
Christus ex te prodiit.

"Tu coelestis paradisus,
Libanusque non incisus
Vaporans dulcedinem.
Tu candoris et decoris,
Tu dulcoris et odoris
Habens plenitudinem.

"Tu es thronus Salomonis,
Cui nullus par in thronis
Arte vel materia;
Ebur candens castitatis,
Aurum fulvum caritatis,
Praesignans mysteria.

"Palmam praefers singularem,
Nec in terris habes parem,
Nec in coeli curia.
Laus humani generis,
Virtutum prae ceteris
Tenes privilegia.

"Sol luna lucidior
Et luna sideribus,
Sic Maria dignior
Creaturis omnibus.

"Sol eclipsim nesciens
Virginis est castitas,
Ardor indeficiens
Immortalis caritas.

"Salve mater pietatis,
Et totius Trinitatis
Nobile triclinium,

Verbi tamen incarnati
Speciale majestati
Praeparans hospitium.

" O Maria, stella maris,
Dignitate singularis
Super omnes ordinaris
Ordines coelestium.
In superno sita poli
Nos commenda tuae proli,
Ne terrores sive doli
Nos supplantent hostium.

" In procinctu constituti
Te tuente simus tuti,
Pervicacis et versuti
Tuae cedat vis virtuti,
Dolus providentiae.
Jesu, verbum summi Patris,
Serva servos tuae matris,
Solve reos, salva gratis
Et nos tuae claritatis
Configura gratiae."

OLD ITALIAN HYMN.

LA SALVE REGINA.

" Dio te salvi, regina,
E madre universale,
Per cui favor si sale
Al paradiso.

" Voi siete gioja e riso
Di tutti i consolati,
Di tutti i tribolati
Unica sperne.

" A voi sospira e geme
Il nostro afflitto core
In un mar di dolore
Ed amarezza.

" Maria, mar di dolcezza,
I vostr' occhi pietosi,
Materni ed amarosi
A noi volgete.

" Noi miseri accogliete
Nel vostro santo velo,
E 'l vostro figlio in cielo
A noi mostrate.

" Gradite ed ascoltate,
Overgine Maria,
Dolce, clementi e pia,
Gli affetti nostri.

" Voi de' nemici nostri
A noi date vittoria,
Di poi l' eterna gloria,
In paradiso."

OLD FRENCH HYMN.

CHANT À MARIE.

" Marie, dame toute belle,
En qui toute grace abonde,
Fille de Dieu, mere et ancelle,
Royne du Ciel, dame du monde,
Tu es le ruisseau dou partit londe
Qui le peche de Adam lava:
Je te salue pure et monde
En disant ave Maria.

" Dame, donne moy grace davoir
De Dieu tresjuste congnoissance,
Et me garde de mal avoir,
Car il est bien en ta puissance;
Jamais tu ne feis deffaillance
A celuy qui mercy te crya:
Je te salue mon esperance,
En disant ave Maria.

"Folie, Jeunesse et Enfance
Mont faict pecher tresgrandement,
Je te supplye mon ignorance
Ueilles excuser maintenant;
Quand viendra mon definement
Secours moy, o virgo pia:
Je te salue devotement
En disant ave Maria."

OLD GERMAN HYMN.

ANTIPHON: SALVE REGINA.

"O Maria, wir dich gruessen,
Künigin der parmhertzichait,
Unser leben, ünser hofnung,
Du seist gruesset ünser suessichait.

"An dir wir schreien ellende
Kinder Evae in dem iamertal,
Zu dir wir seiften chlagunde
Und bainund in diesem zähertal.

"Eya darumb seid du pist nun
Dye ünser versprecherin,
Deine parmhertzige augen
Zu üns wende.

"Und den hailer Jesum Crist,
Deines leibs gesegente frucht,
Uns erczaig zu trost
Nach dysem ellende.

"O du senfte, o du guetige,
O du suesse iunckfraw,
Müter Maria,
Alleluja."

ART. V. — *On the Lessons in Proverbs.* By RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH, B. D. New York: Redfield. 1853.

WHEN Chesterfield wrote, in his heartless code of courtesy, that "a gentleman never uses a proverb," he contributed an emphatic hint towards settling the question, Wherein consists the essence of a proverb? According to his fastidious view of them, proverbs are worn vulgar by being so often in mouths that sip soup from pewter spoons. A proverb is a curt and pithy expression which embodies an admitted truth, and is current among the million. As the *pro*noun, to use a schoolmaster's definition, is used in place of a noun, to avoid its too frequent repetition, so the *pro*verb is a representative phrase resorted to for the purpose of shunning tedious explanation or argument. It offers an apology for jumping at conclusions by a single stride, without the fatigue of picking one's steps over the difficult highways of logic. Its strength is based on the principle that, as "good wine needs no bush,"

so sound sense can command assent without the flourishes of fine rhetoric.

Among the Greeks, proverbs were called *παροιμίαι*, "wayside idioms," to describe their adaptedness for meeting everyday wants, and to distinguish them from the more logical and discriminating language of scholars and philosophers. In Rome, they were termed *adagia;* so called, according to Festus, because they were *ad agendum apta*, practical maxims fitted for solving the problems of daily life.

These synonymes clearly determine one of the prime elements of a proverb, — its concrete, practical force and currency among the masses. It is a pair of seven-league boots for a man's thought to jump into, when it would take long strides and hurry to a safe conclusion. Let some crude, dull thinker, with a slender vocabulary, undertake to argue a question in politics or morals, and he will flounder about in mire and thick fog, vainly cudgelling his brains to strike a light, until his memory hits upon an apt proverb, and thenceforward his course is jubilant. To clinch the argument with an old saw, is to come off with flying colors, in his own undisguised estimation. Nor is he entirely in the wrong. The cause that has a sturdy, resolute proverb on its side, is a cause not to be altogether despaired of. A syllogism would have had no force with the ignorant teamster, who doubted if he could draw an inference, but was sure his horses could, if the traces were only strong enough. But ask this rude, yet conscientious teamster, if it is right to do evil that good may come; with a lighting up of the eye, like a mathematician's over his *quod erat demonstrandum*, and with a click of his lips like the premonition of a rifle's discharge, he will tell you that "A wild goose never lays a tame egg." That settles the question for him.

The mystery that hangs over the origin of our raciest proverbs adds to their charm and authority with the uneducated many. Having existed during a period whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary, they form a code of ethics almost as binding on the popular conscience as is the common law in English courts. An aged woman who had known heavy sorrows, and had often consoled herself with the senti-

ment that "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," was seized with excessive grief when told she was indebted for her comfort to a mind so filthy and blasphemous as that of Laurence Sterne. Not knowing the authorship of this saying, her fancy had clothed it with a sacred character.

A genuine proverb is always concise, and either figurative, or alliterative, or antithetic, or rhymed, or in some way peculiar, so as to make a notch in the memory, and thus to be easily recalled. It may be alliterative: "He who sends mouths, sends meat." It may be antithetic: "If the doctor cures, the sun sees it; if he kills, the earth hides it." It may be rhymed: —

> "The devil fell sick, the devil a monk would be;
> The devil got well, the devil a monk was he."

A proverb expresses a truth in the fewest words possible, without any impertinent and offensive surplusage of epithets and adverbs, which, even outside of the domain of moral and social axioms, are quite as apt to cumber as to comfort with the help they bestow. There is scarcely a more verbose, thought-diluting book in our language than the one absurdly mistitled "Proverbial Philosophy." A more seemly christening would have been, "Tricks of Speech," or "Every-day Thoughts ambitiously paraphrased." The old saying, "A short horse is soon curried," if Tupperized, would read, "The abbreviated pony, diminutive offspring of cold Canada, rejoices in a right speedy discharge from the brisk manipulations of the hired hostler."

The proverbs of a nation are its autographs of character. In them, as in "a sanctuary of intuitions," may be found its confession of religious faith, its maxims of social and political philosophy, and an epitome of its genius, wit, and sentiment. They form a treasury of choicest wisdom, to which poets resort for the burden-words of their songs. Historians follow them as clews in the investigation of popular usages and manners. Orators catch from them their key-notes, when they would pipe tunes to which the people will consent to dance. As an illustration of their connection with national character, we might cite the Spanish proverb, "The nearer

the church, the farther from God," which gives a complete exegesis of the religious position of Spain. No other than a priest-ridden, hypocritical nation would suffer itself to be traduced by the permitted currency of such a sentiment.

Richard Chenevix Trench, in his scholarly and ingenious work on "The Lessons in Proverbs," has little to say in detail about those current among the ancient Greeks. Their general character is thus given: —

"That which strikes one most in the study of the Greek proverbs, and which the more they are studied, the more fills one with wonder, is the evidence they yield of a leavening through and through of the entire nation with the most intimate knowledge of its own mythology, history, and poetry. The infinite multitude of slight and fine allusions to the legends of their gods and heroes, to the earlier incidents of their own history, to the Homeric narrative, the delicate side-glances at these which the Greek proverbs constantly embody, assume an acquaintance, indeed a familiarity, with all this on their part with whom they passed current, which almost exceeds belief. . . . . .

"As bearing testimony to the high intellectual training of the people who employed them, to a culture not restricted to certain classes, but which must have been diffused through the whole nation, no other collection can bear the remotest comparison with this."

So far, Trench is right; but in his asserting that, "in many and most important respects, the Greek proverbs, as a whole, are inferior to those of many nations of the modern world," there is not a little of rashness and inconsistency. The work of Trench is a choice contribution to the scholar's library; yet he depreciates unfairly the Greek proverbs, which are not only numerous, but, as we hope to be able to prove, no less attractive in dress and rich in practical instruction than those of most modern nations. They are not often met with in Plato and Thucydides, for the obvious reason that such writers occupy an elevation quite above the culture of the million. They are abstract in their habits of thinking, logical in style, opulent in verbal resources. Having little care for the general sympathy, and content with a few fit readers, they chose to originate modes of expression that should avail to make clear and nice distinctions of meaning, and might be of use in building up religious and philosophical systems. But when

we turn to the Greek writers who aimed to copy the living manners of their times, — to the comic, tragic, and pastoral poets, — proverbs abound. The fact that they are more abundant and striking in the later than in the earlier writers, helps to prove that they are a gradual growth, — that they accumulate and gain in piquancy as a nation advances from infancy to old age. In entering upon this field of research, from which Trench has brought out only a few sheaves, we shall not attempt to gather all that remains of the harvest, but to thrust in the sickle here and there, as memory or chance may guide.

Proverbs are not easily classified, or kept in obedience to logical arrangement. Yet a little care in their grouping will make it clear, that among all nations, and in all ages, certain truths have come to be acknowledged as safe rules of action, and certain qualities have been discovered as almost invariably attached to human nature. As we pass from one country to another, or from one century to another, the expression of these truths varies, while their essence remains the same. There was always a full stock of selfishness on hand among the *protégés* of Minerva, yet they confessed it with a shyness that well-nigh amounted to obscurity, by saying that "The shin-bone is farther down than the knee-pan," — *Ἀπωτέρω τοῦ γόνατος ἡ κνήμη.* In fuller phrase: "The heart is the seat of life. What is nearest to the heart is dearest. The knee, being nearer than the shin, is to be cared for sooner." The same eruption of human nature broke out among the Romans. They were equally selfish, and equally shy in their way of confessing it: *Tunica pallio proprior*, — "The shirt is nearer than the waistcoat." We moderns put a bold face upon it, and plumply declare that "Charity begins at home."

Every thorough search into Greek life and literature must extend to the Homeric poems. The proverbs they contain are remarkable for two things: their deep moral significance, and the simplicity of their phrasing. Some of them read like maxims from Holy Writ. Says Homer, "Who obeys the gods, him they promptly listen to." Says the Bible, "The prayer of a righteous man availeth much." Says Homer, "All

beggars and strangers are from Jupiter." Says the Bible, "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares." Says Homer, "The slow overtakes the swift." Says the Bible, "The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong." According to Homer, "As is the race of leaves, even such is the race of men." According to Isaiah, "All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field." Homer's politics, however, are not altogether Scriptural. He declares that "The government of many is not a good thing," contrary to the opinion of Solomon, that "In the multitude of counsellors there is safety."

The Homeric proverbs are not rich in their outward phrasing. Concisely, yet not curiously expressed, their beauty lies in their truth and religiousness. In Homer's time, words were rarely used in secondary or derivative senses. Where a later poet would have resorted to a brief metaphor, Homer went through with all the ceremonies of an elaborate comparison. There is just this difference between a Homeric and an Æschylean proverb: the one is a metaphor, the other is not. This will not justify us in saying that Homer's genius was wanting in fertility, or that his pictures of society in the heroic age are defective and unfaithful. It is because Homer is an exact delineator of heroic manners, that his proverbs are what they are, simple apothegms, — unadorned, bald statements of admitted truth. In a new or barbarous society, proverbs are few and meagre. As society refines itself, and accumulates practical knowledge and experience, they come to be more numerous and more quaintly worded. In Homer's day it was a proverb that "No one ever yet knew his own father," — *Οὐ πώ τις ἓὸν γόνον αὐτὸς ἀνέγνω.* The idea itself may be a little startling, but not the phraseology. In its long pilgrimage from Agamemnon to Buchanan, the expression has plucked up a saucy spirit, and now flings it at us, that "It takes a smart boy to know his own father." In Homer's day it was a proverb that "The bold man is more successful in all his ways," — *Θαρσαλέος ἀνὴρ ἐν πᾶσιν ἀμείνων.* With us the premium on brass is equally high. Yet we give the tone of the market

with a single specific quotation: "Faint heart never won fair lady." In this way proverbs grow emphatic and concrete with the growth of society and the strengthening of public opinion.

Of Greek historians, the one most intimate with life among the unlettered was Herodotus. In the course of his travels he had collected a large fund of traditional and gnomic sayings, which he interwove with his history when they would throw light upon individual or national character. One of these appears in a Greek rhyme, — *Παθήματα, μαθήματα.* Translating so as to preserve the homophony, it becomes, "Bad disasters, good schoolmasters." Or, as Byron has it in Manfred, —

> "Grief should be the instructor of the wise;
> Sorrow is knowledge."

Æschylus has expanded the same thought into a memorable strophe in the *Agamemnon:* —

> "'Tis Zeus who forces mortals to be wise,
> And makes the love of truth to rise
> From pain's soul-searching trial;
> For e'en in slumber on the guilty heart
> Conscience will drip, and wisdom start
> In spite of the soul's denial."

Another proverb from Herodotus declares that "Men's ears are less believing than their eyes," — *Ὦτα ἀνθρώποισι ἀπιστότερα ὀφθαλμῶν.* This no one will question, unless he chance to have a newspaper before him. In that case, his eyes need not be ashamed of an occasional scepticism. Herodotus and his countrymen had not seen the newspaper. They were fond of communing with the visible forms of nature, which spoke to them a language various, yet truthful and trustworthy. Rumor, with her hundred lying tongues, laid siege to their ears. Frequent deception taught them caution. They were like Thomas called Didymus. Until they could see the print of the nails, and thrust a finger into the print of the nails, they were slow to believe. They trusted their eyes rather than their ears.

It will be seen, as our search progresses, that many of the Greek proverbs find their exegesis in popular myths, in local customs and amusements, or in favorite authors. One of the

commonest and oldest of the Greek amusements was the game of dice. In this game three cubes were used, and the highest thrown was three sixes. Hence the proverb, Ἢ τρεῖς ἓξ ἢ τρεῖς κύβοι, — "Either three sixes or three aces." The habit of repeating such words is an index to that indomitable, all-risking, neck-or-nothing courage which made itself immortal at Thermopylæ. Their spirit breaks out in the Latin alternative, *Aut Cæsar aut nullus*, and in the opening of the well-known speech which Webster puts into the lips of the elder Adams, — "Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I am for the Declaration."

The comic poet, Epicharmus, with a mischievous wittiness, says of the marriage institution, "It is like throwing three sixes or three aces," — Τὸ δὲ γαμεῖν ὁμοῖόν ἐστι τῷ τρὶς ἓξ ἢ τρεῖς κύβους βαλεῖν. Now-a-days it might not be allowed that the stake was quite so desperate, yet we have idioms which give an underhanded currency to the suspicion that "Marriage is a lottery," — a lottery of the most respectable character, however, and sanctioned by the highest authority, inasmuch as "Matches are made in heaven." Shakespeare roundly proclaims that "Hanging and wiving go by destiny." Jeremy Taylor, too, seems to borrow from Epicharmus, in saying that "Those who enter the state of matrimony cast a die of the greatest contingency, and yet of the greatest interest next to the last throw for eternity."

For every sneering or facetious adage, the Greeks had one of deep ethical import. Over against the shaft aimed at matrimony may be placed another aimed at infidelity, — Οἱ κύβοι Διὸς ἀεὶ εὐπίπτουσι, — "God's dice are always loaded." They fall as he wills. Precisely the same thought, under a similar trope, is found in the Proverbs of Solomon : "The lot is cast into the lap, but the whole disposing thereof is of the Lord."

Every Greek household that made pretensions to completeness in its arrangements was furnished with hand-mills for grinding corn. In large families a number of them were used. Ulysses had twelve; Alcinous, fifty. They were generally worked by female slaves. Pass by a Greek mansion at almost any hour of the day, and two or more women might be seen grinding at the mill. This frequent sight suggested and

put in circulation several proverbs. "The empty mill grinds itself," was one of them. It taught that an active mind should be kept supplied with wholesome food for reflection. It taught that one of the woes of thwarted ambition is to wear itself out in self-torture. Alexander, fretted to tears that there was no second world for him to conquer, — Napoleon's spirit, chafed to frenzy by confinement at St. Helena, — were empty mills grinding themselves. There was another Attic proverb, owing its origin to the same simple machine, which embraced a volume of ethics in its terrible significance: *Ὀψὲ θεῶν ἀλέουσι μύλοι, ἀλέουσι δὲ λεπτά,* — "The mills of the gods grind slow, but they grind to powder." Every violation of the higher law written on men's hearts is sure to bring suffering. Every great wrong will be one day avenged, in spite of cloud-compelling lawyers, bribed judges, and disagreeing juries. Crimes, as well as curses, are like chickens, and will come home to roost. If one generation escape the penalty due to its sins, they will be visited upon its successor, so as to verify the Jewish proverb, "The fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge."

In their zeal to give some faint conception of the power lodged in wealth, the Anglo-Saxons have commissioned a proverb to announce that "Money makes the mare go." The Greeks had their Roland for this Oliver, and were equally ingenious in their way of confessing faith in the potency of riches. Taking it for granted that the tongue is the most obstinate and untamable of all moving things, they engaged a proverb to proclaim that money can stop the tongue. The Anglo-Saxon must surrender to the Greek. Is it not a harder achievement to arrest the unruly member, than to accelerate the spavined Rosinante? One of the idioms used by the Attics to represent their sense of the might of money, was derived from the image of an ox stamped on their early coinage, — "The golden ox crushes the tongue." The law's delay was a marketable commodity. The state's attorney softened his invective, or forgot it entirely, when the wealthy criminal had distributed his persuasives to silence. This item of the popular faith sometimes appeared with a change of raiment, — "A golden quinsy stifles the orator."

An attack of this golden quinsy was said to have impeded the utterance of Demosthenes, when he was suspected of having taken a bribe from Harpalus. If a Greek were waylaid by a brigand, and told to surrender his purse or his life, he might reply, with an Attic proverb, "My purse is my life," — *Χρήματα ψυχὴ βρότοισι*; or, more briefly, *Χρήματ' ἀνήρ*, — "The purse makes the man."

Were we to blame the Greeks for permitting such mercenary maxims to have currency in their midst, — for not nailing them to the counter as bogus coin, — half a dozen modern proverbs of like purport would be shaking their fingers at us, and saying, "First cast out the beam out of thine own eye, and then shalt thou see clearly to cast out the mote out of thy brother's eye." So long as we allow it to be said that "Gold enters every gate but heaven's," some charity is due to the Greeks.

Experience taught the Greeks that this world is a scene of violent changes and contrasts; that life and death walk side by side; that love and jealousy nestle in the same bosom; that to-day's friendship may be to-morrow's hatred. Wishing to put into an emphatic phrase the truth that in the physical, social, and moral world extremes meet, they did it with saying, *Κάσις πηλοῦ ξύνουρος διψία κόνις*, — "Dry dust is mud's own brother." What could be more expressive, unless it were its counterpart, suggested to the Romans by their large experience with the juices of the vineyard, — "The sweetest wine makes the sharpest vinegar"?

These illustrations, which might have been largely increased, will help one to decide how far the Vicar of Itchenstoke was right in saying that, "in many and most important respects, the Greek proverbs are inferior to those of many nations of the modern world." Perhaps they will also help to decide how much of conformity and acquiescence is due to the dictum of Chesterfield already quoted. The true gentleman, so far from spurning the homely dialect of the many, will seek to identify his sympathies with theirs, by gathering up whatever is quaintly expressive in their proverbial wisdom, and storing it away among the treasures of his intellect.

ART. VI. — *The Trees of America.* By R. U. PIPER, M. D. Boston. 1857. Nos. 1, 2.

THERE are some topics which claim periodical notice in the pages of an American quarterly. Not the least important of these is the subject of "American Forest-Trees." In dealing with this subject, our Review has already proved itself faithful, and within a quarter of a century has furnished at least four elaborate essays on this fertile theme. The time is fully accomplished for a return to it. Nine interstitial years have brought it to our perihelion, and the attraction to it is made stronger by the welcome intrusion of the new work which Dr. Piper announces. We are glad of the occasion to say a few words which ought, in due course, to be said at this time. The subject, indeed, does not lack discussion. Agricultural newspapers and reports, the circulars of nursery owners, and frequent articles in the daily journals, all keep the matter sufficiently before the public; yet the few solid treatises that have been published have already become scarce. The translation of Michaux's great work, indifferent and imperfect as it was, has quite disappeared. Browne's "Sylva Americana" has passed out of circulation; and his larger work, on the "Trees of America," which never reached, we believe, its second volume, is hardly known by name to learned librarians. Nuttall's valuable supplement to Michaux, a most curious monument of persevering zeal and enterprise, is now exceedingly rare. Even the comparatively recent Report of Mr. Emerson on the "Trees and Shrubs of Massachusetts" is not to be had at the bookstores. The text-books of medical and scientific botany deal only incidentally with the subject.

A new general work on the "Trees of America," therefore, comes to us fresh, and as a sort of surprise. The plan of Dr. Piper's publication, as stated in his prospectus, if less exact than that of previous works, is more comprehensive and attractive. His book is intended to be popular and entertaining, rather than scientific, — a book of engravings, with a running practical commentary. The text will be a frame for the pictures, and a pleasant filling up of the intervening

spaces, — partly description, partly suggestion, partly historical and critical observation; not by any means, however, for this reason inferior in value to the pictures. Dr. Piper's pictorial illustrations differ from those of other writers of his class in being copies of individual trees, rather than of genera or species. He gives, not merely the likeness of an oak, but of the "Assabet Oak" and the "Charter Oak"; not merely the likeness of an elm, but of the "Avery Elm" in Stratham, and the "Elm on Boston Common"; likenesses not merely of such trees as grow in America, but of famous trees which actually exist in America, and may so be taken as types of their species. These are the several heads of a discourse on the general subject of trees, which is addressed alike to the farmer, the landscape-gardener, and the gentleman owner, — to boards of health, railway corporations, and all friends of improvement.

Of Dr. Piper's qualifications for the bold and large task which he has undertaken, we can only say that he has the eye of an artist, the hand of a draughtsman, and the spirit of an enthusiast. His knowledge of trees and their habits is ample, his experience in their management has been equally long and successful, and his love for them amounts to a passion. The labor of preparing such a work is far too slow for his swift desire, yet he will do his task no faster than he can do it well. At the date of our writing, two numbers of the work have been issued, which, as specimen numbers, give a most favorable prophecy of what is to come. Each number contains four engravings and sixteen pages of letter-press, in quarto form, electrotyped on paper as thick as parchment, with wide spaces and ample margin. A more beautiful and fitting dress has been given to no American book. The nicer mechanical labor has been performed by the author, who can etch as skilfully as he sketches, and will intrust his more delicate work to no unpractised hand. The book is not sufficiently advanced to enable us to judge fairly of its literary merits. We can say with safety, nevertheless, that it will be always earnest, always clear, and never dry. The fault which we have most to fear is a redundancy of quotation, by which Dr. Piper's modesty seeks needlessly to justify and fortify his own opin-

ions. His own authority is competent, without such help. The work is to be published in quarterly parts, at a subscription price of two dollars a year. We are glad to learn that already a considerable number of subscribers have recorded their names; and we are permitted to add that, by the liberality of a distinguished cultivator and gentleman, Mr. Frederic Tudor, the continuance of the enterprise is guaranteed. It is a labor of love on the part of the author, who asks no profit for himself; but we venture to bespeak for him the assistance of all whose tastes and whose means allow them to become subscribers. We commend especially to close inspection the admirable drawing of the "ash forest" in Maine, which makes the frontispiece to the second number, in which immense difficulties of detail and of light and shade are so beautifully mastered, and which, to our eyes, no photograph could surpass. We have seen other delineations of Dr. Piper, both in surgical anatomy and in natural scenery, which were remarkable, but nothing quite equal to this view. The drawing of the great Winchester Pine-tree is also wonderfully perfect. In the progress of the work, it is intended to include all those trees in this country which have, by their size, their age, their peculiarities, or their associations, any especial claim to notice. In most instances, the engravings will be from sketches taken directly from the tree by Dr. Piper. Occasionally, as in the case of the giant Redwood-tree in California, the sketch must be copied from the work of another hand. The number of parts to which the work will extend, will depend on the health of the author. If his design is carried out, not less than twenty will appear.

This Review,* we think, was one of the first to utter a warning against the wanton waste of our beautiful forests. Already, in a single generation, the good fruits of the reactionary movement are visible, and some of the cleared tracts are clothed anew with woods which the hand of man has planted. The desolation which threatened whole sections of our country has been partially arrested; the Ohio farmer has restored what his father destroyed; and in the new lands of the West there are estates which resemble the parks and

* October, 1832.

groves of England. In this Eastern region, where the waste was less notable, the decrease has, unfortunately, gone on more rapidly. To the consumption of timber in house-building and ship-building have been added the insatiable demands of railroads, — the voracity of the iron horse, whose throat is for the forests an open sepulchre. Thirty years ago, the State of Maine was described as "a dense wilderness." Now, it is possible to ride for miles in its interior without the protection of any grateful shade. The coast line of Massachusetts is not now marked, as the Pilgrims beheld it, by the sombre edging of uniform woods; but the rim of the horizon is divided by numerous clefts and vistas, through which the voyager sees the setting sun. The hills around Salem are almost as bare as the hills around Jerusalem; and there is more than one interval, blank as the Roman Campagna, where the names of the early settlers were once perpetuated in the forests which they owned. "Brown's Woods" is most likely nothing but a pasture, diversified by a few straggling apple-trees; and half a dozen oaks perpetuate the memory of "Clark's Grove." Thousands of acres of woodland have been burned over within the last dozen years, kindled by sparks from the locomotive; and the spectacle which was presented in 1830 on the banks of the Miami, is repeated in 1850 along the Merrimac. Accident and avarice are doing for the old lands of the East what the settler's necessities seemed to compel in the new lands of the West.

It is curious, too, to note the changes in taste and sentiment, as marked in the disappearance of various sorts of trees. Gone are those stately lines of Lombardy poplars which once stiffly fringed our roadways, or stood sentinels before our aristocratic mansions; and the satirist of bachelors must seek some other type for his caustic comparison. Gone are those "Balms of Gilead" which softened the light by their polished leaves, and loaded the air with their spicy perfume, above many a New England farm-house. The gudewife no longer points to her "shoemake" (as the sumach-tree was formerly called), with its crimson clusters, the pride of her trim front garden. The great sycamores have fallen before the economical wrath of a people who cannot pardon such obstinate

reluctance to throw off an unexplained disease. Sentimental willows now weep mostly in ancient prints, where forlorn youths with pink faces bend above leaning gravestones: they are rejected from parks and door-yards. It is as difficult now to get in Boston a handful of locust-blossoms as a handful of orange-blossoms, and the flowers of the lilac are as rare in our cities as flowers of the pomegranate. Where in New England are the blushing peach-orchards which once encircled beds of peas and parsley? Where are the wild vines, once trained to festoon the walls and to garland the oak? The fashion has changed. New claimants have supplanted the former favorites; and rustic Tityrus now, instead of practising his woodland lay under a spreading beech-tree, reads the last French novel under the shade of his veranda, and in the odor of an "ailanthus."

If anything could provoke a saint to wrath, it is the frequent destruction of fine trees on the most frivolous pretences. Here a majestic elm is sacrificed because the dripping from its boughs moistens cheap shingles on some adjoining house, and compels a more speedy repair. There a barn is to be removed, and all the trees which stand in the line of its direct course must give way. A couple of rowdies, returning on a dark night from a winter revel, are upset against an oak which projects into the road a foot or two; straightway the sapient selectmen of the town debate the case, and solemnly order that the tree which has stood there since the memory of man shall be brought low, rather than a dollar shall be spent to widen the road at that point. Here, again, unfortunately, a new street must be laid out in a straight line, to satisfy the precise genius of modern engineering; and the great tree that stops the way must disappear, root and branch, rather than a hair's-breadth be changed in the beautiful lithograph of attractive house-lots. The first care of a lucky broker, who has bought at a bargain some fine old estate, is to thin out and trim the trees and shrubbery on the model of his own ledger, saving only the specimens which he can coax into regular rows, or inspect with half-shut eye. We know more than one instance where a quarrel between neighbors has led to the destruction of noble trees, simply because one thought

that he might annoy the other by depriving him of his shade. And there are not a few occasions to admire that thrift which cuts down an orchard because birds get all the cherries, or boys and Irishmen steal all the apples.

Provocation of this sort, which constantly vexes one in a large country town, suggests the question, whether he who removes a public ornament and good, even from his own land, is not as much a subject for the law as he who creates a public nuisance. The destruction of half a dozen fine shade-trees may be as great an injury to a neighborhood as the erection of an oil-boiler or a fish-house. Yet the one has an impunity not allowed to the other. Many statutes are passed with much less moral justification than a statute to prevent the arbitrary cutting down of valuable trees. When estates are sold, there ought to be in the deeds a restraining clause, — an entail for the trees which border the road, if not for those which surround the house. The tastes of the city exchange ought not to have unchecked license in the groves of the suburbs. At any rate, a legislative "resolution" on this subject would be quite as timely and sensible as most of the resolutions which are passed by legislative bodies.

But there is also reason for fault-finding in the style and taste which prevail in planting trees, as well as in the vandalism which destroys them. Almost every one who owns a house must garnish it with a larger or a smaller number of trees, and the paint is scarcely dry upon the clapboards before ominous earth-works in the garden prophesy of future shade. But the chances are that all these cavities will be occupied by trees of a single kind, elm, maple, or possibly linden, or that the utmost variety will be of two species. Our amateur planters are as reluctant to mingle sorts of trees as a toper is to mix his liquors. Straight lines, too, are the ruling law of average landscape planting; the passion for curves is exceptional; the genuine Yankee wants the shortest passage from his door to the roadway, and tolerates no angles in his well-adjusted boundary. In four gardens out of five the rows of trees are perfectly straight, and in the fifth the curves are such as Nature would never have made, and in which the trees will get no healthy growth. Comparatively few, we imagine, in

setting out trees, order their position with reference to winds, to mutual protection, or to harmony with surrounding objects. And the man who has twice and thrice seen the elms which he placed unguarded along his northern fence wilt and die, will continue to insert others in their places, marvelling at his strange ill-luck, when he has taken such pains with them.

There is something to be blamed, then, in the constructive method, as well as in the destructive method, of dealing with trees. We chronicle gratefully the annual multiplication of tree-planting societies, whose works are made manifest along our city streets, and the bolder advocacy, year by year, of allowing our pasture and ploughed land to return to its original forest state. But the tree reform is yet in its earlier stage, and is hindered by very numerous and obstinate prejudices. It is still hard to convince a farmer that he would do well to let his corn-field become a wood, or to bring the shade of an elm above his young orchards, or to surround his house with dampness and darkness in the form of a grove. To the force of many reasons for planting trees he is quite insensible. He does not, for instance, at all understand why trees should be planted for the sake of their associations, or how he can do as much for his children by rearing oaks on his land as by hoarding his money in the bank. He may melt a little at his daughter's touching performance of Mr. Morris's elegiac entreaty to the woodman; but it is a passing weakness, and will not affect his general purpose to plant, if he plants at all, for profit and not for posterity. Your Yankee would hand down his name in connection with some enterprise or invention, some patent plough or patent churn or patent apple-parer, not in connection with laurels and oaks, like Daphne and the Druids. Yet there are some who will appreciate even this sentimental reason for planting trees. Any father will recognize it as a beautiful and easy way of commemorating the birth of children in his household. The members of a college class, revisiting the place of their early instruction, will see in the tree which they left there on their parting-day a permanent memorial of their former union. Travel strengthens the force of this reason. When we discover how wide and high and sacred are the memories which

are kept on earth by means of these signs, — when we have visited the churchyard at Stoke, with its "rugged yew-trees," where Gray lies buried, or the "Burnham beeches," where he used to ramble; when we have looked upon the oak at Penshurst, which marks the birth-time of Philip Sidney, or that huge tree at Grafton, where, nearly four centuries ago, Edward Plantagenet first met the Lady Elizabeth Woodville; when we have rested under "Milton's mulberry" in Christ Church Garden, and remembered Warton under the "Avon willows"; when we have walked in that square of the silent Certosa, where the spray of the fountain still moistens the great cypress which Michael Angelo planted, or have lingered by that blasted trunk beneath whose shelter, when its boughs were green, poor Tasso was wont to look down over the Eternal City, and to dream and sigh his life away, — when we have found everywhere the most famous sites and events, in the history of war and genius and religion, from the massacre at Clisson to the victory at Marathon, from the spot in Cambridge where Washington met the American army to the spot in Bristol where Augustine held conference with the English bishops, or that most ancient place of meeting on the plains of Mamre, which holds the tradition of Abraham and the angels, scenes of faith and valor and romance, fixed and perpetuated by these lords of the forest, — we come to understand better this sentimental reason, which some esteem so lightly.

This sort of association, indeed, cannot generally be planned and provided for. The best associations come by chance, and no man can say when he plants a tree that it is destined hereafter to be joined in memory with any great thing. Yet many a man in his old age feels a deeper attachment to the home where he has always dwelt, because it is overhung by the boughs of the tree which, as a sapling, he put there in his boyhood. The house has gone to decay, it may be, and he must build a better. But the trees make the place so dear, that he cannot let it pass from his possession, and his children will keep it because their father's trees are there. In these days of change and uneasiness, such bonds to one's native soil are most important and effective. Old

furniture, family portraits, even the buried bones of ancestors, may go with the children in their restless migrations; but the venerable trees cannot be carried off. To part with these often costs the hardest struggle, when, to repair his broken fortunes, one must sell his paternal acres and remove to a new home far away. All feel that it is a sort of sacrilege to destroy a tree which has been consecrated by any noble association. Every patriot felt the insult, when the British troops in Boston cut down and burned for fuel the "Liberty tree"; and all Connecticut lamented as a public calamity the fall of the Charter Oak.

The æsthetic reason for tree-planting is certainly more generally acknowledged than the sentimental reason. The most unsophisticated eye, and the most cultivated, alike recognize the beauty of this kind of ornament. A Western pioneer and an *habitué* of the Bois de Boulogne hold the same opinion in regard to the general grace of great trees, differing only in regard to details. Every farmer in Lancaster, Massachusetts, rejoices in the majestic elms which make the glory of his village, as much as that refined foreigner who could not resist their fascination, and who fixed his home, as he has found his grave, beneath their spreading branches. A Brookline schoolboy feels the grace of an avenue of lime-trees as truly as an artist who luxuriates in the magnificence of the "Mall" of Utrecht, or forgets the wife of Napoleon in the enchantment of the entrance to her chateau at Meudon. This sense of the beauty of trees is anterior to teaching, and resists quite vigorously the forces which would extirpate it. A Maine lumberman, no doubt, looks with more satisfaction upon his felled log than upon the trunk which he must spare; the crash of its fall is more delightful than the rustling of its leaves in the upper air; yet no man is a better demonstrator of beauty in the outline and the growth of trees than this same lumberman. John Ruskin could not discourse more eloquently about an Alpine precipice, than this dweller in the forest about the tall pine, which whistles and whispers above his winter home.

This sense of the beauty of trees is often, indeed, very crude, and modified by very fantastic notions. We know a man, for instance, who can see no beauty in a tree which

is not symmetrical, and who is accustomed to cut off from his trees any limb, however large, when an accident has destroyed the corresponding limb. In this way he has gradually trimmed a spreading horsechestnut, wounded by the missiles of boys, till it now resembles an Egyptian palm, only a long stem with a feathery tuft at the top. We know another man who abhors trees with pinnate leaves, and so rejects from his estate every kind of locust and evergreen. We have already alluded to that perverted fancy which sees in the ragged poplars only types of extreme ugliness. Not a few are amazed that any man of taste can admire the *white birch*, that mean straggler along the roadside. One whose idea of beauty is squareness and uprightness, will be offended by any tree which leans out of its perpendicular. The Connecticut pedler was true to the characteristic neatness of his native State when he wondered, looking upon the live-oaks of Georgia, garnished with their long pendants of gray moss, "why the people did n't *scrape* their trees." Parasites and fungous growths are often enough to destroy all the beauty of trees to the eye of a gardener; a hornet's or caterpillar's nest changes grace to deformity; and the elm-branches become "horrid" when they drop by invisible threads the disgusting canker-worms. On the other hand, to some eyes the beauty of trees is improved by artificial appendages. Some whitewash the trunks for the sake of ornament; and the bill-sticker in a New England village finds the monarch of the public square completely noble, only when it bears upon every front the charming announcement of a sheriff's sale, a caucus, and a monster caravan.

This consideration of ornament is, fortunately, closely joined to the broader consideration of profit, to which, of course, all will listen. Here art and interest are nearly identical, and taste will prove, in the language of the shrewd Jew planter of Bethlehem, "remunerative." It can be demonstrated that the best use for the larger part of the cleared land of New England would be to plant forests upon it. There is, except in the rich gardens close around the cities, no land so profitable, no land which pays so good an interest on its cost, as woodland. In some parts of Massachusetts a man who owns a

hundred acres of pasture is little better than a bankrupt, while he who owns a hundred acres of forest is independently rich. The first must pay taxes on what does not pay for its culture, while the second can cut off enough to meet the annual interest, yet have more at the end than at the beginning. We once heard an eccentric genius maintain that his wood-land, about fifty acres in all, though he had bought it, and paid for it a good round sum, some thirty years before, had in reality never cost him a cent; "for," said he, "I have cut off wood enough to pay not only the original outlay, but to meet all the worth of the money at compound interest, and to cover all charges, and now I have more wood than I found there at the beginning." It was a rational logic enough.

We are confident, that, at the present prices of timber and fuel, the profits of wood-land to our New England farmers are at least three times as great as the profits of the land which they cultivate with so much labor. The experiment of planting locusts on Long Island has proved that lands, before considered valueless, may become the most precious possession of their owners. Thousands of acres now lying waste might, with a very small outlay, be made to yield very great returns. The length of time that must pass before the profit of these artificial forests can be tested, undoubtedly deters many from planting them. Very few men like to make an investment of which the returns begin to come only after twenty or thirty years. But every man knows that whatever raises the value of his land is as sure profit as that which actually puts cash into his pocket. There seems to be less promise in an acre of young locusts than in an acre of thriving turnips; but in twenty years the value of all the annual turnips will not begin to reach the value of the trees. The longer the planter is willing to wait, the greater will be his ratio of gain. The early age at which trees are felled precludes a fair test of the superior profit of this kind of planting over corn-planting. Patience is a cardinal virtue, when we are dealing with forests.

There should be on every farm of reasonable size an annual planting, as well as annual cutting, of trees. Most farmers consider it a duty to spend a portion of the year in this latter

exercise, and if they do not begin quite so early as Hesiod advises, —

> Τῆμος ἀδηκτοτάτῃ πέλεται τμηθεῖσα σιδήρῳ
> Ὕλη, φύλλα θ' ἕραζε χέει, πτόρθοιο τε λήγει ;
> Τῆμος ἄρ' ὑλοτομεῖν μεμνημένος ὥρια ἔργα, —

at least with the first days of winter they shoulder their axes, and make the woods ring with their brisk strokes. The ambition of a good wood-chopper is equal to that of a good rifle-shooter, and he who can cut and pile his eight cords "between daylight and dark" has a fame like the marksman who can split his ball at a hundred yards. Without the stimulus of an Agricultural Society's prize, it ought to be considered a point of honor to plant at least as many trees as are cut down, — to keep the number at least full. As your shrewd fisherman takes care to put a second net across the river before the first is drawn out, so that no fish shall escape, so your shrewd farmer, while he draws his piles from one side of his wood off to the brick-yard, ought to know that a new forest is growing up on the other side, to be ready for him when he penetrates so far.

We shall not undertake to say what kinds of wood will yield the speediest and the largest profit, whether the oak, the pine, the cedar, or the locust. Any of these will richly repay the labor and the cost required for their growing. According to the quality of the soil will be the fitness of the tree. The profit of tree-planting, however, cannot be measured by direct pecuniary returns. It affects economy in many ways, aside from the mere growth of the wood. The willow, for instance, a tree of comparatively little commercial value, is of inestimable worth in preserving the land along the banks of streams from the encroachment of the current. Few persons, who have not watched the changes of the banks at the bends of rivers, can have an idea of the damage which is done yearly to our land from this single cause. The land-slides which seem so curious along the Nile, at Manfaloot and Osioot, may be observed on a smaller scale on the Connecticut and the Charles. A double row of osiers is almost a sure protection against this damage. Colonel Colt has planted, it is said, no less than fourteen acres of these trees along the banks

of the Connecticut, and has proved himself in that labor a benefactor alike to the farmers and the basket-makers. The willow in such a situation has a rapid growth, and in a few years a tame and dull stream may be made romantic by the shade which these hedges throw. We know of one river, at least, in New England, which flows through a flat and uninteresting country, yet preserves the fame of beauty, mainly from the foliage along its margin.

Most of our annual crops impoverish the soil. After two or three years of harvest, the grain-field must be left fallow for a season, or be turned to other uses. But trees constantly improve the soil, giving to it more than they draw from it. And they improve not only the soil on which they stand, but the soil all around them. We need not insist upon the annual deposit of decaying leaves or broken boughs, which rot upon the ground, and so infuse into it the elements of new life, but may rather dwell upon one or two of the incidental results which are less considered, — the connection of trees with the proper distribution of snow, and their influence in preventing too rapid evaporation. These topics are of the highest importance.

Snow is proverbially called the "poor man's manure." But to justify this proverb, it must be properly laid and distributed. The Tuscan conceit, "la neve, per otto di, è madre alla terra, da indi in la è matrigna," hardly fits the latitude of New England, and, to be a good mother here, the snow must lend more than a single week of nursing. Two things are necessary to make of the snow an effectual protection to the soil, — that it fall as evenly, and stay as long, as possible. Now both of these requisites are met by the help of trees as they can be met in no other way. By breaking the force of the wind, they prevent not only the drifting of the snow, but its melting also, a fact not so generally remembered. We have seen this remarkably exemplified in the severe storms of the last two winters. Fields that were exposed to the wind were left nearly bare, all the snow being piled up on their farther side against the wall of the roadway in deep drifts, while fields only a few rods off, sheltered from the wind by a wood, were covered by a uniform depth of a foot or more. Yet

the deep drifts disappeared earlier than the level snow, though the latter was quite as much exposed to the sun. It is not necessary to go into the woods in winter to find the number of inches of snow which have fallen; that can be ascertained as well by gauging the fields which these woods have sheltered.

Nor is it necessary, in order to break the force of the wind, that the trees should be in a forest, or even should be evergreens. Leafless trunks and branches will check the blast as surely as the dark, thick boughs of the pine. Two or three rows of trees, which hardly intercept light at all, will work marvels in intercepting wind. Any one may observe this in his garden, by noticing the effect which even a row of currant-bushes has in keeping quiet the leaves on the ground under their lee. This consideration emphatically appeals to the surveyors of roads and the managers of railways. The immense sums which have been spent in the past winters for opening the avenues of travel might in great part have been saved, if these avenues had been furnished with the easy protection of a couple of rows of trees on either side. It is not in city streets that such a protection is most needed, but in those open and exposed highways which are most neglected. Our tree-planting societies ought not to limit their efforts to the decoration of brick pavements, or the furnishing of shade to traffickers and promenaders. They ought rather to care for those avenues beyond the village, which give growth to the village according to their convenience, as well as beauty according to their ornament. Trees are good and useful within a city; but they are far more useful by the highways which lead to the city. Munich could spare its trees from the streets, content with galleries and churches, but could not spare those majestic ornaments which for miles relieve and glorify the monotonous landscape around it.

On most of our old roads Time has reared, without help from societies or selectmen, a tolerable natural hedge. But that perverse utilitarian fancy which defines a good road as the shortest way from the mill to the market, is annihilating this beneficial work of nature by its sagacious "improvements." To save ten rods of distance in a mile, the old, un-

dulating road, meandering along from house to house, and charming away by its change of lights and vistas the weariness of travel, is converted into a turnpike, hot, dusty, and monotonous as a march across the desert. The bad economy of this change has been severely punished by the round bills for snow-clearing which have recently swelled the taxes of so many of our towns, and the only thing which can make this "improvement" tolerable is a liberal appropriation for the shelter and protection of these straightened roads. No county ought to be allowed to change the course of its public highways without putting the line of the new way in as good a condition as that of the old. And when commissioners decree that the ancient landmarks shall be removed, and the paths of the Pilgrims shall be transposed, so as to radiate from the effulgent circuit of some smart provincial "city," they ought to take thought of the expense and the discomfort, not to speak of the deformity, which their decree involves. One of the first evils which our tree societies are called to remedy is this road-straightening mania.

We read constantly of new inventions and new experiments which seek to diminish the cost of railway working, — changes in valves, boilers, material for fuel, and the like. But we are not aware that any railway in this country has given a first, or even a second, place in its counsels to the planting of trees along its sides as a matter of economy. When such a course has been suggested, it has been supposed that it was only decoration that was thought of. Decoration, though by no means a slight reason for planting trees along railways, is, nevertheless, the least of reasons, if we consider dividends as the foremost need of these useful works. We advise trees along these roads as a remedy, first, for snow-drifts, secondly, for rapid consumption of fuel, and thirdly, for absolute deficiency in fuel. Every locomotive engineer knows where he finds the worst snow-drifts, — where the road is most open and exposed; and it is almost never in the woods. A draught of air, no doubt, is an aid to speed by making steam faster; but where the hours of arrival and departure are regulated, no additional speed is required, and anything which breaks the force of the wind saves the fuel. Every engineer knows how much more

fuel it requires on the open plain than in the woods, to maintain on a windy day the same rate of speed. The most expensive railways in England are not those which run through wooded regions, but those which cross the unsheltered plains; and the heavier grades of shady Derbyshire are more than balanced by the bleak winds on Brighton Downs, where despair, according to Johnson, reaches its climax, and a man cannot even hang himself for want of a tree to hold the rope. No territory can be more exposed to the wind than Belgium and Holland. Yet the railways there, some will plead, are cheaply managed. The seeming objection is a proof of our position, since every one who has travelled in the Low Countries knows how all kinds of avenues, railways, roads, and canals, are adorned and protected. The whole region looks like a great nursery, and the most boisterous winds, sweeping over those infinite lines of trees, are cut and hacked into impalpable fragments. We are confident that, in this matter of the rapid consumption of fuel, the saving from protection against winds on our railways would amount at the end of the year to a considerable item.

It may seem ludicrous to suggest that the few trees which can be grown along the line of a railway will perceptibly supply the deficiency of fuel. Yet a simple mathematical reckoning will show that the suggestion is not a jest, and that the mere thinning out of the growth of twenty years, besides meeting the first cost of the trees, will afford not a small percentage of additional fuel; making a provision, moreover, for accidents and emergencies. More than once during the last winter, locomotives were stopped all night in the snow, where a couple of trees within easy reach would have promptly extricated them. We hold it to be as good policy to have provision for an emergency of this kind, as to establish a special railway telegraph, the expense of which is far greater, yet the economy of which has been decisively tested.

Returning from this digression about railways, we have next to observe that trees perform their chief economical service by preventing too rapid evaporation. It is a common error, that the sun's rays are the first source of evaporation; and many persons ignorantly imagine that, because a locality

is sunny, it is sure to be dry. Now the wind has vastly more to do with drying and evaporation than the sun, as might be shown by an endless variety of facts and illustrations. In the formation of ice on ponds, for instance, as we learn from unquestionable authority, on a windy night, however cold, nothing is actually gained, since the ice wastes by evaporation from the surface as fast as it forms beneath. Every housewife knows that wet linen dries more rapidly when flying in the cold wind, than when hanging quietly in the warm sun. The driving blast which accompanies those sudden showers that vex and drench travellers in mountain regions, brings an almost instant remedy when the shower has passed. Air at rest will take up only a limited quantity of moisture, and is speedily saturated. But air in motion is never satisfied, and is constantly abstracting moisture from the soil. It is not the character of the soil, but the constant and unobstructed motion of the air, which reduces open land to barrenness. Almost anywhere on the desert between Cairo and Gaza, the sterile waste might be turned to greenness simply by being enclosed. It is not wholly true that the palm-trees are in the oases, simply because the springs of water are there. The springs are there because the palm-trees are there beside them. Cut away the palm-trees, and the springs will soon become dry. It is matter of surprise to every one who journeys in Syria or Greece, that the sacred and classic streams should be of such mean dimensions, that Kishon, "that ancient river," should be crossed at a leap, and Ilyssus be spanned by a yardstick. The cause is explained when one considers the hills of these lands, how void they are now of their ancient honors. Why should not Kidron be dry, when the groves have disappeared from the high places of Benjamin? Abana and Pharphar still keep their bounteous flow, for there are forests to stay and hold the snows of Hermon and Libanus; but Cephissus is a brook, since the heights of Phyle are naked. These ancient lands have lost their streams, because they have lost their groves and gardens. And the like cause will everywhere produce the like effect. In an open country, the absolute quantity of water which the rivers discharge is not only less than in a wooded country, but the

flow is incomparably more irregular and unequal. This week the stream may be a foaming torrent, forbidding all passage; next week it will be only a sluggish pool, which scarcely wets your horse's fetlocks. Since our Western lands have been cleared, the alternations in the "stage" of water in the rivers have been much more marked and violent.

The fact has been vexatiously brought home to our practical men by the constant hinderance of the mill-streams from freshets and droughts. Many water-privileges which, half a century ago, were valuable and steady, have now become nearly worthless. The dam which was conveniently put up to saw an adjoining forest into profitable plank, now that its excellent work is done, will drive the saw in the summer no longer. The good riparian mill-owners of one of the ponds in the vicinity of Boston remarked with amazement, some ten years ago, that the supply of water seemed to be failing them, and that the feeding stream had utterly dried up, — a thing never known by the oldest inhabitant. Within a few years the stream has regained its volume, and now flows full, even in the heats of summer. The secret of these changes was, that the water first disappeared on account of the cutting away of the forests about its source, a few miles distant, and returned when the young wood had grown there. Not a few of our larger factories have been compelled to introduce steam-power to supply a deficiency in the volume of water which a few years ago was not troublesome. Indeed, the word "inexhaustible" can now hardly be used of any water-privilege in New England. We do not believe, though some high authorities maintain this view, that the cutting away of forests diminishes the quantity of rain or snow, but we only contend that it deprives the moisture of its beneficent effect upon the earth, by causing it to be too rapidly abstracted, and producing the pernicious alternations of freshet and drought, which are as fatal to the health of the soil as to the health of the men who own the soil.

The last sentence suggests to us a subject of great importance, which we shall not pretend to discuss, but only to open, namely, the sanitary influence of trees and forests. There is a prevalent notion, that too many trees around a house make

it unhealthy, that pestilence lurks where the forest is densest, and that it is hazardous to dwell in the neighborhood of a swamp. Facts, however, do not justify this prejudice. Medical statistics give a verdict in favor of wood-land as against cleared land. The wood-choppers of Maine are far more free from disease than the farmers of Illinois, and scarcely know, in all their exposure, what it is to be cramped by rheumatism or parched by fever. Dismal Swamp is as healthy as Sullivan's Island, and the malaria which hangs along all the Southern seaboard finds no place in that dreadful thicket. Pestilence does not choose those sections of country or those quarters of cities which are greenest, but those which are most bare and open. Dampness is not the source of malaria, but decomposition caused by too rapid drying, whether of vegetable matter or of animal infusoria. Ditches and stagnant pools are, to be sure, not very desirable purifiers of the surrounding air, and generate more serious plagues than their legions of frogs. But a ditch which alternates from wet to dry, or a pool that is weekly emptied and replenished, as wind and shower follow each other, gives forth a much more deadly poison than any ground which is steadily and uniformly saturated with water. Over these waters to-day the poison hangs and lingers, and gives itself to load the breeze to-morrow. In woods, on the contrary, while the decomposition of vegetable and animal matter goes on far more slowly, the poison which is evolved is taken up by the trees themselves, to which it is food and nourishment.

Mr. Timothy Flint, in his account of the Mississippi Valley, mentions the fact, that the wood-cutters on the banks of the streams where the trees had been cut away were constantly attacked by malarious fevers, while such diseases among workmen in the forest were comparatively rare, although the ground on which they worked was quite as moist. Every tree which they left to decay on the ground helped to create the poison, while every tree left standing helped to absorb it. Many cases might be cited where the cutting down of woods has had a most unfavorable effect upon the health of the surrounding region. The Roman Campagna is only a celebrated instance of what is a very common experi-

ence. Every schoolboy is taught how plants purify the atmosphere by removing its excess of carbon, and supplying its defect and waste of oxygen; though this teaching is usually coupled with the cautious proviso, that plants absorb oxygen by night and are therefore unhealthy companions of the chamber. But we have tested it abundantly in travelling, that, when one is properly protected from mosquitos, the night air is most pleasant in the immediate vicinity of woods, more easy to breathe and more softly soporific than even the salt atmosphere of the famed watering-places. A night's sleep is quite as refreshing in the inn at Keswick as in the inn at Brighton, in a North Conway cottage as in a Newport hotel.

There are several reasons why forests affect favorably the health of a locality or neighborhood. Two of these we have already mentioned, that they check the formation of poisonous miasma, and that they absorb it when it is formed, and so prevent its pernicious influence. But their effect upon climate is even more noticeable and unquestionable. They equalize the heat of the atmosphere, and so prevent those extremes which have come in these latter years to be the bane of New England. There can be little doubt that the cutting away of such large tracts of forest in Canada and Maine has had a great share in causing the intense cold of our recent winters, if not in increasing the number of burning days in summer, and that the rapid changes which transpose at the caprice of the winds the place of the months and seasons are due largely to this cause. In a warm day, certainly, one feels the heat more in the woods than on the open prairie, when the wind is blowing. But a thermometer will give a lower temperature in the former than in the latter position. A fair way to test the difference is to sit for a while in a boat upon a pond surrounded by woods, and then to go into the woods. The sensation will instantly be one of refreshing coolness. In winter, on the contrary, the thermometer shows a much higher temperature in the woods than in the open field, with a wider variation in proportion as the external cold is greater. Teamsters know this, and even on a still day in January feel a relief from the cold, the moment they reach the protecting woods.

We are not able to give the results of any large observation of the comparative temperature in wooded and in open countries. Unfortunately, the foresters omit to provide themselves with the means of measuring heat, and are content with the sensation of comfort and the satisfaction of profit. Experiments enough have been made on a small scale to prove that, if the mean temperature is about the same in cleared land as in forest, the extremes in the latter are much less severe and the variations much less rapid. That the wood of living trees gives off heat directly in winter there can be no doubt, and there can be as little doubt that the atmospheric heat in summer is taken up by branches and foliage. Of course the influence of trees in deflecting and softening the rays of the sun has much to do with this equalizing process; and the first reason which a child would give why the woods should be more comfortable than the open field, is one which needs not be weakened by any refinements of science. Shade is a hygienic agent not less genuine than light; and Nature approves that song of the comforts of behemoth, "chief of the ways of God, who lieth under the shady trees, in the covert of the reed," as heartily as she sympathizes with the desperate prayer of Ajax.

The effect of forests in establishing an electrical equilibrium, and in conducting the electric fluid or force, has also a bearing upon their sanitary value. Many persons object to the neighborhood of a grove, for fear of the lightning, and tall trees, when a charged cloud envelops them in its blackness, are terrible to those who else would love them. Yet we maintain that there is more real security in a house provided with a surrounding of these natural conductors, than in the best fitting of any patent metallic points. A grove of trees does on a grand scale what Orcutt's rods do on a very small scale. However this may be, the electric condition of the atmosphere is more healthy, when there are these efficient means of adjusting it; there is a freer play of the lungs, an easier movement in the limbs, and the air is less oppressive on a sultry day.

These general views, however, will not apply to all kinds and varieties of trees. There are special influences which

modify the general verdict of salubrity. Some kinds of trees are certainly as pernicious in their exhalations as others in their substance and qualities. One may be poisoned by odors as surely as by touch and taste. Even the most delicious perfumes become nauseous and sickening when they overload the air, and the ammonia of the shambles is more tolerable often than the aroma of an orange-grove. After riding for an hour through the gardens around Damascus, and breathing that hyper-intoxicating compound of all that is delicious in the scent of leaf and blossom, it is an unspeakable relief to snuff in the bazaars of the city the fragrance of new morocco, steaming "kibabs," and Persian "tumbac." South American travellers tell of trees whose breath upon the air is deadly after nightfall, and a notion of this sort has banished from some of our city streets a tree which a few years ago was a favorite. The Indian superstition of a tree possessed by the Devil has its illustration in the antipathy of almost every community to some noxious plant or flower.

The exhalations of trees are, however, much oftener salutary than noxious. There is real refreshment in the scent of the pine; its rich resinous flavor gives to the lungs a stimulus as real as Dr. Hunter's medicated vapors. What there is in the sunflower to purify the air, we believe that science has not yet explained. Yet this curious whim of the negroes in the South concerning it is not to be treated with disdain. The ornament of the slave's cabin door is his guardian of health, his good genius to forbid pestilence. An experiment recently tried by Lieutenant Maury seems to confirm this notion. The spot in Washington where the National Observatory stands is very subject to fever and ague. Last year Lieutenant Maury planted a bed of sunflowers forty-five feet broad, at a distance of two hundred yards from the buildings; and the result was, that, though in the neighborhood the fever was unusually prevalent, no one in the Observatory was attacked by it, — an exemption which had not been recorded before since the Observatory was built. This experiment does not, indeed, conclusively prove that the sunflower has an especial virtue. Perhaps any other plant of as rapid growth and a vegetation as luxuriant would have done the same good work

in devouring the malarious poisons given forth by the drying of the soil. Yet we may be sure, when the experiment is known, that the sunflower will be restored to favor, and through its prophylactic virtues perhaps regain its fame as the queen of the garden.

We have not space to discuss the agency of trees in sweetening and purifying the springs of water which run where their roots penetrate. The miracle of Moses at the bitter fountain of Marah is typical of the course which will restore, not merely the flow to wells which have become dry, but the sweetness to wells which have become hard and brackish. A city supplied with trees and parks, however flat and low its site, will not need expensive aqueducts to furnish it with water. It will be a long time before level Savannah will find it necessary to copy the water-works of Boston, — that town of twice triple hills. We have more faith in the sanative effects of Nature's decoctions beneath the surface, than in those healing beverages which render the name of "tea" so indefinite. Good water into which the virtue of plants hath passed is a more sovereign remedy for an inward bruise than any weak dilution of leaves and powders.

We pass abruptly from this engaging topic, to say a few words about birds in connection with trees. Where the forests are, there will the birds be found, certainly in this land. Insects everywhere abound, and no desert is so waste and sandy that it does not generate and nourish insect life. But birds congregate where they find shelter, food, and an appropriate home. When "the fig-tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines with the tender grape give a good smell," then "the time of the singing of birds is come." We need not insist upon the essential service which small birds render in destroying insects, and so in saving vegetation, or upon their agency in directly enriching the soil. All the harm that they may do in depredations upon fruit is more than balanced by their music and by the animation which they impart to scenery. He is a public benefactor who can entice birds to the habitations of man; and it is good taste, if not good economy, that will plant fruit-trees for this purpose. Let the cherries go, if we can have the songs, and be rid of bugs into the bargain.

The actual damage which insects do to our orchards and grain-fields, even where birds are incessantly devouring them, is very considerable, as every farmer and every gardener knows to his sorrow. What it would be without this mitigation, no reckoning can tell. As the shoal which comes back where a single herring has spawned, so is the devouring host of worms which a single winged moth will leave as its progeny. The birds which devour the worms are by no means so useful, as Dr. Piper shows, as those which devour insects on the wing. And it is therefore no objection to swallows that they daintily prefer butterflies to caterpillars, and are more given to the noble chase of a flying prey than to the wearisome delving of slow clodhoppers.

We do not urge the practical consideration of easy and handy shooting, which led once a lazy sporting friend of ours to choose the neighborhood of a wood for his summer residence, so that he might, like a Pacha of the Lebanon, fire from his chamber window without removing his pipe or doffing his slippers, — since we hold this whole passion for small-bird shooting in utter abomination, as the basest form which sport can take. But for any passion to which birds must minister, it is needful to provide for them shelter and a home, — a place to hide and a place to build. Farmers and lovers alike must have their forest aviary, to exterminate borers or to indite sonnets of harmonious numbers, to rid the air of its plague of flies or to pen the sweet invocation, —

> " Come, all ye feathery people of mid air, ...
> Beneath the chamber where my lady lies,
> And, in your several musics, whisper love ! "

A question of much interest, which we trust Dr. Piper will treat fully in some of his future numbers, is of the fitness of mingling fruit and forest trees. There are horticulturists who hold that the close-communion doctrine is the only one to be applied to orchards; that elms must be kept separate from plums as much as sinners from saints, and that an oak among apple-trees is as much an intruder as the serpent in Paradise. We are inclined to a different view, believing that the shade which large forest-trees give to an orchard and the moisture which they retain are very important to the healthy growth

of the fruit-bearing kinds. Some of the finest peach-trees we have ever known were nurtured beneath the shadow of a tall sycamore; and in walking along the edge of woods, we have often stopped to admire the sturdy limbs and luscious crop of some ancient apple-tree. Grapes ripen readily in the thick shade. On the continent of Europe it is quite common to find the orchards belted with rows of forest-trees, set there to break the force of the winds. And it may be safely predicted, that he who has his orchard protected by this means will gather a third more fruit than he who leaves the slender trees exposed. At present, in most of our orchards, the crop consists very largely of windfalls, which become food for swine, but not for men. It may answer for one who can afford it to use his peaches for the creation of pork, but that luxurious diet will prove in the end, we think, rather expensive.

Connected with this is another question, as to the advantage of mingling varieties of trees in forest planting. That picturesque effect is gained by this method there can be no doubt, as any one may see on the grounds of Mr. Tudor at Nahant. The more shades and shapes and contrasts it shows, the greater is the charm of a park, as well as of a garden. The inferior species of tree are dignified when set in the society of the monarchs of the grove, and draw honor from their privilege. The larch and the birch command more deference as courtiers of the majestic pine, than in any equal democracy of their own kind, however populous. The most ungainly trunk will have beauty in the forest, and he who will renew credit to those stunted cedars, which recall only by utter contrast the precious growth of ancient Lebanon, has but to plant them under the broad-leaved sycamore, or by the side of the symmetrical chestnut. Whether economy is well served by this mingling of many varieties, we are not so ready to say. Nature, indeed, mingles trees in the forests. Yet most forests have some prevailing species, which gives them their character. Oaks among the pines seem as alien as Greeks among the Jews, and a silver-leaved aspen, slender and tremulous, among the lithe and sinewy ash-trees, reminds us of a pale missionary preaching with fear and trembling to

a tribe of dusky Indians. The prevalent idea of planters is, we imagine, that the most profitable forests are homogeneous; that the growth is more rapid, and the influence upon the soil more wholesome. The French government, which has done more than any other in the culture of forests, rather favors this theory, and encourages the separation of kinds, where large returns are expected. In the Department of Landes it has chiefly replanted *pines;* on the slopes of the Pyrenees the *box* is the favorite variety; while in Brittany and Normandy the *linden* abounds. In Scotland the *larch* has been most extensively cultivated, and more than ten thousand acres with more than fourteen million of trees were planted in less than a century by the single family of Athol. This example has been copied in other parts of Europe, and one is often surprised to find in secluded places, like the region of the Tegernsee in Southern Bavaria, beautiful artificial forests of larches. In Greece, the prepossession seems to have been for plane-trees, and on the hills of Laconia a recent traveller, M. About, has remarked the wanton and wasteful destruction of these noble monuments of the Turkish dominion.

The best method of planting, transplanting, pruning, thinning, and felling trees, is a subject which warns us back by its extent, and by the confusion of opinions which surrounds its discussion. We see no occasion to change the opinion expressed twenty-five years ago in this Review, that in most, if not in all cases, it is better to raise trees from the seed, — elm-trees and ash-trees no less than oak and hickory. We renew the protest, too, against the Procrustean truncation of saplings, which, to make the labor of removal a little easier, decorates for a lustrum our door-yards with a line of tufted poles. We would repeal, also, that tradition of arboricultural common law, which enjoins an annual use of the knife, — so much wood to be exscinded every year, so many feet of trunk to be gained; and particularly do we object to that "law of selection," which destroys the vigor of the forest in decimating it. It is as bad for a forest to lose its great trees as for a nation to lose its great men, — the small trees and the small men alike assume meaner habits when they strive for the vacant places which the great have left.

For the successful culture of young trees, the first and almost the only necessity is that they be protected from the winds. The character of the soil is of less importance. The wind distorts and destroys them. They need most in the beginning that protection which they afterward effectually give. A close fence for a few years will secure the most tender fruit-trees on the very edge of an ocean cliff. Next to this, it is of importance that the soil about the roots be kept loose and porous, which a surface-covering of stones best accomplishes. Nine tenths of the trees which die after their transplanting, die because these essentials are neglected, not for any fault in the trees or in the soil. We should remark upon this point more at length, were we not advised that it will form a prominent topic in some future number of Dr. Piper's work.

All the topics which have been touched in this article will doubtless be fully discussed in the progress of the work we have noticed, and any novel opinions will be vouched for by abundant facts. One great fact is patent, and should of itself be enough to arouse the concern of all who are anxious about the future, that trees in this section of the country are disappearing far more rapidly than they are growing. The present annual demand for locomotive fuel alone in the United States is one hundred thousand acres, allowing (which is a large allowance) fifty cords to the acre; and yet this, large as it is, is but one among many items. Along the line of our older railways there are scarcely any woods remaining. If the rate of disappearance goes on for the next half-century as it has for the last, the child is now living who will see the soil of New England everywhere as bare as the soil of Attica, and its noble rivers shrunken in summer, like Acheloüs and Cephissus, to shallow brooks. It is fashionable in many quarters to treat alarms of this kind as fantastic, and our tourists come back from a journey to Mount Katahdin or the Saguenay with the comforting conviction, that there is wood enough left in these Northern regions to supply the wants of America for a thousand years. We would rather trust to facts and figures than to these hopeful impressions. Cassandra here is a better guide than those who prophesy smooth things. The

increasing price of fuel is a premonition which we shall do well to heed. The probability of any important decrease in the consumption of wood no man can foresee. If the coal locomotives should prove economical, no doubt much less wood will be used for railway purposes, and iron may to some extent be substituted for wood in the construction of ships and houses. But on this we cannot build any calculation. The safer and more rational course is to meet the danger by the direct means of forest-planting. If half the money that is annually wasted in foolish speculations, or lost in the fluctuations of commerce, were turned to this work of renewing our forests, all the loss would be met by an equal gain. The pleadings of alarmists may seem extravagant, but in the end, we are confident, it will be proved that they were not too earnest or too early.

ART. VII. — *Archæology of the United States; or, Sketches, Historical and Bibliographical, of the Progress of Information and Opinion respecting Vestiges of Antiquity in the United States.* By SAMUEL F. HAVEN. Washington: Published by the Smithsonian Institution. New York: G. P. Putnam & Co. 1856. Large 4to. pp. 168.

MR. HAVEN condenses into the narrow compass of his essay the history of more than three centuries of learning and folly, speculation and reasoning, fancy and fact, as to the antiquities of this country. The condensation is severe, — the result of years of study in this precise field. It is, of course, impossible for us to attempt a further compression, which should exhibit to the reader even what the unhappy newspaper reporters call "a sketch" of the discourse of the man, even more unhappy, whose words they distort and caricature. The book is itself an ultimate analysis; it is not to be analyzed further. It is a bibliographical study of the books on American antiquities, and a philosophical history of the results of various investigators. The author is almost too careful not

to deduce or state any theory of his own. He presents, with great clearness and fairness, the results and opinions of others, from the works of the heavy-moulded German and Dutch geographers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, down to the boldest and the most cautious ethnological suggestions of our time.

This book shows very clearly how it is that the passion for antiquarian speculation lingers as it does. It exists everywhere. Two or three flint arrow-heads on the mantel-piece of a farm-house will attract the attention of every visitor. Again and again they will start the inexhaustible topic, for guess, for wonder, and for assumption, in conversation. The boy saves the old corn-pestle which he has found in the meadow, labels it "war-club," and proposes to himself the formation of a museum. Men not given to sentiment will carry home, with care, the bit of rock marked with crystals of graphite which the plough has turned up, — will wash it out, and then take it to the minister, to ask if it be not Hebrew, — as if the poor man could read it, if it were! And Joseph Smith, the most ingenious of prophets, baits his hook for the gudgeons of the land with a distinct statement of the discovery of golden plates, which make a certainty of that dream, so dear to "every true American heart," that the original inhabitants of this country once dwelt in the valleys of Canaan. We may say, in passing, that we believe this hypothesis of Joseph Smith to be the only suggestion regarding our predecessors in the settlement of this country which Mr. Haven has thought unworthy of notice in his careful survey.

This passion is so natural, that all the fun which can be made from the Oldbucks or the Dryasdusts of the world, all the dashing blunders of bold men, all the stupid blunders of dull men, and all the foolery of ignorant men, cannot in the least check it. There is no reason that they should. There is ample food for it to thrive upon. Men may write as many stupid ante-Columbian poems as they choose, and as many hopeless Indian novels. The Danish antiquaries may make us laugh by telling of the laborious travels of their correspondents through Massachusetts and Rhode Island, the limits of those labors in the pursuit of knowledge being Dighton on

the one hand and Newport on the other. Yet, for all this, no one gives up his curiosity, and no one ought to. Here is, it seems, the oldest continent of them all. Of this "New World" the "fields grew green" while "oceans gathered" above those young upstarts, Europe, Asia, and Africa, and the baby Australia. In this old continent there lived and live a race of men, whose distinction from every other race is so strong, that, whatever be the other differences of ethnologists, this race makes always a subdivision by itself. And this race of men — most of them mere children in the arts, the best of them withering like cut grass before the hot onslaught of European races — speak twelve hundred different languages, all based upon one general principle of construction, though with amazing radical differences in their vocabulary, and showing a complexity of arrangement, and delicate powers of expression, entirely beyond the most elaborate languages of the "civilized" world. We ought not to be laughed out of curiosity as to such a race, and the history of such a world.

Curiosity as to the discovery of the continent is equally legitimate. Our government has just now sent an exploring expedition inside Behring's Strait, on the Asiatic side. Officers and men made a long visit with the Tschuktschis, and have returned, doubtless, with curious information, if it would but suit the convenience of the government printing-offices to publish it. These Tschuktschi Indians are the only people on the Asiatic side who speak an American language, — a language based on the peculiarities of American grammar. They have an Esquimaux dialect. How are we to connect them and Asia with those Esquimaux whom McClure found isolated on Prince Albert's Land, who had never seen whites, nor heard of them, — among whose kindred Lieutenant Pim hopes to find some of Franklin's crew? How with that gallant little knot of men with whom, high up in the Arctic zone, Dr. Kane entered into such touchingly intimate relations? Did the Tschuktschis come to us, or did they go from us? Or, again, beyond doubt, Snorre and Thorfinn, and their crews, came down our coast somewhere, ate sour grapes in Vinland, and had their teeth set on edge by them. Thorvaldsen, the de-

scendant of Thorvald, belongs to the growing family of our American sculptors; for his blood runs back to the child who was born of Norse parents somewhere on our shore. We shall not be laughed out of looking for traces of these people, though the stone tower of the Danish antiquaries be doubtless a wind-mill of Governor Arnold's, the skeleton in armor as surely an Indian in the guise of two hundred and fifty years ago, and the characters on Dighton Rock but one among a thousand Indian inscriptions.

Dr. Southey basely deserted us in the last editions of Madoc. In 1815, in a note to that poem which had been published ten years before, he says: "That country has now been fully explored, and, wherever Madoc may have settled, it is now certain that no Welsh Indians are to be found upon any branches of the Missouri." By "fully explored," he meant that Lewis and Clark had passed up the Missouri and back again. To this day, the country is not fully explored. We will attempt, before we have done with Mr. Haven, to arouse the enthusiasm of some young adventurer in archæology, by bringing together, from his digest, what grounds there are for the hypothesis that the "unknown country of Madawk ap Owen Gwynedh" is this North America of ours.

Such illustrations will give some idea how wide is the range of the research into which Mr. Haven's treatise leads us. He takes us to Tartary, to Asia Minor, to Phœnicia, all around Africa, to the Cimbri, the Tschuktschi, the Japanese, and the Hindoos, and introduces us to persons as dissimilar as John Ledyard and the Empress Catharine, — General Cass and the Emperor Theodosius, — Seneca in the Medea and David Cusic, the native historian of Hiawatha at home. In tracing gallantly up the different clews of this study, he shrinks at none of them, and gives us something tangible and intelligible as the result of every one. The investigation is first historical, as to the distinct written records which show any connection of the men of the other continent with this. Then it becomes the study of monuments, and the author follows along the various American students of the mounds and other earth-works, and of the relics of the manufacture of the American tribes, ancient and recent. The legends of the tribes them-

selves furnish very little ground for philosophical inquiry. True children as the Indians are, they seem, like other children, to forget there was any yesterday, while, like them too, they act as if there were to be no to-morrow. Such shreds of legend as there are, however, are arranged here in their order. Results more satisfactory are gained from the study of the languages. Mr. Haven thus states Frederic Schlegel's great rule: "that names of things are transitory, but the system of grammatical construction is permanent, assimilating to itself, and distributing, according to its own laws, whatever new material is acquired, and, unless overwhelmed by the irruption of a new system, sustained by the dominating force of numbers and conquest, maintains its vitality through all changes." He gives the following as the result of the application of this rule in our archæology: —

"As applied to American languages, the results of this rule of exegesis have been most remarkable. No theories of derivation from the Old World have stood the test of its alchemy. All traces of the fugitive tribes of Israel, supposed to be found here, are again lost. Neither Phœnicians, nor Hindoos, nor Chinese, nor Scandinavians, nor Welsh, have left an impress of their national syntax behind them. But the dialects of the Western Continent, radically united among themselves, and radically distinguished from all others, stand in hoary brotherhood by the side of the most ancient vocal systems of the human race. 'It deserves notice,' says Mr. Gallatin, 'that Vater could point out but two languages that, on account of the multiplicity of their forms, had a character, if not similar, at least analogous to those of America. These were the Congo and the Basque. The first spoken by a barbarous nation of Africa, the other now universally admitted to be a remarkable relic of a most ancient and primitive language found in the most early ages of the world.'" — p. 54.

After following down the study of the American languages by different inquirers in our own country through the first two centuries of history, Mr. Haven explains, with the zeal and skill of a connoisseur, the remarkable results attained in our own generation by the labors of Duponceau, Pickering, and Gallatin. We should follow him into this very attractive survey, but that in our own pages the second writer of this distinguished trio himself called attention to the subject,

with his own peculiar precision and power*; and that we have had other occasions to discuss it in several points of view.†

The physical attributes of the aboriginal Americans have furnished materials for investigations of a wholly different character. As in the other lines of research, Mr. Haven confines himself here chiefly, after the very outset of the inquiry, to displaying the views proposed by American students. There are few of these students who will not be surprised to see how wide the range which is taken in, even after this limitation has been made. Curiously enough, our old Governor Pownal, — in whom an enthusiastic Canadian *savant* has lately found Junius, in whom his own contemporaries found nothing remarkable — a sort of "silver-tongued man, who tried to glide between both sides, and so escape the jam," and who did not succeed in that, — this accomplished, unsuccessful, underrated man turns up among the most judicious of the earlier explorers. We call him underrated, because not only were the cranial characteristics of the aborigines suggested by him as the key to American archæological study, but, in physical geography, the philosophy of the Gulf Stream seems to date from him; and though he is not Junius, (as he certainly is not, if anything is certain in that matter,) none the less was he the author of a great deal of Cassandra-like prophecy in politics, which the government did not believe, and of sound political advice too wise for them to appreciate. His hint as to the necessity of comparing crania was repeated by Camper and Blumenbach, as essential to the study of the American system. Pownal not only started the suggestion, but, like a bold theorizer, stated what the ultimate verdict would be, namely, that "the American people are of the same family from one end of the continent to the other." It was not until 1839, however, that any results of such a collection of crania as he suggested appeared. In that year, Dr. Morton of Philadelphia, whose name is now identified with this branch of study, published his "Crania Americana." This work, on its side, substantiated the same conclusion which

* N. A. Review, Vol. IX. p. 179.

† Ibid., Vol. XXVI. p. 377; Vol. XLV. p. 34.

was demonstrated by wholly different processes, at nearly the same time, by Duponceau and Gallatin, namely, that wherever the American race comes from, or however it is to be classed ethnologically, it is *one*, from end to end of the continent. Morton's investigations go further than Gallatin's, in showing that the extinct tribes of Peruvians and Mexicans belong to the same great subdivision of the human family. Beyond this point of the unity of the American races, it is impossible to claim that the study of their crania takes us. Pownal, in his bold anticipation of the inquiry, says that the Americans are of the same family with the Tartars. Dr. Morton says that the American race is wholly distinct from all others. And, for a while, he carried the tide of opinion with him; but this position is now again doubted. Even before his death, one disputant and another dashed into the fight, to have a stroke around the banner he had lifted; and since his death, "the war has darkly closed around," and this matter is as fiercely controverted — we do not say as doubtful — as it ever was. Into the discussion of it, there comes, of course, the whole controversy on the Unity of Races. Mr. Haven states the history of this discussion with patience and precision, and brings it down to our own time.

Here the American Anglo-Saxon is surprised at finding that the scientific world is working round again to the old notion of a degeneracy of the races in America. Our Cherokee and Wyandot subscribers will feel a grim satisfaction as we inform them that Dr. Knox holds that "the Saxon decays in Northern America, and, were the supplies from Europe not incessant, he could not stand his ground in these new countries." We are here, like Walker's fillibusters in Nicaragua, (if, indeed, they be there when this page meets the reader's eye,) lost, unless we have recruits by every vessel. Dr. Knox anticipates the ultimate decadence of the whole European stock here, just as the St. Michael's pears were thought to be dying out, — as the mastodons came to their end, — as the Spaniards in Mexico are wasting away before the native blood, which takes such a desolating revenge on the descendants of the conquerors. He predicts the restoration of the native race, "should the latter escape annihilation in the

mean time." A narrow chance it is. Between the humanity of their friends and the inhumanity of their enemies, the native race fares ill; and, far more destructive than either of these, such inherent seeds of ruin as are in childish improvidence, brutish cruelty, lust, laziness, intemperance, and starvation, are all the while decimating them with a fatal regularity, wholly independent of the work of external causes. Yet, if some sleeping potion shall give to some Indian lady a magic rest for some few thousand years in some enchanted wigwam, she will wake, according to Dr. Knox, to see a continent from which, by the "law of decadence," all the whites will have died off. Her own race, it needs no prophet to say, will have died off before; and she, having escaped the annihilation of her kin, will step forth, like another Pyrrha, upon a desert world.

By the side of this bold hypothesis, Professor Guyot tells us — writing, perhaps, on some day when he was homesick — that the vegetable world thrives in America at the expense of all the animal world; Dr. Carpenter, that we Yankees are all growing to look like Indians; while other authors confirm, more or less, such hypotheses, which would seem to belong to the straiter sect of a "Native-American," perhaps of a "Know-Nothing," philosophy. Of all of these Mr. Haven says: —

"Happily, our task is to record, not to reconcile, opinions. It would be as easy to give unity and consistency to a picture made up of sketches taken from different stand-points, under different lights, and at various degrees of perspective, as to project a congruous system of ethnology out of materials that writers have collected from different points of observation, often for contrary purposes, and affected by the coloring of opposite prejudices." — p. 98.

We know how little idea we give of the spirit and interest of these various inquiries by our brief index of the several heads examined. To give a single instance of the tempting fields of research brought to view, we will indulge ourselves in opening to the reader a sketch of the authorities and probabilities in that romantic, mysterious, and poetical tradition of Madoc, to which we have already alluded.

"In the History of Wales, translated by Dr. Powell from the origi-

nal British of Caradoc of Lhancarvan, is the foundation of the story of Madawk ap Owen Gwynedh, who, about 1170, as it is represented, sailed westward with a small fleet of ships, and, leaving Ireland on the North, came at length to an unknown country, where he left a part of his followers, and, returning home for more, bade a final adieu to his native land, and sailed again with ten ships." — p. 10.

Let it be observed, that he left a part of his men on his first voyage. "Here is," says Mr. Haven, "really all that is known in history respecting the voyage of Madoc."

But leaving Wales, there is certainly a remarkable series of authorities, independent of one another, as to the existence of the Welsh language on this side of the ocean. Mr. Haven brings these together thus: —

"The circumstances that may be adduced to prove the former existence of a Celtic colony in the Southern regions of the United States are certainly curious, and exhibit some remarkable coincidences.

"The Scandinavian tales of an 'Irish Christian people,' somewhere south of the Chesapeake, relate to a period nearly two centuries prior to the alleged expedition of Madoc, but deserve to be noticed in this connection. The same localities, near the Gulf of Mexico, have been assigned to them that are designated as the original abode of the followers of the Welsh chieftain.

"Then we have the story of the Rev. Morgan Jones, that the Tuscaroras understood his preaching 'in the British tongue,' about A. D. 1660; and the less definite accounts of 'one Stedman,' and 'one Oliver Humphreys,' respecting natives, somewhere near Florida, who spoke Welsh. To these are to be added the statements of Mr. Charles Beatty, a missionary, who visited the interior in the year 1766.

"Benjamin Sutton, a captive, informed him that he had been with the Choctaws to an Indian town, a very considerable distance from New Orleans, whose inhabitants were of different complexions, not so tawny as the other Indians, and who spoke Welsh, and that they had a book among them wrapped in skins, but could not read it; that he heard some of these afterwards in the lower Shawanaugh town speak Welsh with one Lewis, a Welshman, a captive; and that this Welsh tribe now live on the west side of the Mississippi, a great way above New Orleans.

"Levi Hicks, another captive, told Beatty that he had been in a town of Indians, on the west side of the Mississippi, who talked Welsh, as he was told, for he did not understand them. The account given by

Captain Isaac Stuart, said to be taken from his own mouth in 1782, and inserted in the Public Advertiser, Oct. 8, 1785, is in substance as follows: — That, eighteen years before, he was taken prisoner about fifty miles west of Fort Pitt, and carried by the Indians to the Wabash. After two years of bondage, he and a fellow-captive named John Davy (or David) were redeemed by a Spaniard, and accompanying him they crossed the Mississippi, near Red River, up which they travelled seven hundred miles, when they came to a nation of Indians remarkably white, and whose hair was mostly of a reddish color. The day after their arrival, the Welshman (David) declared his intention of remaining with that people, as he understood their language. Stuart's curiosity being excited by that information, he questioned the chiefs with the aid of his companion, and learned from them that their forefathers came from a foreign country and landed on the east side of the Mississippi, the chiefs describing particularly the country of Florida; and that, on the Spaniards taking possession of Mexico, they fled to their then abode. As a proof of their story, they exhibited rolls of parchment carefully tied up in otter's skins, on which were large characters written with blue ink, which the Welshman, being ignorant of letters, was unable to read.

"If these statements are compared with Mr. Catlin's account of the Mandans, they will be found to correspond remarkably with his convictions respecting the physical differences between them and other tribes, their probable descent from the followers of Madoc, and the course of their migrations. He would doubtless have employed them to strengthen his argument had he been aware of their existence. Antiquitates Americanæ, p. xxxvii. Williams's 'Inquiry,' &c., Am. Museum for April and May, 1792. Catlin's North American Indians, 6th Lond. ed., I. 206, II. Appendix A." — pp. 26, 27.

Mr. Catlin satisfied himself, in his residence among these very interesting Mandan Indians: — First, that they had slowly worked their way up the Missouri River, which was sufficiently clear, inasmuch as their old villages still existed in ruins lower down. Secondly, that their migration had continued for a long time seemed certain from the fact that they had names and representations of animals not belonging in their present home. One of these was the pheasant of the Ohio Valley, which gives them their name. Thirdly, it is undoubtedly true that they were an object of constant hostility to all the other tribes. They were reduced in numbers by their constant wars, being themselves the most highly culti-

vated people of the Western plains. There can be no doubt that the chief element of their language as spoken to-day is Dacotah or Sioux. But as the chief part of the language now spoken by cultivated Welshmen in Wales is English, so all that could be expected in the case of the relic of a Welsh colony would be that a few words should be preserved. The women of such a colony would be mostly Indians; and in the changes of eight hundred years the Welsh element of language would fare ill. And, in fact, Mr. Catlin presents an array of a dozen or more familiar words common to the Mandan and the Welshman, words which, it is to be observed, are not Dacotah or Sioux

Now let the ardent reader observe, that in 1767, according to Stuart's account, he and Davy crossed the Mississippi and ascended one of its western affluents. This was not, probably, our Red River;* — there is no reason why we should not understand it to be the Muddy River of the French maps of that day, our own Missouri. Seven hundred miles up this river they found men whom Davy said he understood, and with whom he stayed. Let this go as a traveller's story, still the circumstances remain in Stuart's account, that their chiefs came from a foreign country, landed on the eastern shore of the Mississippi, and had been driven up to the place where they were. Now, as to the Mandans, the certain facts are, that in 1767 they were settled in nine villages, — not seven hundred miles only, but nearer a thousand, up the river, perhaps eight hundred, by a trail along the valley. They were driven up ninety miles farther before 1805, — when Lewis and Clark found them, — and were then in but two villages. Thirty years later Mr. Catlin found they had removed again. They had then no memory of a foreign ancestry, but there were, as we have said, indications, amounting to a certainty, that they had emigrated from a region as far south as the home of the pheasant, either on the Ohio or the Lower Mississippi. These facts Mr. Catlin collects quite in ignorance of Stuart's story. He also finds Welsh words (or thinks he finds them, — nothing is so dangerous as such analogies).

* Because, seven hundred miles from the Mississippi, our Red River flows through a desert incapable of cultivation.

We certainly do not collate these authorities from Mr. Haven, and from Mr. Catlin, to whom he refers us, with any idea of sustaining a theory upon them. Were we not constitutionally cautious, Mr. Haven's example in such matters would make us so. We would rather suggest to some young inquirer of spirit, that here is a pleasant vein to trace out, which no one is exploring just now. And we will leave him to his inquiry with these hints: — that he thoroughly study the Dacotah or Sioux language, as contained in the Lexicon recently published by the Smithsonian Institution, in its work of "diffusing knowledge among men"; that he do the same with the Welsh language; that he track "Isaac Stuart," who was alive and in a deposing mood in 1782 – 85, — ascertain what became of him, and what character for truth and veracity he sustained; that he inquire whether Madoc's men would have had parchments written with blue ink or not; and that, by a visit to the "gentlemanly Mandans," he should make sure if they have no scrap of parchment among their medicines or totems.

The whiteness of the Mandans and the light color of their hair are facts generally acknowledged now, though not mentioned by Lewis and Clark, who give long accounts of them.

If the reader have not time for the studies we suggest, and ask us for a conjecture, we shall venture to repeat what we have written elsewhere, though it will not satisfy enthusiasts, because it halts between two opinions. "The most plausible ground, perhaps, for an enthusiast in the Welsh origin of the Mandans to take would be, that they are the representatives, not of Madoc's large colony, but of the small party he left in possession after his first voyage. A Welsh colony of ten ships fitted for settlement would have left some sign, had they ever landed; a handful of seamen would have been more easily absorbed."

After his examination of the questions of American Archæology, from the several phases of inquiry which we may call the historical, the monumental, the philological, and the physiological, Mr. Haven closes his treatise by a review of the various works on the subject, of which in these different points of view he has not fully spoken. Such are works

which examine the question, like his own, in various aspects, and deserve to be mentioned, not as authorities only, but as attempting a scientific examination of the general subject.

In this part of the book, the Danish antiquaries, Mr. Bradford, Messrs. Squier and Davis, and other American authors, and Mr. Schoolcraft's formidable mass of collections, come under review. A concluding chapter, with severe brevity, condenses the results of the whole inquiry.

These results, few but satisfactory so far as they go, are: —

1. That we have no right to speak as yet of either continent as geologically older than the other. That dogmatic science, geology, makes very bold assertions in the matter, but unfortunately makes them with equal boldness on each side.

2. The discovery of bones of men, together with the bones of non-existent species of animals, seems to be well authenticated, but it does not follow that either perished previously to our present geological period.

3. It seems probable, and almost certain, that casual passages from the Eastern to the Western continent were made, and more than once, in very rude ages. But,

4. "However frequent foreign accessions may have been, they have not had power to affect materially the structural uniformity of speech and physical conformation, and the homogeneous mental type, of the aboriginal inhabitants."

5. There can be no question that the Northmen made some of these casual passages; but "we are justified by the present aspect of the question in assuming that the Scandinavians have left no marks of residence, linguistic, physical, or monumental, to prove that they have primarily or secondarily been important contributors to the peopling of the New World."

6. The passage from the eastern shore of Asia to the northwest coast of America is more easily made, has doubtless been made more frequently, and in early times left far more important results, than any such passage of the Atlantic. But,

7. Beyond a few coincidences of no great importance, there is no evidence of connection between the northwest tribes of America and those of South America, except such as may be

inferred from the general unity of the American races. There are no satisfactory traces of migration from the north to the south.

8. Mr. Haven remarks in general, and, as we conceive, very soundly: —

"Affinities which have no *united* reference to any particular nation, but point now to one people, and then to another totally distinct from the first, and in a third case to others equally disconnected, however numerous they may be in the aggregate, tend, by their diversity, to weaken the force of each individual analogy as an evidence of origin, and can only serve to illustrate the possibility of accidental and partial communications. If congruous affinities, of a positive character, should be found in some detached locality, they might seem to indicate descent from a special stock; but claims to distinctive derivation, founded on such evidence, are opposed by the linguistic and physical proofs of a general unity of race throughout the entire continent. . . . . .

"Thus, if able philologists have shown the existence of certain general principles or phenomena in the languages of America, which are peculiar and characteristic, uniting them together, and distinguishing them from other languages; and if able anatomists have become assured of physical traits in the American aborigines which justify their classification as a separate variety of man, — exceptions which may be pointed out in either case do not necessarily impair the soundness of their general conclusions. For exceptions may, with plausibility, be attributed to causes that are accidental, and applicable only to particular instances; and although philological and physiological affinities with other races should be equally well established, the argument drawn from radical peculiarities and idiosyncrasies may still remain unsubverted, so long as the latter are paramount." — pp. 149, 150.

This suggestion should be borne in mind, before we are carried away captive by any theory of affinity based on one or two isolated observations. It applies, indeed, to the bold statement of the Chevalier Bunsen, that a very considerable part of the inhabitants of America belong to what he calls the Turanian* race. With regard to this statement, Mr. Haven remarks: —

"The classification of American languages with those comprehended under the term *Turanian* amounts simply to this: that the structure of the former exhibits that stage of advancement from an inorganic or

* Bunsen's Philosophy of Universal History, Vol. II. p. 115.

monosyllabic dialect which is indicated by the system of *agglutination*; in other words, it belongs to the oldest *organic* stage." — p. 151.

Of all these speculations, the result is thus summed up by our author: —

"Having the element of *time* granted, we may go behind the commencement of Chinese, Japanese, and other forms of Mongolian culture, and imagine the ancestors of our aborigines to have been still mere wanderers, without arts, and with no religious faith save the primitive Oriental worship of the sun. While the parent stock upon the Eastern continent would attain to whatever development it might reach under circumstances not entirely excluding it from being acted upon and instructed by other races, the offshoot in America would experience no external influences but those of nature, and would possess as a basis of advancement only the native instincts, and possibly a few traditions, of its race.

"In this manner, time and isolation, which are regarded as indispensable to one division of the problem, may be made to answer the exigencies of other divisions; and whatever is wanting to account for exceptional facts or circumstances may be supplied by the supposition of waifs from other nations, occasionally cast upon these shores." — pp. 152, 153.

9. The works of art, if they may so be called, discovered in various parts of our own country, do not indicate any higher civilization than the first European invaders found here, if we except those finer sculptures, representing tropical animals, which are in hard materials, and may have been brought from some distant country.

These conclusions, it will be seen, like the sound conclusions in most branches of human knowledge, show that we are certainly ignorant on most points, and that we certainly know very few. It is a satisfaction to know that we know something, it is not perhaps very probable that in this world we shall know much more, in these matters. Mr. Haven closes his review with the following words: —

"We desire to stop where evidence ceases, and offer no speculations as to the direction from which the authors of the vestiges of antiquity in the United States entered the country, or from whence their arts were derived. The deductions from scientific investigations, philological and physiological, tend to prove that the American races are of great antiquity. Their religious doctrines, their superstitions, both in

their nature and in their modes of practice, and their arts, accord with those of the most primitive age of mankind. With all their characteristics affinities are found in the early condition of Asiatic races; and a channel of communication is pointed out, through which they might have poured into this continent before the existing institutions and national divisions of the parent country were developed. Fortuitous arrivals, too inconsiderable in numbers and influence to leave decided impressions, may at intervals have taken place from other lands; and geographical facts and atmospherical phenomena may serve to explain why the New World remained so long a sealed book to the cultivated nations of Europe, or was only known through the vague intimations and rumors alluded to in history, such as the chances of the sea and indefinite reports from barbarous regions and peoples would be likely to bring to their ears." — pp. 158, 159.

So remarkable is the range of studies required for this curious and valuable treatise, and so many the authors whose conjectures, theories, and discoveries are combined in it, that it would not have been possible to any man, unless he had given to the task the effort of years. Mr. Haven has availed himself of his position as librarian of the American Antiquarian Society, whose collection, although limited, is probably the most complete, on these topics, of any which we have. In the course of many years of duty there, he has collected from very wide and diverse sources the observations which are here thrown together in systematic form. The fact that the results of study have thus been digested, so that we can find in one volume a sort of index to the thousand writers who have discussed various points of our archæology, gives a special interest to a proposal made by the Antiquarian Society, at its last year's annual meeting. Mr. Haven, as chairman of its committee of publication, suggested a plan for a quarterly or annual archæological journal, which should collect, publish, and so preserve, the frequent allusions to new developments and supposed discoveries relating to various questions in that department.

A general organ of American archæology, if it did no more than to collect, in one series, the various notes of different observers, now published in the newspapers and elsewhere, — as the French *Bulletin de Géographie* annually collects and publishes the different notices of progress in geographical

science, — would, by that mere collection, introduce system into a line of investigation which has thus far been singularly unsystematic. But we are confident that, under Mr. Haven's auspices, such a journal would become much more than a mere compend of observations published elsewhere.

We copy some of his suggestions from his own recent report: —

"It may, perhaps, be reasonable to expect that such an undertaking would, at its commencement, be comparatively humble and imperfect; and possibly doubts may be entertained whether sufficient materials to fill the pages and sustain their interest would present themselves. But a journal printed in a style of moderate expense, that would admit of a proportionately extensive circulation, might develop resources now dormant or unrecognized. There is a taste for investigation already prevalent, which it would be calculated to encourage and direct, as the appetite for such pursuits seldom fails to grow by what it feeds on. There are many claims of discoveries, more or less remarkable, that deserve so much attention as may be necessary to determine their reality and importance; or that should be recorded, where they can be readily referred to, should circumstances at any time give them additional significance. Of this nature are the frequent statements of the disinterment of coins, of an ancient and peculiar character, from considerable depths beneath the soil. Such, too, are the supposed Runic inscriptions on the Island of Monhegan, now exciting considerable interest; the inscribed stone found in the interior of New York, with the date of 1520, and possessing marks supposed to be indicative of the presence in that region of some one of the early Spanish adventurers; and the manuscript, of which a fac-simile is before us, bearing the date of Nov. 29, 1564, said to have been taken from a leaden enclosure that came from the bank of a stream in Swanton, Vt., near Lake Champlain, deemed worthy of consideration by scientific gentlemen at Burlington. Indeed, there is no paucity of similar themes for passing notice or investigation.

"There is one object of great moment to ethnologists, whose accomplishment might be facilitated by an organ of archæological miscellany. A common feeling exists in regard to the desirableness of preserving the native names of lakes, mountains, rivers, and localities throughout the country, with their true interpretation. This cannot well be effected suddenly, or by any one compiler. If undertaken by an individual, as a single task, there would be great liability to misconception for want of accurate information, and on account of the different spelling and varied construction given to the same or similar words occur-

ring in different localities. There are, however, many persons, in the various States and sections of the Union, who have given partial attention to the subject, and, by conference with intelligent Indians or other means, have collected and interpreted the traditionary appellations belonging to particular neighborhoods. It is also known that some gentlemen are attempting to form more general tables of these pregnant memorials of an expiring race; and it is probable, that, in the pages of a periodical open to such communications, and adapted to them in their elementary form, materials would accumulate, from whose number and variety a lexicon of aboriginal topography might ultimately be prepared with a reasonable degree of accuracy.

"It is not to be forgotten, that this institution is a continental one; and, although it may not be expected to organize explorations beyond the limits of the United States, it is under an implied obligation to be observant of whatever is transpiring relevant to its province in the Western hemisphere. The Mexican and the South American regions are fast losing their inaccessible character; and a systematic analysis of the reports of official surveyors, or the narratives of casual adventurers and travellers, that issue in various shapes from the press, might be fruitful of facts having an important ethnological bearing. It is well known that new views are being taken of both Mexican and Peruvian history. Strong suspicions are excited in regard to the trustworthiness of the Spanish chroniclers. Their observations and their representations are deemed to have been equally incorrect. What with pious frauds for religious objects, false or exaggerated bulletins for the enhancement of military achievements, and the application of the high-sounding terms and titles of civilized countries to the rude arts and institutions of the natives, very untrue impressions are believed to have been given of the real condition of the people, their traditional history, and their degree of civilization. A revision of opinions, which had been, to a certain extent, established, is already commencing, and may be expected to make some demand on public attention. Whatever may appear in the publications of the day, whether directly or only incidentally applicable to these and other ethnological questions, has an interest, which would be much enhanced by prompt association and comparison.

"To these considerations are to be added the advantages attending the form of a current vehicle for the publication of proceedings, reports, lists of donations, minor papers, extracts from manuscripts, &c., which are not adapted to the character of substantial memoirs." *

* Report of Committee on Publication to the American Antiquarian Society at its Annual Meeting, Boston, October 21, 1856, pp. 61 – 64.

We cannot but hope that this plan may be carried out, and that the Antiquarian Society, to which our literature is largely indebted, will undertake such a journal. It would indeed take up the study of our antiquities exactly where Mr. Haven's book has left it, and we should have a trustworthy compilation and record of any new observations or theories.

ART. VIII. — *Lectures on Quaternions; containing a Systematic Statement of a New Mathematical Method; of which the Principles were communicated in* 1843 *to the Royal Irish Academy, and which has since formed the Subject of successive Courses of Lectures delivered in* 1848 *and subsequent Years, in the Halls of Trinity College, Dublin: with numerous Illustrative Diagrams, and with some Geometrical and Physical Applications.* By Sir WILLIAM ROWAN HAMILTON, LL. D., M. R. I. A. Dublin: Hodges and Smith. 1853. 8vo. pp. 64, lxxii, 736.

IT is confidently predicted, by those best qualified to judge, that in the coming centuries Hamilton's Quaternions will stand out as the great discovery of our nineteenth century. Yet how silently has the book taken its place upon the shelves of the mathematician's library! Perhaps not fifty men on this side the Atlantic have seen it, certainly not five have read it.

There is something sublime in the secrecy in which the really great deeds of the mathematician are done. No popular applause follows the act; neither contemporary nor succeeding generations of the people understand it. The geometer must be tried by his peers, and those who truly deserve the title of geometer or analyst have usually been unable to find so many as twelve living peers to form a jury. Archimedes so far outstripped his competitors in the race, that more than a thousand years elapsed before any man appeared, able to sit in judgment on his work, and to say how far he had really gone. And in judging of those men whose names are worthy

of being mentioned in connection with his, — Galileo, Descartes, Leibnitz, Newton, and the mathematicians created by Leibnitz and Newton's calculus, — we are forced to depend upon their testimony of one another. They are too far above our reach for us to judge of them.

It may be true that really great men in any department are always rare. We have but one Plato and but one Homer, one Shakespeare, one Beethoven. But in other departments than that of mathematics, it is always easy to find competent judges. All men of a metaphysical turn of mind can appreciate the difference between Plato and Aristotle. Every man is ready to join in approval or condemnation of a philosopher or a statesman, a poet or an orator, an artist or an architect. But who can judge of a mathematician? Who will write a review of Hamilton's Quaternions, and show us wherein it is superior to Newton's Fluxions?

The great mathematician is a man peculiarly alone. Of all men, he most frequently treads

> "The silent desert of a great new thought."

He is alone, and if others essay to join him, before they can possibly accomplish the long and toilsome ascent, he will probably have mounted higher. He is alone, so far as human companionship is concerned. But he ofttimes feels the sublime joy of knowing that to him only of mortal men has been revealed a thought of the Infinite Geometer who has created all things in number, weight, and measure. He stands in the council-chamber of Him who made the Seven Stars and Orion, and guides Arcturus and his sons.

The prominent reason why a mathematician can be judged by none but mathematicians, is that he uses a peculiar language. The language of Mathesis is special and untranslatable. In its simplest forms it can be translated, as, for instance, we may explain a right angle to mean a square corner. But go a little higher in the science of mathematics, and it is impossible to dispense with a peculiar language. It would defy all the power of Mercury himself to explain to a person ignorant of the science what is meant by the simple phrase "functional exponent." How much more impossible,

if we may say so, would it be to explain a whole treatise like Hamilton's Quaternions, in such wise as to make it possible to judge of its value! But to one who has learned this language, it is the most precise and clear of all possible modes of expression. It delivers the thought exactly as conceived by the writer, with more or less beauty of form, but never with obscurity. It may be prolix, as it often is among French writers; may delight in mere verbal metamorphoses, as in the Cambridge University in England; or adopt the briefest and clearest forms, as under the pen of the geometer at our Cambridge; but it always reveals to us precisely the writer's thought. Hence the judgment which mathematicians, competent to judge at all, pronounce upon one another's work, is matter of certainty, — of knowledge, not of mere opinion. There can never be the doubt which we sometimes feel in criticising a philosopher or essayist, whether the writer had any real thoughts, — whether he was not skilfully using language to conceal his want of ideas.

Moreover, the nature of the subjects of which the analyst and geometer treats, is such that an almost equal degree of certainty belongs to the results of his study. It is a very rare thing for him to be mistaken in a matter to which he applies his tests. How often is Dr. Lardner's reported decision against the practicability of ocean steamers brought up to invalidate the decisions of science! The fact that this supposed mistake of a second-rate man is so continually quoted, shows that there are no real mistakes of first-class men to justify rebellion against scientific authority.

Popular sympathy is now-a-days on the side of the inventor, and the report of science adverse to his hopes is on that account unwillingly received. All the world wished Ericsson success in his new ocean motor, and we were therefore ready to hope that the inexorable decision of Professor Peirce against it would prove erroneous. But time certainly seems in this case inclined to confirm the analyst, rather than the inventor.

There is a popular sympathy also with rebellion, and lovers of freedom cheer on those who rebel against the rule of the mathematicians. It is not long since we heard one of the most acute and brilliant essayists of our country expressing his sympathy and hopes of success for one who was making an

attack upon Newton's Principia. We at once replied to him, that Newton's Principia was not a publication of opinions which were subject to be controverted, but a contribution to knowledge which is undeniably true. He, therefore, who attacks the Principia does not show his courage and originality of thought, but simply displays his ignorance. That the three angles of a triangle are equal to two right angles is not a matter of opinion. It cannot be debated, even if one could be found so ignorant as to doubt its truth.

From this certainty in mathematical knowledge, and from the rareness of such ability and taste as lead a man to high attainments in it, the loneliness of the position of him who achieves some new triumph in this field seems to us peculiarly sublime. It was not without profound emotion that we read the close of Hamilton's preface to his work on Quaternions, where he gives thanks "above all to that Great Being, who has graciously spared to him such a measure of health and energy as was required for bringing to a close this long and laborious undertaking." This sentence indicates a just sense, equally of his exaltation above men, and his dependence upon God. It is the same true spirit of the geometer which led Pythagoras, twenty-three hundred years earlier, to offer a hecatomb in gratitude to the gods for the discovery of a single new proposition in regard to the right triangle. And if the world should stand for twenty-three hundred years longer, the name of Hamilton will be found, like that of Pythagoras, made immortal by its connection with the eternal truth first revealed through him.

The genuine spirit of Mathesis is devout. No intellectual pursuit more truly leads to profound impressions of the existence and attributes of a Creator, and to a deep sense of our filial relations to him, than the study of these abstract sciences. Who can understand so well how feeble are our conceptions of Almighty Power, as he who has calculated the attraction of the sun and the planets, and weighed in his balance the irresistible force of the lightning? Who can so well understand how confused is our estimate of the Eternal Wisdom, as he who has traced out the secret laws which guide the hosts of heaven, and combine the atoms on earth? Who so well

can understand that man is made in the image of his Creator, as he who has sought to frame new laws and conditions to govern imaginary worlds, and found his own thoughts similar to those on which his Creator has acted? An unjust prejudice has attributed a petrifying influence to these studies, and they have been thought to render men indisposed towards spiritual views. But in truth, the charge of atheistic tendency brought against science betrays a lack of faith in the accuser. He that believes in a Creator, and in our sonship to that Divine Builder, must believe that any approach to truth brings us nearer to God, or at least that the knowledge of truth cannot cause any separation between us and Him.

The genuine spirit of science is also one of philanthropy. The great discoverers in science have always had an unconquerable desire to teach others the truths which they had learned. This feeling is entirely independent of the more selfish desire to have their labors crowned with fame. Those eagerly solicitous for fame have not been the true leaders in scientific discovery, while those who have really made the greatest advances in science have always shown the most intense eagerness to lead others to the same knowledge. There is something in the joy of discovering truth which is peculiarly unselfish, and yearns to impart the like joy.

At the same time, the pursuit of mathematical science makes its votary appear singularly indifferent to the ordinary interests and cares of men. Seeking eternal truths, and finding his pleasures in the realities of form and number, he has little interest in the disputes and contentions of the passing hour. His views on social and political questions partake of the grandeur of his favorite contemplations, and, while careful to throw his mite of influence on the side of right and truth, he is content to abide the workings of those general laws by which he doubts not that the fluctuations of human history are as unerringly guided as are the perturbations of the planetary host. It is this unwearied patience, and reliance on the counsels of the Eternal Will, that cause the man of science sometimes to appear indifferent to the interests of his race, on which meanwhile his most earnest thoughts may be fixed,

and for which his most laborious efforts may be undertaken. The usual records of history may take little note of his achievements, but they at length make their mark upon the progress of human society. The school of Plato has advanced the interests of the race as much through geometry as through philosophy. The modern engineer, the navigator, the astronomer, build on the truths which those early Greeks discovered in their purely speculative investigations. And if the poetry, statesmanship, oratory, and philosophy of our day owe much to Plato's divine Dialogues, our commerce, our manufactures, and our science are equally indebted to his Conic Sections. Later instances may be abundantly quoted, to show that the labors of the mathematician have outlasted those of the statesman, and wrought mightier changes in the condition of the world. Not that we would rank the geometer above the patriot, but we claim that he is worthy of equal honor. All seekers after truth are in reality working together for the human race, in whatever department they labor. But if one is a sincere seeker, while the other is but a selfish aspirant, who shall compare their worth? The scientific results attained during the French Revolution, by men who stood aloof from the deadly contest, were of more value to the world than all which was accomplished by the most triumphant selfish demagogues. The discoveries of Newton have done more for England and for the race, than has been done by whole dynasties of British monarchs; and we doubt not that in the great mathematical birth of 1853, the Quaternions of Hamilton, there is as much real promise of benefit to mankind as in any event of Victoria's reign.

We have alluded to the value of such triumphs of science to the commerce and manufactures of men, and we might add that their value is still greater to the intellectual wants of the race. No man but is elevated and cheered by the simple knowledge that such achievements are possible to man. We are all kindred to the great spirits of all times. It is this that gives us our interest in heroic deeds. No soul is so low but that the example of virtue touches it with a sacred fire, — no heart so dead but that the recital of an act of heroism will arouse it to a quicker pulse; and, in like manner, no man is

of so humble powers as not to glow with just pride on hearing of the signal triumphs of human research. The knowledge that such attainments are possible to souls still dwelling in these heavy garments of the flesh, shames the indolent, encourages the studious, and fills every heart with a just pride, which says, "This was the achievement of a man, and I too am a man."

The Mathematics are usually considered as being the very antipodes of Poesy. Yet Mathesis and Poesy are of the closest kindred, for they are both works of the imagination. Poetry is a creation, a making, a fiction; and the Mathematics have been called, by an admirer of them, the sublimest and most stupendous of fictions. It is true; they are not only μάθησις, learning, but ποίησις, a creation. In looking over Hamilton's eight hundred pages on Quaternions (for we will not pretend to say we have read them), nothing has seemed to us more remarkable than the fertility of the imagination which for thirty-four years has been employed in building so magnificent, so complicated, yet so simple and grand, a portico before the great temple of science.

The Imagination has been defined by many late writers as a higher power than the Fancy; and this distinction is just, so far as regards the powers themselves. Yet we cannot but regret, that, in drawing it, we are left without a common term which shall include all which was formerly embraced in the Greek-derived *fancy* and the Latin-born *imagination*. We need a general expression for that action of the faculties in which they are engaged neither in perception nor in reasoning, but in *image*-ination, or *phantasy*-making. We were made in the *image* of our Creator, and are ourselves creators, by virtue of this power of *imagination*, which, in its highest sense, gave us birth. The world about us is the pattern which suggests ideas to us, and stimulates us to create anew after the pattern shown us there. At first, our imitation is literal and servile, scarce more than a repeating from memory the lessons of the school of life. But as we increase in power, we cease to imitate any farther than every act of creation is imitation, and we pour forth our own ideas and our own feelings by the same modes in which the Eternal

and Infinite Spirit has taught us truth, or appealed to our hearts.

The mind has three modes of action. It receives and remembers impressions; it creates and communicates similar impressions; it compares and judges those impressions. The first mode of action constitutes perception and memory; the second, fancy and imagination; the third, reasoning and criticism. The fancy and imagination act, also, in a twofold manner. Sometimes they create with a simple reference to the sentiment or feeling which they would embody, and then their action is called Art. Sometimes they create with sole reference to reasoning or criticism upon their results, and this constitutes Science, of which Mathesis is a branch. Mathematics and Poetry are, therefore, the utterance of the same power of imagination, only that in the one case it is addressed to the head, in the other, to the heart. Our meaning may be illustrated in a familiar way by a reference to the simplest geometrical form, — the straight line. The great Architect of the heavens and earth has used the straight line but sparingly in creation; yet there are sufficiently numerous examples of it, and approximations to it, to suggest the idea to the mind. Fancy then builds the idea of a straight line with threefold purpose; — first, as an element in useful arts; secondly, as an element in fine art and poetry; thirdly, as an element in scientific demonstration. The poetical use of the straight line is familiar, even in our most common and every-day speech; the mouth of every man is accustomed to use figures drawn from it. The words right, rectitude, straightforward, direct, indirect, and the like, when used in a moral sense, are, in fact, abridged metaphors drawn from a straight line. The man of integrity aims straight for his mark, without deceptions and false pretences, and all the words which we have quoted contain in their very form an allusion to this. In mathematical science, the straight line is a conception employed for very different purposes, as constituting the sides of triangles, the radii of circles, and the like. But in whichever way the conception is used, it is the same power of imagination which pictures to the fancy the line going straight from point to point, turning neither to the right nor left. The conception

must be equally clear for either purpose; it only needs sharper definition for the one than for the other.

To rise from this simplest example to higher walks of poetry, let us take Milton's imagination, as displayed in the Paradise Lost. The poet pictures to us the forms of angels, both of those that fell and those that kept their first estate, — depicts their state in the heavenly courts, and in the flaming billows of the abyss. Here is a creation, by the poet, of material forms, acting under new material laws, subject to blows without being crushed, subject to flames without being consumed. In like manner, only with vastly more precision, the mathematician creates new material worlds, subject to new conditions. Having learned most accurately by what laws the Supreme Creator formed and governs the visible earth and heavens, the mathematician learns how to imagine matter subjected to other laws than these, and is able to state, with absolute precision, what would have been the effect had those other laws prevailed. He adds thus to his faith in the wisdom of God the force of demonstration, by proving that no other laws could have produced so harmonious a world as this.

The mathematician can go further than this. The poet requires, for his fancy, material forms. He must speak of floods and flames, of rocks and trees, of earth and air and sky, because he utters the language of feeling, and feeling is excited only through the medium of some spoken or written symbol, or in presence of some tangible fact. Emotions cannot be aroused by what is abstract and essentially invisible. Even our love towards Him whom we are bound to love with all our hearts and all our strength, is called out either by the beauty, magnificence, and beneficent arrangement of these works of His hands, or else by the gracious words that fell from the lips of Him through whom God was manifested in the flesh. Abstract definitions of the Divine Being never could have awakened a feeling in our hearts. Poetry and eloquence must therefore deal in things sensible, visible, or tangible. They can never for an instant dispense with figurative expressions, figures drawn from sense.

But the mathematician can sweep away all thought of

matter, and revel in the creation of forms of abstract beauty, with a delight made keener, it is true, by the recollection of the beauty which the Creator has embodied around us, but yet capable of being enjoyed in and for itself. By far the greater part of the most beautiful curved lines that have been invented and investigated by the mathematician have never been drawn by him upon paper. Whole treatises have been written on curves the most curious and interesting in their properties, which have existed only in the imagination of the geometer, or in the trackless realms of space. The laws of mathematics are independent of this material world. Nay, the mathematician goes farther than this. He ventures to imagine the non-existence of matter. Bolder in his flights than Milton or Dante or Bunyan, whose dreams of things celestial and things infernal were still patterned after things on earth, the geometer throws away not only the forms of things visible, but even their existence. He imagines himself to be alone, separated not only from earth and heaven, but from all memory of material things. "Now," he says to himself, "let me, in imagination, create a world, in which I shall embody no recollection whatever of earthly things. I will not borrow anything from memory, except the mere ideas of number, time, and space. I will retain my own consciousness of power, and then I will see what sort of world I can build in my fancy." This is a bolder flight of imagination than that of any poet that ever lived. And yet it has been taken by one of our own mathematicians, and with success. No man, of course, can follow him in his flight, except one who has been fitted for it by long and arduous training; but those who are thus prepared tell us that Professor Peirce has succeeded in showing that from our *a priori* conceptions of form, number, and power we should be inevitably led, were creation intrusted to us, to create a world similar in its plan to this, — that our earthly chemistry, mechanics, electricity, and zoölogy are thus foreshadowed in our ideas of number, space, and time. Thus he shows that our minds are in the likeness of our Creator's, — that our thoughts are kindred to his. Thus he demonstrates that true science is a handmaid to Christian faith, and is one of the potent agencies operating

with that Divine plan which would reconcile erring and rebellious men to their loving Father.

But while we exalt the office of the mathematician, we would not forget that imagination under his control is limited in its sphere. He deals only with Force, Space, and Time. Thought, Emotion, Feeling, and Character, — all that relates to spiritual natures in themselves is beyond his jurisdiction. It is here that one distinction between the mathematician and the poet lies. But the greatest difference between the two lies in this, that, while all the fictions of the poet's imagination are merely fictions, those of the mathematician have a real and necessary existence. The poet's creation, if it have any value, must be natural; that is, must be formed after some clear and harmonious conception developed in a symmetrical and consistent manner. It must be possible; we do not mean possible under existing physical laws, but possible under some conceivable law. When a poet steps beyond this, he becomes absurd; his character or scene is self-contradictory, and cannot be considered as of any worth whatever. In other words, the poet is limited to conceiving what is conceivable, and cannot conceive of what is inconceivable; a very shallow truism it may be thought. Yet, truism though it be, it cannot be affirmed of the geometer and analyst. The mathematician is not limited to conceiving what is conceivable, and he does conceive of what is inconceivable. Nay, while the imaginary beings and imaginary scenes of the poet are so called because they can be imagined, the imaginary quantities of the mathematician are such as cannot be imagined. Whatever the mathematician really imagines, is not imaginary, but real. Three points in one straight line are readily imagined, and really exist, because the points are only places, and if one of three stakes which the engineer drives to mark the places is out of the line, the place in which he ought to have driven it no less exists. So every line, straight or curved, contains a row of innumerable points, and each point is but a position in space, indestructible and eternal. The beautiful curves investigated by the geometer, but never drawn, really exist at every point of universal space, and although they are in one sense the creation of his fancy, in

another sense they are uncreated, and from eternity to eternity unchangeable. They are the creation of his fancy, because they are not existent in matter; and although some of them are suggested by the forms of material things, — as the sphere, for example, is suggested by a thousand objects, from a berry on its stem, up to the vault of blue above us, — yet others are unlike anything in creation, and nothing has ever been presented to the senses which could give even a hint towards their construction. They are evolved wholly from the thought of the mathematician, — the pure fabrication of his fancy. Yet they are uncreated and eternal realities, — forms in space, which are in their own nature self-existent and indestructible.

But the imaginary lines and points of the mathematician are those which cannot be imagined, — those which would be required to fulfil absurd conditions. We can conceive that such imaginary quantities may be of real meaning, from a consideration of the somewhat analogous case of negative quantities. To a child it seems utterly absurd to talk of subtracting 4 from 3, and finding a remainder of —1. This remainder of —1, *one less than nothing*, is to the child a perfectly inconceivable quantity. Yet to adults it is not only conceivable, but sensible; especially if it be in the shape of a debt remaining after our money is exhausted, or a temperature below zero when our fuel is gone. In these cases the absurd question, leading to the absurdity of speaking of anything less than nothing, conceals a real question, to which we obtain a real answer, in an absurd form. In a somewhat analogous manner, every absurd geometrical question contains a concealed real question, to which an absurd answer can be obtained concealing a real answer.

If, for instance, we should speak of the situation of a town within ten miles from Boston, and yet within fifteen miles of Philadelphia, the absurdity of the thing would be unpardonable in the writer of a tale. Yet the mathematician will readily fix the position of such a town for us, and tell us how far it is from New York. This is a familiar illustration; but it is true, in general, that no question is too absurd for the geometer to answer. He has a set of symbols prepared, by which he can designate lines drawn in any *in*conceivable way

as readily as he shows those which are conceivable. He will measure the angles of a triangle, in which one side is longer than the other two put together; tell at what inclination to set a flag-staff so as to have its top higher from the ground than the whole height of the pole; and describe for you the situation of a straight line which turns a corner. It may seem that this is mere childish folly,—that this imaginary calculus can only be the amusement of a mathematician's leisure. By no means. This conception of the inconceivable, this measurement of what not only does not, but cannot exist, is one of the finest achievements of the human intellect. No one can deny that such imaginings are indeed imaginary. But they lead to results grander than any which flow from the imaginations of the poet. The imaginary calculus is one of the master keys to physical science. These realms of the inconceivable afford in many places our only mode of passage to the domains of positive knowledge. Light itself lay in darkness until this imaginary calculus threw light upon light. And in all modern researches into electricity, magnetism, and heat, and other subtile physical inquiries, these are the most powerful instruments. Indeed, Hamilton's Quaternions may be considered in one light as a branch of the Imaginary Calculus.

This allusion to the book whose title we have placed at the head of our article reminds us that we have not yet given any description of its contents. It is with hesitation that we endeavor to do this. The truths of mathematics are with difficulty translated into the ordinary forms of language; and the most successful attempts will convey but a faint idea.

Geometry in general might be defined as the science of form, treating of all imaginable shapes. Modern geometry goes, however, farther than this, and treats of all the relations of space to itself and to its parts.

Algebra was originally an extension of the art of numbers. Its fundamental conceptions, however, imply the element of time; and Sir W. R. Hamilton, many years ago, endeavored to evolve a pure science of Time analogous to Geometry, the science of Space. He was led to this attempt by a singular passage in Kant, who speaks of Time and Space as foundations of the *a priori* sciences.

From Algebra and Geometry combined sprang Trigonometry, or the arithmetic of sines. In this beautiful branch of Mathesis the chief machine for producing results consists of the three words *sine*, *tangent*, and *secant*. These words stand for numerical quotients obtained from dividing one side of a right triangle by another side. Their value evidently depends on the shape of the triangle, and not upon its size. By means of these quotients arranged in a table for every variety of right triangle, the calculation of all figures which can be subdivided into triangles is rendered exceedingly simple.

The essence of Analytical Geometry consists in conceiving lines and surfaces as the dwelling-place of points, and then expressing by algebraic language the whereabouts of a point in a manner which shall be at once loose enough to allow the point to be in any part of the line or surface, and yet strict enough to forbid its being anywhere else.

The Differential and Integral Calculus imagines the point as wandering about in its prescribed limits, and from the law of its motion at each instant of its path would detect the peculiar character of the line in which it moves, or from the character of the line deduce the law of the motion of the point.

No person would infer from these definitions of well-known branches of mathematics the true extent of their field, or the energy and yet versatility of their powers. Let none therefore think slightingly of Hamilton's Quaternions from the description which we will now attempt to give.

A line in its full signification does not signify merely length, but direction also. The distance from Boston to Albany is not only 200 miles, but 200 miles west. In like manner, from Albany to New York is 160 miles south. The sum of the two journeys is, therefore, 240 miles southwest. In like manner, a Bostonian, wishing to go to New York, and going to Albany, would have subtracted 200 miles of westing from his 240 miles southwest journey, and would have a remainder of 160 miles southern journey to perform. These are the new significations which Quaternions impose upon the words Addition and Subtraction. Two sides of a triangle are in this calculus equal to the third, and the difference of two is likewise equal to the third.

But it is the new interpretation of Division that gives a name to Hamilton's new mathematical engine. A quotient is the representation of the ratio or relation of two quantities to each other. But the relation of two sides of a triangle to each other requires for its complete expression at least four (*quater*) numbers. One number is required to express the relative length of the two sides; another to express the angle which they make with each other; and two more are required to express the position of the plane of the triangle, — what angle, for instance, it makes with the meridian and what with the horizon.

It is simply the patient working out of this fundamental idea, that a line has direction as well as length, that has built this eternal monument to the glory of Hamilton of Dublin, which must command the admiration even of those who appreciate more easily the labors of Hamilton of Edinburgh.

ART. IX. — *Life Pictures: from a Pastor's Note-Book.* By ROBERT TURNBULL. New York: Sheldon, Blakeman, & Co. 1857. 12mo. pp. 342.

WE have not taken this book as our text, because it is in every, or even in any, respect its author's most noteworthy book. But it is his latest, and he has been so long and so usefully before the literary world, that we should do ourselves injustice in not availing ourselves of the opportunity he now offers us of rendering him justice, though tardy. His "Christ in History," which we characterized in a "critical notice" of half a dozen lines, might have afforded an easier theme for a journal precluded, equally by our own sense of fitness and the just expectations of our public, from discussions which trench upon the grounds of controversial theology. In that work there was not a leading view or pervading sentiment, and hardly a subsidiary thought, which could fail of the entire assent of all Christian readers, while in the work now in hand

the author's own creed and ritual, though not obtrusively urged, are necessarily made somewhat prominent.

The first thought that suggests itself concerning Dr. Turnbull's style is, that it eludes criticism. Apart from the ideas and sentiments which it expresses, it has no striking traits that demand either praise or censure; unless this negative statement be in itself the highest praise. His diction is never inflated, or ambitious, or redundant; for he evidently never writes for the sake of airing his vocabulary, or with the purpose of attracting notice or acquiring reputation merely as a writer. On the other hand, there are no marks of negligence and no sins against good taste; for these cannot be even in the rapid composition of a man whose native powers and liberal culture conspire to give him free command of language. In fine, Dr. Turnbull's sole aim evidently is the direct and intelligible expression of his thought, — the transfer by the simplest means possible of what lies in his own mind to the mind of his reader. In the singleness of this aim, he perhaps sometimes omits legitimate and graceful modes of persuasion and impression, glances from a topic before he has exhausted its wealth of argument or motive, and makes less than he easily might of openings for appeal to the fancy and the emotional nature. We are occasionally annoyed by the brevity of a strain which we would gladly have prolonged, and especially by the very cursory treatment of scenes or events in themselves deeply pathetic; and yet we are inclined to think it the more manly part for the author to leave his readers to do their own weeping, instead of playing Melpomene at every hand's turn.

Dr. Turnbull is a strong and earnest worker in the highest department of thought and effort. He has faith in Christianity, not only as the Gospel of redemption to the isolated soul, but as a regenerating force, whose development has given and will give the key-note to all history, and whose workings, whether traced in the great heart of humanity along the ages, or analyzed in the life-experience of the individual, are the surest evidence of its Divine source and mission. He is earnestly solicitous to exalt this force to its due place in the esteem of influential minds, and to imbue with its spirit those

whose action is to mould the nearer, and thus the more distant, future of our country and our common Christendom. This aim, so broad and high, is of course incompatible with sectarianism, or with other than the most comprehensive views and the most catholic sympathies. His books are thus adapted to win the interest, sustain the faith, and stimulate the courage, of Christians of every denomination, and can in no sense be deemed the exclusive concern or property of those appertaining to his own section of the Church. And here we ought to explain what we said with reference to the incidentally denominational character of the book now under review. It is a record of facts and conversations that have fallen within his own knowledge and experience; and, as he is a Calvinistic Baptist, of course his walks of social intercourse and professional duty have for the most part either lain within or led to the fold to which his own pastorate belongs. His specific purpose in this work we can best define by quoting a portion of his Preface.

"The object of the following 'Life Pictures,' including narratives, conversations, letters, and so forth, is to bring out, in concrete form, the true idea of the inner or divine life.

"It is designed especially for inquiring minds, haunted, perhaps, by the prevalent scepticism, or by other forms of doubt.

"The spiritual life is ever a struggle with opposing elements; and in almost every mind there comes a period of doubt and conflict, always painful, sometimes appalling. This is the case especially with strong, contemplative natures, who revolve the problem of life in its deeper significance.

"Such are to be found in all spheres, whether of professional or of business life; and often, when we least suspect it, in the bosom of our families.

"Doubt, indeed, is the disease of this inquisitive, restless age. It is the price we pay for our advanced intelligence and civilization. It is the dim night of our resplendent day. But as the most beautiful light is born of darkness, so the faith which springs from conflict is often the strongest and best.

"From an intimate acquaintance, during a pastorate of a quarter of a century, with a great variety of minds, many of them reclaimed from scepticism, the author supposed he might prepare a work which would be useful in this direction. The experience of some of these reclaimed sceptics is given in this volume.

"Other sketches and illustrations are added, to bring out, as vividly as possible, the various phases of Christian experience, from its beginning in regeneration to its consummation in glory. The author believes that it is our privilege and duty, as Christians, to rise into a higher plane of life than is generally hoped for in the present day. He is persuaded, also, that the true idea of Christianity, as a vital power, is the best antidote to infidelity. To aid in the attainment of that 'perfect love,' which 'casteth out' both doubt and fear, is one aim of this work; for in this consists the essence of the true life, which is ever a vital divine force or germ, the invariable tendency of which must be to beauty, fruitfulness, and joy. As it comes from God, it ascends to God. Hence it is fitly described as 'a life in God,' ever blessed and immortal." — pp. iii. – v.

In pursuance of this design, the author has evidently kept himself within the limits of fact, not only as regards the main outlines of each sketch, but as to the details in which fancy might often have striven to usurp the place of memory. The characters are not idealized, but are such as we have all met with, some of them commonplace characters, except as brought out in strong individuality by peculiar religious experiences, — others of them persons of rare gifts and merits, yet like the eminently good whom we have known, and not like the saints of fiction whom we never wish to know. The conversations in which the writer professes to have borne part are such as we can have no doubt took place; and so far are they from being compressed into the prim, artificial moulds in which book-dialogues are often cast, that we can hardly conceive of such *talks* being written down except from memory. Objections and difficulties are met in these colloquies with great skill indeed, but in the off-hand way in which a man of the author's large resources might have met them without specific preparation, not with the elaborate and exhausting treatment which they would have received in his study. The book would have been more exciting, had Dr. Turnbull drawn upon his imagination for characters and incidents; but to us it is immeasurably more interesting and valuable, as a transcript of fact and experience, than had it been merely his own opinions and speculations dramatized.

We are thankful to Dr. Turnbull for not having given us another volume of religious fiction. We believe works of

this kind to be injurious in precise proportion to their reputed excellence, that is, to their vividness of character-painting, their minuteness of detail, and their religiousness of tone. When skilfully written, they present ideals of attainment and experience, which either cannot be reached by frail humanity, or which are ill adapted to the condition and needs of the world as it is; and in the former case they dishearten, in the latter they mislead, aspirants for goodness, while in both they tend to make the working-day piety of the current age seem low and vapid. We have read, we cannot say how often, and with an interest that never wanes, "The Shepherd of Salisbury Plain"; but we should hardly like to put the story into the hands of the class of persons for whom it was specially designed. We have known not a few very devout persons in humble and obscure conditions, and are sure that the best of them could not for his life talk as the "Shepherd" does; and we should expect only to cast reproach on their plain and simple way of acting out their Christian principle, by holding forth his grandiloquent discourse as a model for them. If we are to have religious fiction, let it, like Bunyan's great prose epic, appropriate to itself realms of fancy not occupied by actual life. Vision and allegory are legitimate vehicles of instruction and impression; for they may inspire and invigorate the reader without creating false expectations. They may fill the soul with noble and holy thought, without offering unattainable models, or pouring contempt on the simple, unpretending forms in which true religion incarnates itself in the walks of common life. They are penitence, duty, prayer, and praise personified, not men travestied. Above all, for argumentative purposes, religious fiction is worse than worthless; for there is no power of conviction or persuasion in deeds which we know not that men have ever wrought, in utterances the like of which may never have proceeded from mortal lips, in experiences which may have had no prototype in fact.

But Biography is argument, and may be demonstration. What man has been, represents actual causes and forces in the moral universe. What man has attained, is attainable by others. What men have found true, they have proved true. Temptations, doubts, difficulties, which a single individual

has encountered and overcome, lie, no doubt, in the path of many, and it behooves such to know the modes and the weapons by which they have been met and vanquished. And as for what seem peculiar experiences, the probability is that they are not so. There are few or no moral idiosyncrasies. The religious teacher, who has studied and probed what seems to him a case entirely unprecedented, may feel sure, if he so shapes his discourse as to meet that one case, that he is giving utterance to what a score or a hundred of his congregation need to have said; and by a homily, which is adapted, so far as he knows, to the demands of but a single soul, he will probably confer the highest spiritual benefit and obligation on a large class of his hearers.

We deem it, then, a crowning merit of the book before us, that it is biography, not fiction. Yet it is biography, not cold and unimpassioned, but cast into vivid, glowing forms by profound appreciation and intense sympathy; and as it often approaches the confines of the unseen world, it borrows thence much of its fervent rhetoric and brilliant imagery, and expatiates with firm tread and clear vision in "the country of Beulah." We have seldom met with anything more beautiful than the following description of the renewed life of a haughty and selfish woman, a queenly wife, a passionately fond mother, whose heart is won for heaven by the death of the children who had been her idols.

"Heaven began to open upon Aurelia. God was just; God also was wise and merciful. Death as well as life was his. Through his love and power, death, the curse, was transformed into a blessing. Indeed, under Christ and his transforming power, death is no longer death. Life is the preparation for heaven; death, the dawn of an immortal day. Her children were not lost, not even to her. Ah! how radiant and beautiful they appeared in the new spiritual world into which, by faith, she had come! Their green graves, and the flowers blooming there, were the lowly but significant emblems of the supernal glory; as, indeed, all the forms of the outward world are but the image and emblem of the heavenly state.

"Well, then, Aurelia must live, not for herself, but for others; not for time, but for eternity. The long, long summer is dawning yonder upon the hills of God. A few more years, and she will pass to the heavenly home. This life is transient, and yet, as the pledge and prep-

aration of the eternal life, how significant and beautiful! How glorious even death, transfigured by the light of heaven, just as yon thunder-clouds upon the horizon are transfigured by the golden sunlight!

"Thus Aurelia walked in the light of God. Heaven was in her heart, including Christ and the holy angels, the spirits of the just, and all the glorified children, who wander on the marge of the river of life, crowning themselves with unfading lilies!

"And as the light in an alabaster vase renders it luminous as well as beautiful, so the light in her soul shone from her face, and shed soft radiance around her. She was lovelier than ever; she was beautiful, especially to the wretched. She was happy, too, — happier far than in the days of her vanity. Indeed, she told a friend she was happy because she loved, — that she had never, till now, known true joy. The past was a splendid but deceitful masquerade, behind whose glancing forms lurked sin and death. But now she looked upon things as they were, and found that all was full of God, full of blessing. Earth and heaven were really one; for the former, like the morning, or the spring-time, was the pledge and preparation for the other.

"And thus Aurelia walked softly in the opening dawn of an eternal day." — pp. 288, 289.

We have also been impressed equally with the simplicity, the rationalness, and the beauty of the author's own views of the heavenly state, in his reported conversation with one, the days of whose slow and peaceful decline were passed "within sight of the city she was going to," and in near and happy communion with "the inhabitants thereof."

"She asked me, one day, what I thought of heaven, — whether it was a place, or simply a state or sphere.

"I replied, both; for while its essential felicity must consist in the flowering of our spiritual perfection, and must bear the same relation to our present state as summer to spring, or the 'white lily' to its stem and root, our finite natures demand locality and form, and must ever conceive of heaven as a glorious and blessed place.

"Yes, she said, it so seemed to her. She wanted to be at home there.

"'But will not the place,' she added, 'be very different from the one we now occupy?'

"'Of course, just as the risen body will be very different from the present. Yet they will each of them sustain an intimate relation to the other. "Flesh and blood," we are told, "cannot inherit the kingdom of God; neither doth corruption inherit incorruption." This gross,

changeable, and mortal frame will give place to one ethereal and perfect, or, as the Apostle Paul terms it, "spiritual" and "incorruptible." The old heavens and the old earth will pass away, but there will be "new heavens and a new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness." Of course we cannot well conceive this new order of things now, just as a chrysalis, supposing it (for the sake of illustration) conscious and rational, and inspired with the hope of the strange and beautiful transformation through which it is to pass, could form no conception of the new world of sunshine and flowers in which, as a winged, ethereal creature, it will expatiate.'

"'But do you think,' she added, with animation, 'we shall know one another there?'

"'I see no reason to doubt it,' was my reply; 'for we shall certainly lose none of our essential faculties in heaven; nay, they will be greatly refined and exalted, — how far, of course, we cannot tell. But we are expressly assured that we shall know even as we are known. Besides, however ethereal or spiritual the glorified body may be, it will yet possess form; and, for my part, I see no reason to doubt that the old expression, the old familiar smile, which, after all, is more of the soul than of the body, will remain, and be recognized in that happy home.'

"'That is a pleasant thought,' said she, 'and I think it must be so. At any rate, we shall love one another there, as deeply and as tenderly as on earth, nay, more so, and that implies that we shall know each other.'

"'Of course; for heaven is diverse from earth only in this respect, that it is an advance in the order of things; and since we find, both in the processes of nature and of grace, the one state or form always presupposing the next, — nay, preparing for it, as the spring for the summer, the root the flower, the child the man, — so we must believe that heaven is but the "flower of this world's bud," — the perfect, resplendent day of this morning dawn. "There shall be no night there."'

"'Ah, then I shall be at home there, I am sure.'

"'Yes; the place, the sphere, the home, whatever you choose to call it, will be perfectly natural to you, and all its glorified inhabitants.'

"'Will it be one of repose or activity?'

"'Of both, in my humble opinion; for both exist in God; a fact symbolized in the stars, sweeping with inconceivable velocity through boundless space, but in such order as to secure the most perfect repose. We are creatures of activity and progress, and, even here, are never so happy as when bounding along in the full and orderly play of all our powers. But we are sadly clogged, and often wearied, with our work on earth; and so rest is grateful and refreshing. Night covers the

care-worn and weary with its dewy wings; and thus we often conceive of heaven as a place of rest for weary, wandering feet; and so it is, — how complete and blessed, those who have fallen asleep in Jesus only know. But as there is *no night there*, of course we shall suffer no bodily imperfection or painful toil. In the unclouded day, with minds clear, and bodies ethereal as the sunlight, nay, superior to it in purity and splendor, we shall revolve joyfully, like the stars around our central sun, ascending and descending on wings of fire, or sweeping far off in some magnificent orbit of duty and of joy.'

"'Ah! it seems to me,' said Mrs. ———, 'after all, it will be pleasanter to wander, as angels, with those we love, on the banks of the river of life, or to sit under the branches of the trees, or, lying on the sides of some sunny hill, to look far over the heavenly landscape, or the great crystal sea, with its ever-living, ever-musical waves.'

"'But you forget,' said I, with a smile, 'that we are both speaking, in figures derived from earth, of what, while we believe and anticipate as something unspeakably delightful, cannot be adequately conceived. "*We see through a glass darkly.*" "*We know in part, and we prophesy in part.*" But one thing is clear, — transfigured and glorified as we shall be, after all, we shall be *ourselves* there; and so the place, the sphere, will be home to us. Our heaven will be made up of divine thoughts, tender affections, bright fancies, high aims, generous impulses, sweet activities, and glorious hopes, perfect in their character, and boundless in their variety.'" — pp. 336 – 340.

The longest sketch in this volume is the story of the "Student-Sceptic," — the narrative of the lapse into unbelief, and the conversion, of one whose pride of intellect had driven him to that vague pantheism which is little else than an *alias* for atheism. In its downward steps, the course is precisely that measured by very many young men of brilliant promise and commanding influence; its return-path, we fear, is not so often trodden, yet would be oftener, were not the union of religious zeal with gentleness and calm discretion so rare in the endeavor to win back those in error, — were not the war-horse, more frequently than his rider, the type of those who enter the lists with infidelity.

We apprehend that a very large amount of unbelief grows out of the conceit of knowledge and wisdom, which was never so rife as at the present day, and which characterizes equally the self-consciousness of individuals and their esti-

mate of the age. When mystery clung close to every object and event in the outward universe, before sweeping generalizations had enabled ignorance to put on the show of knowledge, while men still felt that they were strangers in an unknown world, the mind readily sought the repose of faith, and the idea of a positive revelation was congenial, as compensating for the doubt and darkness that rested upon nature by assurance and certainty in the domain of morals and the realm of spiritual being. But now the order of proximate causes is traced with a good degree of precision; phenomena are classified, and thus seem to be accounted for; and general terms, which are neither defined nor understood, — such as gravitation, affinity, electricity, magnetism, caloric, — delude men into the belief that they have laid bare the springs of universal nature and the causes of events. The veil of mystery is lifted a little way; the dense fog that hid even the nearest objects has risen from the ground, and hangs in clouds over our heads; and because we can for short distances see, and calculate, and predict, we imagine ourselves competent to solve all questions, and to attain ultimate truth, by our own unaided powers. We therefore apply our infinitesimal calculus to cosmogony, to ethics, to religion, and to the very source of being. It is as if the child who has just come into possession of a two-foot rule, and had ascertained by it the dimensions of his nursery, should forthwith start with it to measure the earth's circumference.

What has been said in scorn is profoundly true, — Ignorance is the mother of Faith; and intellectual humility can alone bring us to that craving for and trust in revelation which are essential characteristics of the Christian. The sceptic's fundamental error is in supposing himself or any child of man otherwise than profoundly ignorant. We are no more capable than the unlettered savage of determining ultimate causes. Our own being, and all being, are enigmas, which defy our attempts at solution. When we go back in our cosmogony to the commencement of the present cycle of events, and thence still backward to the beginning of each antecedent cycle of the geological epochs, we are arrested by miracle at every stage; and the more numerous the succes-

sive creations we are able to trace by infallible tokens, the more utterly impossible does it become for us to apply any known laws of causation, — the more imperatively are we constrained to the hypothesis of Omnipotent Wisdom as the sole fountain of life and of being. Then, too, as regards our relations to the external world, and to our fellow-citizens in it, while certain primal duties are engraved as with the point of a sunbeam, there are numerous questions of interest and obligation, which the more diligently we ponder, the less competent do we find ourselves to self-guidance, — the more urgent becomes our need of a law based on adequate authority, — the more cordially do we welcome the revelation which disentangles the blended threads of our destiny, and puts into our hands the clew to our true happiness and good. In like manner, when we look into the future, we are incapable alike of acquiescing in annihilation, and of determining the certainty and the mode of our continued life after the dissolution of the body. Our physics fail when we attempt to dissect, out of the earth-born and earth-doomed fabric, the germ of immortality. Our metaphysics, if they reach the idea of immaterial existence, have reached only a negative term, and are wholly unable to invest it with positive attributes. Thus baffled ontology attains its only possible terminus when it prepares us to accept the sublime disclosure of revelation, — "Eternal life is the gift of God through Christ."

As our author, in his colloquies with the "student-sceptic," conclusively shows, the law of causality is the sum of our philosophy. Every phenomenon is an effect, and implies a cause; every event is a transfer of force with a change of form, and implies an equal antecedent force in some pre-existing form. Whatever is in the effect must have resided in and emanated from the cause. But an infinite series of finite causes is inconceivable and absurd. We are necessarily led back in the series of causes to an intelligent First Cause, in whose being are comprehended all the attributes, all the forces, which have developed themselves in the entire universe. This argument, we conceive, has the demonstrative certainty of a *reductio ad absurdum* in mathematics. No third hypothesis is possible. The law of causation, which is a fundamen-

tal law of belief, of which we can no more divest ourselves than of the consciousness of our own being, excludes equally the spontaneous origin of the universe, and the *spontaneous* development of its higher and more perfect forms from lower and ruder. To the development theory, (leaving spontaneity aside,) science has conclusive objections; theology, none. Were it substantiated or made probable, it would only add intense vividness to the demonstration of the Divine existence and attributes. It supposes, at every stage of development, effects which their material causes were not adequate to produce, — effects whose contents, that is, whose elements and efficient forces, did not reside in their causes; and it thus would constrain the belief in an intelligent and Supreme Cause, whose agency alone could supply for each new order of effects the elements and forces that were not in their apparent and reputed causes. The alternative then lies between the infinite series of finite causes and the infinite First Cause; and the former is not one whit more rational than the pagan fiction of "the globe upon the elephant, the elephant upon the tortoise, the tortoise upon we know not what."

In recapitulating the members of this old scholastic argument, we do not apprehend that there are among our readers any who need to be convinced of the being of God. But it is on the view presented by this argument, that miracle, prophecy, and revelation offer the least hold for scepticism and the strongest grounds of intrinsic probability. There are a large class of minds that seem to regard the Deity as the mere impersonation of general laws, inferior to them, bound by them, and incapable of transcending them, — a "constitutional monarch" of the universe. These laws have never been superseded within their experience, and from the paltry premises thus afforded they leap to the conclusion that they never have been and never can be superseded. God, they think, somehow owes allegiance to the established order of nature; and his sole place in the creation is as its conservator and administrator. But when we consider the Deity as the Primal Cause of all things, and perceive that at marked epochs of the material universe he has supplemented the inadequacy of proximate causes, it then becomes in the highest degree prob-

able that he has done the same in the realm, and for the benefit, of spiritual being; and all that we can require to substantiate individual instances of such intervention is, in the first place, proof of the urgent need of mankind; and, in the second, the same kind and degree of historical evidence on which we believe facts in accordance with the common order of nature. The urgent need is created by human ignorance, infirmity, and guilt. The evidence that this need was met in the Mosaic and Christian revelations is, to say the least, no less strong, we believe it much stronger, than exists with relation to events of equal antiquity which no one calls in question.

The growth of scepticism is, we think, often aided to a very great degree by lax notions as regards our responsibleness for belief. Men suffer their faith to be stolen from them without an effort to retain it, in the easy, indolent feeling that belief is involuntary, and that opinions actually entertained can therefore be in no sense blameworthy. But, as Dr. Turnbull shows conclusively in one of his papers, this line of argument proves too much. Our passions are involuntary. Their very name implies this. It denotes our being wrought upon by a force which we cannot control. Our passions are our masters, not we theirs. Let them be strong, it is wholly beyond our power to resist them; they have their will, and do their work, in defiance of principle. Cain could not help being angry with his brother. The fatal blow was a spontaneous, involuntary act. Feeling as he did, to strike was as inevitable as to breathe. Judas was overmastered by his avarice. When the money belonging to the apostolic college was in his hands, they closed upon it, not from cold, calculating dishonesty, but involuntarily. And when for the treachery of an hour he could get the wages of two months' honest industry, it was impossible for him to resist the temptation. In fine, the condition of the emotional nature is as little under our immediate control as the condition of our belief is. The same course of reasoning, therefore, which denies our accountability for unbelief and its consequences, would prove us not accountable for our passions and their consequences. The fallacy lies here. We are accountable for our passions and their consequences, because there are modes of self-disci-

pline by which their growth may be prevented or their excesses subdued. Cain, being virtually a maniac in his anger, could not help killing Abel; but his irascible temper in its earlier stages might have been restrained, and brought under the control of reason and principle. Judas, being intensely avaricious, could not help betraying his Master; but his avarice was made supreme by a series of frauds and pilferings, the earlier of which were strictly voluntary, and might have been omitted. In like manner, the youth, who hears and reads every specious argument against Christianity, and omits all investigation of its claims and evidences, cannot help being an infidel. But he knew at the outset the unequalled importance of the interests involved in his religious belief. He had it in his power to give serious heed to the Christian side of the argument. He might have cultivated the moral faculties, the virtuous habits, the devotional sentiments, which would have been the most effectual counterpoise to the sophistry which has victimized him. His involuntary unbelief may therefore have been the result of a series of voluntary omissions and compliances. And if so, he may be in the eye of a righteous God guiltily accountable for his unbelief, and for whatever he does or neglects to do in consequence of that unbelief. There is then nothing intrinsically unjust, gratuitously harsh, or inconsistent with the mild and loving character of the Founder of Christianity, in the sentence of condemnation which fell from his lips on "him that believeth not."

To pass to another topic involved in the record of experience under review, Christian faith implies a belief, not only in the external facts of the life of Christ, and in the doctrines taught by him, but also in the reality of the Divine influence upon the human soul. There are multitudes, who have no intellectual doubt of the facts or doctrines of Christianity, who yet are in no sense Christians. Their belief and their conduct are in opposition each to the other. They do what their faith condemns; they neglect what it requires. There is no point of contact between the contents of the intellect and the motive forces of the life. A connection needs to be established between these mutually repellent polarities;

and in the Christian consciousness it is the Divine Spirit that completes this connection. But at this point there is a prevalent scepticism among those who, in general terms, would call themselves Christian believers. They can trace no avenue by which God can enter into direct communion with the human soul. But do we know how our fellow-men speak to our souls, how Nature addresses our souls, how the knowledge of events reaches our souls? We can trace voices, objects, and occurrences from their impulse upon the organs of sense, through the nerves, to the brain, but no farther; and the throbbings of the nerves and the vibrations of the brain no more account for the ideas that reach the soul, than would the quiverings of a violin-string or the pulsations of a drum-head. The passage from the brain to the soul is for our philosophy as broad a chasm, as inexplicable a mystery, as that from God to the soul, — a chasm too which can be overleaped, a mystery which can be approximately solved, only by assuming the Divine presence and agency as the medium of intercourse between brain and soul, — by assuming that in God our souls, as well as our bodies, literally "live, and move, and have their being." But if we are compelled to believe that God is our medium of communication with the outward world, we admit the existence, and the perpetual openness to him, of avenues of intercourse, along which he is surely as competent to transmit his own voice, as the voice of Nature or of man.

In this argument, we indeed presuppose the existence of the soul as an independent, immaterial essence; though we admit that the word *immaterial* — a negative term — conveys no clearly defined, positive conception. But that there is something in human nature which is not material, we know, if from nothing else, from the phenomena of memory. If the unnumbered words, dates, facts, and experiences that lie in our memory have each made some permanent notch, furrow, or mark, of whatever kind, or however minute, in the brain, the brain would have been too full in very infancy for another entry. It is, physically, as impossible for a life-record to be kept within the compass of a human brain, as it would be to keep a year's accounts of the United States treasury on a

sheet of note-paper. There is then for each of us an immaterial centre of conscious life, — a soul, whose existence we can demonstrate, but whose mode of action, though within our perpetual experience, is so entirely beyond our comprehension, as to compel our belief in the Divine agency in and upon it at all times. The exertion of that agency for our highest good presents itself, then, not as a separate and profounder mystery, but as an intrinsically probable, inseparable, and most congenial part of the great mystery of our existence.

The grounds of scepticism to which we have referred are speculative. We apprehend that a condition of mind ranging from indifference to utter unbelief is, also, often produced by defective manifestations of Christian character. Christianity suffers in the esteem of those beyond its pale, because it does so little for its disciples. But so far as its work is imperfectly wrought, Christians in fact are chargeable only with a portion of the blame. While it is their duty to exert, it is their necessity to receive, influence. While they are bound to elevate the general standard of character, they are in part drawn down by it. Yet, with all the abatement to be made on this score, it seems a mere truism to say that Christianity has produced more and better specimens of moral excellence than any or all other modes of religious culture. Were we to classify the men of the last eighteen centuries according to their belief or non-belief, as Christians, Jews, Mohammedans, Pagans, Infidels, and were we to select from each catalogue any number of names of the eminently good, we should find on the Christian list a series from St. Paul downward, every one of whom would confessedly hold a higher rank on the scale of moral excellence than the noblest exemplars of virtue on either of the other lists; and on analyzing their characters and interrogating their self-consciousness, we should ascertain that they derived from, and ascribed to, the faith and ordinances of Christianity whatever of good there was in them. The most perfect blossoming and fruitage of humanity have been on scions grafted upon the Christian stock. Admit that these greatly good have been but few, still the argument derived from their excellence is not invalidated by their fewness. A single watch shows as much

skill as a thousand would. One world is as clear an evidence of the Divine attributes as myriads of worlds. One Christian, if he be the most perfect of the sons of men, and if his religion have made him so, is as thorough a demonstration of the unparalleled worth and power of Christianity as a regenerated universe would be.

We would go even further. Were not pre-eminent excellence to be found in the Christian camp, — did the Author of our religion stand alone and unapproached, as he stands alone and unequalled, — still did we perceive in Christianity doctrines which, if heartily embraced, motives which, if made supreme, influences which, if cordially welcomed, could not fail to create perfect characters, and were there in no other ethical or religious system an array of doctrines, motives, and influences adapted to produce a like result, we should be constrained to accept Christianity for what it is capable of effecting. This is our mode and ground of preference in all other departments of thought. Did we demand to see the perfect embodiment of principles before adopting them, there would not be a republican in the world. Political principles and institutions which, in the only country that has made trial of them under favorable auspices, leave three or four millions of slaves with no hope of emancipation, which permit a vast amount of official corruption, which not unfrequently elevate unfit men and bad men to higher places of trust and power than they could reach under a less popular administration, and which every year disgrace some one or more of our great cities by the excesses and atrocities of mob-law, might have a very strong case established against them, did we reason concerning them as we are too prone to reason about religion. We are republicans, not because the world has yet beheld the perfect working of republican principles, but because, as we look into their working power, we see in them that which, if embodied in its entireness and its purity, would constitute a model nation, a perfect commonwealth. The same course of argument, applied to Christianity, negatives whatever unfavorable inferences might be drawn from the imperfections of its disciples, and throws us back upon the intrinsic merits of

the system for the sole ground of our decision with reference to its divine origin and its claims on our belief and reverence.

But while we need not examples of Christian excellence to refute our scepticism, the exhibition of such examples is of the very highest value as subsidiary to our faith, and as enlisting our affection and our sympathy in the conclusions to which we are led by our logical judgment. In the volume before us, designed as it is to furnish an antidote to scepticism, Dr. Turnbull has done well to give us a choice selection of somewhat detailed Christian biographies. We have the life of William Bentley, one of the uneducated pioneer Baptist ministers of New England, a convert of the venerable Dr. Stillman, who from early manhood to a late old age labored with signal success and perpetual self-sacrifice for the salvation of souls, and whose courage, zeal, fidelity, and tenderness attested his close kindred of spirit with the equally plain and unlettered men who first went forth from Galilee with the message of the crucified Redeemer. We have next a sketch of Harvey Miller, a man whose extensive learning, ready wit, racy colloquial powers, eloquent address, and commanding talents were consecrated with undivided aim to the service of the Gospel, and whose death-chamber could hardly have been more radiant with the light and peace of heaven, had it been one of the "many mansions" behind the veil and beyond the shadow of death. Then we have a vivid portraiture of Daniel J. Glazier, called to his reward just as he was girding on his armor as a Christian minister, whose novitiate presented the ripe maturity of all evangelic graces, and whose perpetual aspiration for heaven, clear insight, and ardent love seemed prophetic of his early translation.

We have given but an imperfect outline of a book of a very high order of merit and usefulness. It is a precious contribution to religious literature and to the Christian evidences. Its narrative style and its variety of character and scene cannot but conciliate the interest of readers of every class; its reasonings, incidental and conversational as they are, are profound and cogent; and its devout spirit must insure for it an enviable mission among those who need such helps for their faith and piety.

Art. X. — CRITICAL NOTICES.

1. — *Debates and Proceedings in the Convention of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, held in the Year* 1788, *and which finally ratified the Constitution of the United States.* Printed by Authority of Resolves of the Legislature. Boston. 1856.

The different historical societies and the governments of the several States are beginning to manifest sufficient pride in preserving the more important documents of our history, to insure their rescue from the oblivion, and even destruction, with which, unless printed, they are always threatened. To those readers who, like ourselves, believe that all history should be read in the original authorities, the pride which induces the publication of those authorities affords the highest satisfaction. The General Court of Massachusetts has just now done a very creditable thing in republishing the contemporary report, made for the newspapers of the day, of the debates in the Convention of 1788. In the order for its reprint, power was given to the committee to add other illustrative documents; and much more than half the volume consists of matter new to most readers of the present day. Nearly a hundred pages, indeed, are printed from manuscript authorities for the first time. Of the wholly new matter a part is the original journal of the Convention, the only official report made of its proceedings. A more curious part, however, consists of Judge Parsons's minutes of the debates, which frequently supply valuable illustrations of the formal record. The Judge's notes are brief; but they show a great lawyer's power of seizing the very marrow of a speech, and in many passages they supply omissions in the journal which it is indeed difficult to account for. Whoever will read these debates will have added ground for confessing that there is very little new under the sun in the way of constitutional argument. It might be hoped that the careful perusal of the volume would be a decided check to the passion for advancing, as new theories of the Constitution, the views which were presented seventy years ago.

In addition to the publication of these reports and minutes, a series of extracts from the press of the day gives us some insight into the popular feeling of the time. Two of the old Convention ballads, which had almost vanished, even from tradition, are here preserved, as well as several letters from distinguished public characters, which show the interest felt throughout the country in the progress of discussion here.

It is worthy of regret that, in the publication of works like this, by a

State or by the General Government, there is seldom, if ever, any provision made for that small class of the community which consists of men who would be glad to obtain the books by paying for them in current coin. There is money spent like water for publishing public documents; they are given away to persons who do not even ask for them; yet no public library ever has a complete set of them, and no individual can get them even by paying for them.

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2. — *Abridgment of the United States Debates of Congress, from* 1789 *to* 1856. By the Author of the Thirty Years' View. Vols. I. and II. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1857. 8vo. pp. 802, 772.

HERE is another republication of original documents. The venerable editor, one of the few working men among our statesmen, compiles from the immense series of Congressional discussions such parts as seem to him to deserve preservation. A complete set of the originals is now a great rarity, enormously bulky, and very costly. By omitting merely formal records, virtual duplicates of speeches, unimportant lists of yeas and nays, and reports of the "morning hour," Mr. Benton saves so much space that he expects in sixteen volumes to give, without even tampering with the language of speeches, all that any student can require of Congressional discussions from the beginning of the Federal Constitution to the present time.

The first two of these volumes are before us. There was doubtless less talking for Buncombe then than there is now. That is an evil which grows, in all legislative bodies, with the fulnesss of the reports. The early reporters were apt to omit stupid speeches, and there was therefore the less temptation to make them. Whether there was more terseness, more coherency of thought, more definiteness of aim, among those early statesmen than there is among our politicians, may be an open question; but in the severe brevity of the reports of that day they certainly come down to posterity in far more respectable costume than the garrulous, and often frivolous, language of the full reports now in fashion.

The endeavor to abridge debate by secret sessions on the one hand, and by full reports published at government expense on the other, has now been fairly made by our government. Neither process has been very effective. We are disposed to hope that the statute under which the new Congress comes into existence, by which each member is paid an annual salary, fixed in amount whether sessions be short or long, will have more efficacy. We believe that a majority of Congress would

always prefer work to talk. Let this majority be reinforced, as it will be now, by the fraction, not insignificant though not large, of members who will prefer to earn their salary by a short session instead of a long one, and the chance of successful effort by the workers to keep the mere talkers in check will be materially enhanced. We regard the new system of compensation as a measure to be not only justified, but praised, as, on considerations of the highest policy, a measure of much more importance and value than has generally been supposed.

Mr. Benton's work in the volume before us is admirably done, and it gives the best promise for the remainder of the series.

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3. — *Poems, Original and Translated.* By WILLIAM W. CALDWELL. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1857.

WE should be unjust to a little volume which has given us unusual pleasure, if we did not demand for it that attention which volumes of poetry in our day so seldom gain. Mr. Caldwell brings together here a collection of poems, written evidently under many different phases of feeling, and showing, not only an easy command of language, but delicate taste, a quick and accurate sense of the beauties of nature, very charming home affections, and the fancy which melts and mingles all these elements into poetry. There are some admirable translations from the German, which make a part of the volume. The lyric poems have especially pleased us, for they really seem to belong to the very limited class of modern lyrics that can be sung.

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4. — *The Sultan and his People.* By C. OSCANYAN, of Constantinople. New York: Derby and Jackson. 1857. 12mo. pp. 446.

THE high-flown and hyperbolical style of Mr. Oscanyan's dissertations and descriptions indicates his Oriental parentage. His literary mother is the University of New York, but it is to be hoped that his English is not altogether the fruit and issue of her training. It is the language of a college sophomore.

But the book is entertaining, and has real merit. It gives an excellent picture of the characteristic features of Turkish life, religion, government, education, fashions, and social relations. An Armenian himself, Mr. Oscanyan of course represents his brethren of that race as favorably as possible, tracing their pedigree down from a fabulous an-

tiquity, and attributing to them an influence and an excellence not quite justified by the experience of outsiders who have had dealings with them. Not being a Greek, he of course represents the Greeks as the basest and most treacherous of the Sultan's subjects, a bright, but alas! such a wicked people. Like Lamartine, he makes a hero of that sick and effeminate ruler who is the heir to the honors of Osmanli tyrants. His opening chapter on Orientalism is as amusingly profound as his closing chapter on the "Future of Turkey" is delightfully indefinite.

Many of the anecdotes in the volume are quite new, and some of the opinions are original. The author believes that the Turks are the descendants of the lost tribes of Israel; remarks that "mourning for the dead" is considered by them *to be a sin* (has he never heard the howlings of women in their grave-yards?); says that your Osmanli *never* gives "Salaam Aleikum" to an infidel; sets the wells of Marah at *two days* east from Cairo; justifies the murder of the Janizaries as a most righteous and religious act; insists that the Germans are more ignorant of the art of smoking than any other people; tells some strange stories about the Jews, and vehemently combats the notions of the harem which prevail in, or rather (to use his frequent word) *pervade*, the West. On the whole, however, the book is candid and reliable, composed in an excellent spirit, and with some artistic skill.

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5. — *The Bay Path. A Tale of New England Colonial Life.* By J. G. Holland, Author of the "History of Western Massachusetts," etc. New York: G. P. Putnam. 1857. 12mo. pp. 418.

Not every one who is skilled in antiquarian research, and able to compile a good history, succeeds in writing an historical novel. In the work before us, however, Mr. Holland has proved that the gifts of the novelist and the historian are not incompatible. The characters of his tale are well conceived and well sustained, and the story, though quiet and sober in its coloring, is interesting from beginning to end. The descriptions of scenery are those of a careful observer, and the exhibition of opinions, dogmas, and religious differences, as they were two centuries ago, shows that the author's sympathies are large, generous, and catholic. The story has a perfect unity, and the attention of the reader is never diverted from its principal personages, — the families of Pynchon the magistrate, Moxon the minister, and Woodcock, the rude and free outlaw. There is an adherence to facts in dealing with these personages somewhat closer than is usual in historical novels. The Colonial Records give authority for most of the statements, and

the assertion of the Preface that the tale is only a "section of history" is veracious.

Mr. Holland, as it seems to us, has not been equally successful in reproducing the manners and the conversation of the Puritan age of Massachusetts. The language which his men and women use is not the traditional language of the early settlers, or such as is left to us in their private journals or their printed sermons. Woodcock's vulgarisms are those of a later generation, and give us no good idea of the familiar speech of the humbler classes among the settlers of New England. We have never before seen the word "*tuckered*" for "*tired*" in print; and the use of the word "calculate," for "think" or "intend," is later than the seventeenth century. Other instances of the incorrect use of words might be noted. It may be said, however, that adherence to the ancient dialect in such a story would make its conversations insufferably tedious.

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6. — *Germany. Its Universities, Theology, and Religion; with Sketches of distinguished German Divines of the Age.* By PHILIP SCHAFF, D. D., Professor in the Theological Seminary, Mercersburg, Pennsylvania. Philadelphia: Lindsay and Blakiston. 1857. 12mo. pp. 418.

DR. SCHAFF apologizes in his Preface for the unconscious "Germanisms and other defects of style" of one who now, for the first time, ventures to publish an extensive work in a tongue not natively his own. The mistakes of style are much fewer than might have been expected, the most frequent and important being the omission of the auxiliary verb "have," in the use of the perfect tense. The writer's meaning is always clear, and his sentences have a Saxon terseness and vigor.

Dr. Schaff is not exactly a bigot, yet his sectarian prejudices are rather strong, and he does not write about the Rationalists and the liberal thinkers of the German Church as an impartial critic ought to write. His book is a sketch rather of the Evangelical parties in the Universities and the Church of Germany, than of their actual and complete religious position. As far as it goes, it is reliable; but it does not, as we think, go quite far enough. As a condensed statement of the shades of opinion in the Reformed communions, the relation of the Lutheran to the Calvinist party, the prevailing theological influence in the principal Universities, the movements for ecclesiastical union within the last forty years, and the changes which have passed upon religious

thought in that land so fruitful in speculations, the volume is deserving of very high praise. A dry subject is made attractive, and an obscure subject is made clear. The work is divided into three parts. The first and shortest section treats of the German Universities, their organization, their professional system, their student life, their relation to the State and the Church; with sketches of the most important and celebrated institutions, Berlin, Halle, Bonn, Göttingen, Leipsic, Jena, Heidelberg, and Tübingen. This section is exceedingly interesting, if the details are not very new. The second section treats of the sects, parties, controversies, manœuvres, strifes, and religious assemblies, which belong to a description of the revival of Evangelical faith in German Protestantism. This section contains some novel information, but will not be entertaining to many American readers. The conflict between high and moderate Lutheranism is incomparably less important than the former conflict of Orthodoxy with Rationalism. The third section is a series of short biographical sketches of the leading Evangelical divines, mostly now living. These are well done, although they might have been made more exact and thorough. We are surprised that DeWette should have been left out of a list to which Olshausen is admitted.

The volume is embellished with a curious picture of Neander at his lecture-desk.

7.—*Two Years Ago.* By the Rev. Charles Kingsley. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1857. 12mo. pp. 563.

Everything which Mr. Kingsley writes is worth reading, for its originality, freshness, and tropical gorgeousness of style, if for nothing more. Nothing that he writes will satisfy those critics who are guided by the established rules of taste and order. As a work of art, "Two Years Ago" is open to very great objections. It is redundant in its descriptions of scenery, inconsistent in its drawing of character, overcrowded with personages, and improbable in its incidents. It has too much material for successful workmanship, — altogether too many varieties of life. Setting out almost with the avowal of a moral purpose, the book leaves us at the end quite uncertain what its purpose is, or what it is meant to teach. If it be to expose the wickedness of American slavery, then we have to complain of most superficial handling of a subject which the author has not investigated. If it be to exalt the Christianity of the Broad Church above the Christianity of the High Church, or the fanatical extravagances of Dissent, in that there is signal failure. The most attractive character in the book is a free-thinker

and materialist, a reckless, good-natured adventurer, who takes the world well enough, and does not trouble himself about responsibility, the future life, religion, or the judgment of God. This unbeliever is evidently the author's favorite, as he inevitably becomes the reader's favorite. But we presume Mr. Kingsley does not intend to offer the free and easy Tom Thurnall as a specimen of a Broad Church Christian.

But accuracy and consistency must not be expected from such an ardent and rapid writer. We must be content, if we would enjoy his brilliant paragraphs, to have the jumble of scenes and incidents. We must take the absurdities along with the splendors, the flings and sarcasms along with the noble sentiments. The ground tone of all Mr. Kingsley's novels is pure and noble. He has a generous hatred of shams and empty forms, of meanness and narrowness, which constrains admiration. There is nothing sardonic in his eccentricity. He is a poor logician and critic, but a true poet. He takes liberties with nature and life, as bold, and often as grotesque, as Turner in his landscapes. Yet, after all, like Turner, he is a great artist. As a novel, we cannot help thinking that Two Years Ago is inferior to Amyas Leigh and Hypatia; — it is easier to see the eccentricities when the scene and the *dramatis personæ* are of our own time. Yet its fascination is positive and genuine, as it would be should Mr. Kingsley go into the future, and construct a story of the twentieth century. Where he invents, he is charming; but where he borrows other men's inventions, or uses historical facts, he fails to satisfy. He can tell his own tale, but cannot well repeat another's story.

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8. — *Mind and Matter, or Physiological Inquiries. In a Series of Essays, intended to illustrate the Mutual Relations of the Physical Organization and the Mental Faculties.* By Sir Benjamin Brodie, Bart., D. C. L., Vice-President of the Royal Society. With Additional Notes, by an American Editor. New York: G. P. Putnam & Co. 1857. 16mo. pp. 287.

We presume that the author of this volume is Sir Benjamin *Collins* Brodie, for more than fifty years one of the noted physiologists and surgeons of England, and, since the retirement of Sir Astley Cooper, the first surgeon of the royal household. His essays, numerous, and on a great variety of medical subjects, are yet fragmentary, and have not, so far as we know, been collected to form a regular scientific work. His permanent contributions to science have not equalled his high reputa-

tion and his multiplied honors. In "Mind and Matter" we find many wise thoughts, pleasantly expressed, but nothing that is either very new or very striking. The essays are in the dialogue form, which is well managed. Rejecting the theory of the phrenologists, that the lobes and convolutions of the brain mark special mental faculties, and holding to the theory of the independent and immaterial existence of the soul, the author maintains that the brain and the spinal cord are the agents and channels in the processes of thought, and that the souls of animals are analogous to the souls of men. His views are those of the majority of enlightened thinkers, and are confirmed by an abundance of illustrations. The observations upon "dreams" and "sleep" are very interesting, and those upon "moral insanity" are timely. The name of the American editor is not given, and his labors seem to have been slight, if they are contained in the short appendix of notes.

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9. — *The History of Massachusetts. The Commonwealth Period.* By John Stetson Barry. Boston. 1857. 8vo. pp. 480.

Mr. Barry is to be congratulated on having done so well a work which he has done so quickly. This third volume follows quite close upon the second, chiding the tardiness of some more noted historical writers; yet it bears in its composition no mark of haste or carelessness. Mr. Barry's principal fault as a writer of history is not want of accuracy or want of patience. His candor, faithfulness, and deliberate justice are apparent in all his volumes, — eminently so in this last. He has only collated and judged the written records, without attempting to establish any of his own theories. If not a philosophical, he is at least an honest historian. He writes of the Revolution and its battles without abusing the Tories, and he writes of the Hartford Convention without vilifying those who called that band of patriots a band of selfish traitors. He defends John Hancock while he praises Samuel Adams, and does not denounce Elbridge Gerry in his admiration of Caleb Strong. His account of Shays's rebellion, its causes, movements, strifes, and issues, is the fairest that we have ever seen, doing full justice to the insurgents, without palliating their mistakes or their unlawful acts. The debates in the Massachusetts Convention for ratifying the Federal Constitution are also excellently described.

The freshest and most entertaining chapter in the volume is the fifth, which treats of the manners and customs of Massachusetts at the close of the last century. Without any effort at fine or picturesque writing, the author has brought together many miscellaneous facts which intro-

duce us to the actual life of the men of the Revolution better than any abstract of their debates in Congress or of their doings on the battle-field. We have to complain of the chapter, that it is too short. The best part of it is extracted from a rare book of travels by the Abbé Robin, one of the chaplains of the French army during the American war. Some of M. Robin's views must be taken with considerable allowance. He saw everything more favorably than an impartial witness would, and evidently wished to exaggerate the importance of the people whose shores he visited.

The defects of Mr. Barry's composition are too great fondness for poetical quotations, — especially from Shakespeare, who is often called in to illustrate some subject utterly incongruous with the quotation, — and a slight tendency to prosy and needless moralizing. The weaknesses of individuals are often excused on the ground of the radical defects of human nature. This style of preaching adds nothing to the value, as it certainly adds nothing to the interest, of a history. Mr. Barry's sin in this regard is not, however, excessive.

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10. — *Greece and the Greeks of the Present Day.* By EDMOND ABOUT. Translated by authority. New York: Dix, Edwards, & Co. 1857. 16mo. pp. 376.

THE fascinating style and curious revelations of M. About's work on Greece attracted to it at the time of its publication more notice than is usually given to works of such a kind. Paris was amused, and Athens was enraged. All suspected that the temptation of fine writing had colored some of the statements too highly, and the Philhellenes, both in and out of Greece, were profuse in their charges of malice and falsehood. But more than two years have passed, and in all important particulars the work of M. About remains uncontradicted. The just charge which would lie against him is, that, while he tells the truth, he does not tell the whole truth; that, while he shows the weak and bad side of Greek character and life, he does not as fairly show the good side; perhaps, also, that he does not do justice to the difficulties which the Greeks have had to contend with in the way of their national development. Considering these difficulties, the progress of the Greek nation has been extraordinary, and unparalleled in the history of any other European state. It is very easy to find fault with the Greeks, that they have not in a quarter of a century risen from utter barbarism to the best civilization of France or Germany. But it would be hard for the brilliant critics to show another instance in which a quarter of a

century has wrought a change so remarkable. M. About's work is neither a book of travels nor a scientific description, though it partakes of both these kinds. It is rather a general survey of the land, its people and its institutions, illustrated by off-hand sketches, personal reminiscences, and humorous anecdotes. The writer had a position sufficiently favorable, and stayed long enough in the country, to enable him to see thoroughly things as they are, and many of his views are as accurate as photographs. The chapters are of unequal merit, however. That on Religion is very defective, while the chapter on Education is very full and interesting. We object, certainly, to the statement that foreign languages are not taught in the schools of Greece, and that the Greeks have an exclusive and intolerant regard for their own tongue. On the contrary, there is no people in Europe that are such polyglots, — no people, according to our observation, that have such a desire to learn the dialects of the cultivated nations of Europe. We have heard in the schools of Syra and Athens children under twelve years of age who could speak fluently two, and even three, languages besides their own, all which they had learned within the walls of their school-room. What this Frenchman says of Greece, is far more true of France. Your Frenchman has a compassionate contempt for the rude speech of outside barbarians. His is the metropolitan speech, the language of science, of diplomacy, of politeness, and of true eloquence.

Some of M. About's scenes, we have no doubt, are embellished by his charming fancy. His interview with the commissioner is probably an "imaginary conversation," and we may be allowed to think that the style of the Duchess of Plaisance is modified by the skill of her visitor. M. About's own style is very delightful, as all readers of "Tolla" have long known. The translation "by authority" is not always so successful in keeping a pure English idiom, as in conveying the spirit and meaning of the original. Needless words are inserted, and the sprightly auxiliary verbs of the French style are rendered by vulgarisms, as in the use of "have got" for "have," which occurs continually. We advise those who can procure the original to eschew the translation. For those who cannot, however, the translation will answer. The book has more than ephemeral value.

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11. — *Le Roi des Montagnes.* Par EDMOND ABOUT. Paris: Hachette. 1857. 16mo. pp. 303.

THE protest, remonstrance, indignation, and savage threats with which M. About's "La Grèce Contemporaine" was met by the press

of Athens, have not, it appears, converted his wicked heart or led him to repentance. In this new story he has followed his advantage, has said some sharp things which he before refrained from saying, and has unquestionably brought upon himself the utmost wrath of the people whom he unmercifully ridicules. He will never visit Athens again, if he has any regard for his personal safety.

How far the details of the story are true we have no means of knowing. The Greek authorities pronounce the whole to be an unmitigated lie, denying that any such American captain as John Harris has visited the Piræus, that any passport of a "Mrs. Simons" has been inspected by the police, that any prefect of gendarmes has borne the name of Pericles, or that there is any foundation for the story of Hadji-Stavros and his exploits. M. About coolly replies: "My good friend, of Athens, the truest stories are not stories of what has actually happened." The story is merely the framework on which he hangs his pictures of life and society in Athens and its neighborhood. If they are libellous, it is on the principle, "The greater the truth, the greater the libel." They show only one side of Greek life, it is true; but they show that with photographic fidelity. The satire, moreover, is not confined to Greek life and manners. The Germans, the English, the Italians, the Maltese, and even the Yankees, come in for their share, and the peculiarities of all these races are charmingly caricatured. The portrait of the fat Englishwoman, voracious, self-confident, purse-proud, and haughty in her jealous nationality, is capitally sketched; and the contrast to that character in the Hamburg naturalist, shrewd, stoical, metaphysical, and unlucky, is drawn from the life. There is an exquisite malice in the pictures of the Greek national guard, more to be dreaded as friends and protectors than the robbers with whom, nominally at war, they are yet really in league. The volume will doubtless find speedy translation. But no translation, however felicitous, can catch and render its delicate humor. We give M. About's portrait of John Harris, the Yankee captain: —

"The most interesting personage of our colony, without dispute, was John Harris. The first time I dined with this strange character, I understood America. John was born at Vandalia, in Illinois. He drew in from birth this air of the New World, so brisk, sparkling, and fresh, that it goes to the head, like good Champagne, and one gets drunk in breathing it. I know not if the Harris family is rich or poor, whether it sent its son to college or left him to pick up his education. This is certain, that at twenty-seven years he cares only for himself, is surprised at nothing, considers nothing impossible, never gives up, believes all, hopes all, tries everything, conquers everything, gets up if he falls, begins again if he fails, never stops, never loses courage, and goes always straight ahead, whistling his tune. He has been farmer, school-

master, lawyer, editor, gold-digger, mechanic, merchant, — has read everything, seen everything, tried everything, and travelled over half the globe. When I knew him, he was commanding a steamboat at the Piræus, of sixty men and four guns; he was discussing the question of the East in the Boston Review, was carrying on business with an indigo house at Calcutta, and found time to come three or four times a week to dine with his nephew Lobster and with us."

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12. — *America and Europe.* By ADAM G. DE GUROWSKI. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1857. 12mo. pp. 419.

IF this work of Count Gurowski is inferior to Mr. Emerson's work on England in finish of style, subtilty of criticism, and felicity of illustration, it is, at any rate, quite as vigorous, as thoughtful, and as truthful. It is the calm judgment of an intelligent foreigner, who has studied the Americans long enough and closely enough to correct any prejudices and to tone down any fervid imaginings which a writer in his position and with his opinions would be likely to indulge. Count Gurowski has not undertaken, like De Tocqueville, to discuss elaborately the forms and principles of the democratic system. In a series of thirteen essays he gives the salient features of American character, and points out the contrasts of life, thought, and action between the Old World and the New. His observation is accurate, his insight is keen, and his generalizations are eminently candid. He deals chiefly with important and weighty matters, and does not vex himself about those trifles which make the staple of complaint in the books of tourists. We have never read a book about America which is so wholly free from petty fault-finding. Some partisans may wince at his occasional hits at the "sham" democracy, and the lovers of slavery will certainly take no pleasure in his verdicts on the peculiar institution. Sectarians may complain that the chapter about the "pulpit" is so short, and that a larger heed is not given to the influence of creed and clergy. But no one will accuse the author of writing as a partisan or a fanatic, or as a religious liberalist. The honesty of the book is as transparent as its manliness is admirable.

In the first essay, — which is, moreover, the ablest, — Count Gurowski battles with the conceited notion of the all-conquering superiority of the Anglo-Saxon race, and shows, from the resources of an ample scholarship, that the real hope of the American nation comes not from its descent from Teutonic pirates, but from its assimilation of many races and its absorption of Celtic along with Anglican civilization. He shows that those excellent gifts which we boast as the legacy of our

English ancestry were not peculiarly or chiefly their ideas or their possession, — that the freedom, justice, and piety of this latter age are less indebted to the Saxon than to the Romanic race. His ingenious defence of this view is well worth studying, since it does not come out of any bitterness of hereditary hatred, such as moves the vituperations of Irish and French refugees against Saxondom.

We may add to this commendation of the spirit and the thought of the book our surprise at the idiomatic and polished English style, which only in rare instances betrays the foreign birth of the author. There are many passages which we should select, for their clearness, their energy, and their ease of expression, as suitable exercises for reading in our higher schools.

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13. — *A Half-Century of the Unitarian Controversy, with particular Reference to its Origin, its Course, and its Prominent Subjects among the Congregationalists of Massachusetts. With an Appendix.* By George E. Ellis. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1857. 8vo. pp. xxiv. and 511.

Controversial theology does not legitimately fall within the province of this journal, nor do we now design to deal with any of the questions so ably discussed by Rev. Mr. Ellis. We intend only to take a very brief and general notice of the character and contents of his volume, considered as an important contribution to the ecclesiastical history of this Commonwealth. For the preparation of such a work, Mr. Ellis possesses eminent qualifications. The extent and variety of his historical knowledge, his candor, the soundness of his judgment, and his practised skill as a writer, have been repeatedly shown in the pages of a contemporary journal, and are not unknown to the readers of this Review. The chief object of his work, which consists of seven essays reprinted from the Christian Examiner, and an Introduction and Appendix now first published, is to exhibit the modifications of the general theological sentiment of the community within a period of fifty years. With this view, and subordinating the controversial element to the historical, Mr. Ellis in his first essay presents a general survey of the fifty years of controversy, with a clear statement of the opinions held at the commencement of this period, and of the expectations in regard to the results of the controversy entertained by the parties to it. In the next four essays he traces the results as affecting the doctrines of the two parties concerning The Nature and the

State of Man, God and Christ, The Atonement, and The Scriptures. In the sixth essay he deals with The Relations of Reason and Faith. The last essay treats of The New Theology, as exhibited in the writings of its most distinguished ornaments. The Appendix contains a reply to some adverse but courteous criticisms on his first five essays, printed in the columns of an influential religious journal.

Such, so far as it is necessary to give it here, is an outline of Mr. Ellis's work. In dealing with these delicate and momentous themes he has exhibited the accurate knowledge, the clearness and force of mind, and the candor of statement, which we had ample reason to expect in a work from his hand. His style is simple and straightforward, occasionally marked by a quiet humor, and always conveying his meaning with perfect accuracy. His tone is elevated and liberal, and he never forgets to be courteous in his remarks upon the opinions of others. "I have been dealing with matters of controversy," he says, "and yet I have had in view no controversial design. If no better purpose had moved me than that of adding yet another to the endless and exhaustless reiterations of dogmatical disputation about the Gospel of Jesus Christ, I am certain that I should have found more congenial employment for my time and my pen. I have endeavored wholly to avoid what is heating and bitter in writing upon controverted subjects." And even if his volume were less valuable as a chapter of ecclesiastical history than it is, we should still consider him as entitled to our thanks for showing that it is possible to write about disputed questions without arousing ill feeling and kindling anew half-extinguished controversies.

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14. — *Sermons, preached at Trinity Chapel, Brighton*, by the late Rev. Frederick W. Robertson, M. A., the Incumbent. First Series. From the third London Edition. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1857. 12mo. pp. 372.

It is somewhat difficult to judge these discourses fairly and justly, since they are mere "recollections of sermons," written subsequently to their delivery, either from the preacher's dictation or by his own hand, and only one was published during his life. This circumstance, and their failure to receive his careful revision before they were published, must account for the fragmentary style and rapid transitions of thought by which they are often characterized. But even with these obvious defects they are among the most suggestive discourses that we have ever read. They bear upon almost every page the impress of a vigor-

ous and highly cultivated mind. Their subjects are wisely chosen; their illustrations are striking and original; and their expositions of Christian truth are marked by great breadth of view, and an entire consecration of all the preacher's powers to the work before him. His hearers as they listened to his eloquent words must have felt that they were in the presence of a man of more than ordinary ability, with a mind enriched by various culture, and a heart touched to the finest issues. As we read his discourses under all the disadvantages incident to the perusal of productions intended to be spoken, we readily recognize his ripe learning, his quick sympathies, his generous sentiments, and his earnestness of purpose.

The sermons are twenty-one in number, most of them delivered in the latter part of 1849, and apparently in the regular course of his ministry. Among those in which we have been most interested are a Confirmation Lecture on The Parable of the Sower, an Assize Sermon on The Kingdom of the Truth, and the sermons on The Shadow and the Substance of the Sabbath, and on Pilate's Scepticism. But surpassing all in brilliancy and power are the three Advent Lectures on The Grecian, The Roman, The Barbarian, — designed to exhibit the special characteristics and wants of the human mind in three great divisions of the ancient world, and to show how Christianity met these wants. They are equally felicitous in plan and execution. A fourth lecture on The Jewish, from the text, "He came unto his own, and his own received him not," completed the series; but it was never written out, owing to Mr. Robertson's "uncertain and suffering state of health." Its loss is much to be regretted. A second collection of Mr. Robertson's sermons has been published in England, and we believe a third series is in the press.

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15. — *New Biographies of Illustrious Men.* By Thomas Babington Macaulay, Henry Rogers, Theodore Martin, and Others. Boston: Whittemore, Niles, and Hall. 1857. 12mo. pp. xxii. and 408.

This volume comprises seventeen biographical essays reprinted from the new edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica. In thus reproducing them in a cheap and compact form the publishers have rendered a valuable service to American readers; for the size and cost of the original work must have restricted any acquaintance with these papers to a very limited number of persons. The articles on Bishop Atterbury, Bunyan, Goldsmith, and Samuel Johnson, by Mr. Macaulay, are

undoubtedly the best in the collection. They are charming cabinet-pictures, worthy of the ripened powers of the great historian. Written in his most pleasing style, and adorned by the choicest fruits of his various learning, they leave nothing to be desired in the picture of the men or of their times. It is true Mr. Macaulay is apt to introduce strong shadows in painting character, and some exception has been taken to his delineations of Goldsmith and Johnson. But we cannot admit that these objections are well founded. However much we may be inclined to conceal or discolor the fact, it is undeniably true that Goldsmith produced on his contemporaries precisely the impression which Mr. Macaulay has described; and the portrait of Johnson is fully justified by Boswell's Life of him and by his own writings. Nor can we agree with a recent writer in the Edinburgh Review, in thinking that the historian has dealt too harshly with Boswell. We owe much to the conceited little Scotchman; but it is not easy to see how one can think well of him, or fail to perceive the wide difference between his character as a man and as a writer.

Next in importance to Mr. Macaulay's papers we are disposed to rank those upon Hume, Gibbon, Bishop Butler, Robert Hall, and Gassendi, by Mr. Henry Rogers, well known on both sides of the Atlantic as the author of The Eclipse of Faith, and as one of the ablest contributors to the Edinburgh Review. His keenness of analysis, closeness of reasoning, and liberal cast of mind are well shown in these essays; and in the whole treatment of his subjects we recognize the hand of an accomplished scholar. His papers contain much acute criticism, and his estimates of the intellectual characters and influence of the subjects of his sketches are candidly and judiciously expressed.

Another noticeable paper in the collection is Professor Blackie's essay on Homer, — a learned refutation of the Wolfian theory, rather than a biographical essay. Mr. Blackie is somewhat narrow and egotistical, but his arguments are able and ingenious, and he is thoroughly versed in the literature of his subject. His mind seems to be saturated with the influence of the Greek literature, and his "Lays and Legends of Ancient Greece" is one of the most successful works of the kind that has fallen under our notice.

Quite different in style and temper from Mr. Blackie's contribution is the brief and brilliant paper on Horace by Mr. Theodore Martin. In freshness and vividness of style, and hearty appreciation of his subject, Mr. Martin is scarcely inferior to any of his associates. The remaining essays are upon Addison and Bacon, by Professor Spalding, on Howard by Mr. Hepworth Dixon, author of a Life of Penn and some other biographies, on Sir John Franklin by another distinguished

Arctic navigator, Sir John Richardson, on "the Admirable Crichton" by Mr. David Irving, and on Sir Humphrey Davy by Professor Forbes. None of them demand especial notice.

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16. — *Waverley Novels.* Household Edition. *Waverley.* — *Guy Mannering.* — *The Antiquary.* — *Rob Roy.* Each in two volumes. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1857. 16mo.

We hope, while this edition is in progress, to illustrate at some length, and with adequate painstaking, the undiminished claims of the Waverley Novels on the whole reading public, and the position which they still hold unchallenged at the head of their department of literature. Why is it that the pioneer author always remains unrivalled in the kind he creates, as Homer in Epic Poetry, Æschylus in Tragedy? It may be that the very conception of a new type in literature is within the scope only of such minds as are strewn very thinly along the ages; it may be that the success, which the pioneer-writer owes in great part to his freedom from all rule and precedent, restricts and cripples the liberty of those who come after him, imposing upon them, as arbitrary canons, what were his personal idiosyncrasies. Certain it is, that, though the term *novel* was of earlier use and of wider significance, Waverley was the first specimen of an entirely new kind of fictitious composition, and therefore merited a new and distinctive appellation. And equally certain is it that, among the countless multitude of his successors, Scott has found no peer.

But our present purpose is merely to say that the edition before us combines all that can make it valuable, — the latest text, the author's Introductions and Notes, fair and strong paper, clear type, finely executed engravings, and precisely the size of volume which unites substantial beauty with ease of handling and of carriage, so as to be equally suited for the shelf and the journey. What and how sumptuous editions there may have been on the other side of the Atlantic we cannot say; but this is incomparably the best American edition ever issued. It is afforded too at so low a price, as to indicate at once the generous enterprise of the publishers, and their liberal estimate, in which we trust they are not deceived, of the continued or renewed demand for works, which, rapidly as they were given forth, created each a strongly defined epoch in the intellectual life of the last generation.

17. — Roe's *Novels.*

1. *A Long Look Ahead; or, The First Stroke and the Last.*
2. *James Montjoy; or, I've been Thinking.*
3. *The Star and the Cloud; or, A Daughter's Love.*
4. *To Love and be Loved; and Time and Tide, or Strive and Win.*

By A. S. Roe. New York: Derby & Jackson. 1857. 12mo.

Mr. Roe is a skilful limner, rather than a creative artist. His characters are all likenesses. They are all, too, varieties under the genus of Native American. They are well chosen, felicitously grouped, and carried through a sufficient range of fortunes to exhibit all their aspects and their capabilities. They talk rather more than is necessary, not irrelevantly, but with a Nestor-like pertinacity; and these long conversations sometimes clog the action of the story. But the author's descriptive and narrative powers are of a high order, and versatile also; for we hardly know whether he excels in the grotesque or the pathetic, in city or country sketching, in his scoundrels or his heroines and saints. Then, too, his stories have the very purest and loftiest aim, and indicate an author mildly conservative, rigidly conscientious, and sincerely devout. In fine, Mr. Roe has sufficient ability to win a large circulation for his works, and moral characteristics which would make us thankful to have their circulation indefinitely increased.

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18. — *The Knickerbocker Gallery: a Testimonial to the Editor of the Knickerbocker Magazine, from its Contributors.* With forty-eight Portraits on Steel, from original Pictures, engraved expressly for this Work. New York: Samuel Hueston. 1855. 8vo. pp. 505.

With the commencement of the present year, the stereotype plates of this elegant volume were brought into use anew, and with improvements which constitute virtually a new edition, though with the title-page unchanged. It consists of a series of original articles, in prose and poetry, grave and gay, by more than fifty of the contributors to the Knickerbocker Magazine, designed to furnish a joint and not unfruitful memorial of their high regard for its veteran editor, Louis Gaylord Clark. It is intended to appropriate the entire proceeds of the work "in building, on the margin of the Hudson, a cottage, suitable for the home of a man of letters, who, like Mr. Clark, is also a lover of nature and of rural life." It might be enough to say, that in the list of contributors, and in the series of portraits, Washington Irving leads the van, and Fitz-Greene Halleck brings up the rear; while in the inter-

mediate space there are many names of high distinction (among them Bryant and Longfellow), and none that have not won a worthy place in their respective styles or departments of literature. Moreover, they have all of them laid out their full strength in this labor of love. The consequence is that we have a miscellany of rare excellence and attractiveness. At the same time, the portraits are finely executed, and those of them on which we are qualified to pass judgment are as faithful as they are beautiful.

19.—1. *Elements of the Differential and Integral Calculus.* By WILLIAM SMYTH, A. M., Professor of Mathematics in Bowdoin College. Portland: Sanborn and Carter. 1854. 12mo. pp. 232.

2. *A Text-Book of Analytic Geometry; on the Basis of Professor Peirce's Treatise.* By JAMES MILLS PEIRCE, A. M., Tutor of Mathematics in Harvard College. Cambridge: John Bartlett. 1857. 12mo. pp. 228.

3. *Elements of Plane and Solid Geometry. Together with the Elements of Plane and Spherical Trigonometry, and an Article on Inverse Trigonometrical Functions.* By GERARDUS BEEKMAN DOCHARTY, LL. D., Professor of Mathematics in the New York Free Academy. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1857. 12mo. pp. 189.

PROFESSOR SMYTH'S treatise is based on the method of Leibnitz, the use of the differential of the quantity under analysis, in contradistinction to Newton's method of the differential coefficient. His reasons for adhering to this method, which is abandoned in recent French and English text-books, seem to us conclusive. We have read enough of the work to satisfy ourselves that it is worthy of the author's distinguished reputation as no less a successful teacher than a profound scholar. We doubt whether the subject can be treated with greater simplicity of style, or by a more apt series of illustrative problems. The same praise is due to all Professor Smyth's text-books, which make a nearer approach to the explicitness of oral instruction than any similar treatises that have fallen under our eye; and, with reference to one of the series, our judgment has been confirmed by the opportunity of comparing it with other manuals in the actual labor of teaching.

Mr. Peirce's treatise is very full and clear in definition and explanation, and is particularly valuable as comprising illustrations drawn from Physics. It will adequately task, but not exceed, the capacity of the well-prepared student, will furnish for him a bracing course of intellectual

gymnastics, and will at once exalt his conception of the grandeur, and enlarge his comprehension of the analytic and solvent power, of the higher mathematics. The work shows that its accomplished author, in pursuing his father's arduous path, has not forgotten the slow and measured steps by which alone the pupil can be led up toward the eminence of clear vision on which the teacher stands.

Professor Docharty's work is distinguished equally by condensation and simplicity. With reference to the properties of the circle, it adopts, in common with many recent treatises, the treatment of the circle as a polygon with an infinite number of infinitely small sides, to the exclusion of the unsatisfactory *reductio ad absurdum* of the older treatises. In a very cursory examination of the book, we see nothing that we could wish to have otherwise; and, while there are other manuals of which we can say the same, we are acquainted with none which we should prefer to this.

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20. — *Handbook of Railroad Construction; for the Use of American Engineers. Containing the necessary Rules, Tables, and Formulæ for the Location, Construction, Equipment, and Management of Railroads, as built in the United States.* With 158 Illustrations. By GEORGE L. VOSE, Civil Engineer. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1857. 12mo. pp. 480.

THIS must be an invaluable book to an engineer, and, beyond our expectation, we find it highly interesting, and richly instructive to a non-professional reader. While it covers the entire ground of railway construction and management, and gives all requisite working formulæ with the processes by which they are reached, it shuns technical language wherever it can be avoided, and enters with minuteness and precision into the practical details, which demand the diligent heed of railroad superintendents and directors, and which have a personal interest for all intelligent travellers, who would know the comparative trustworthiness of the materials, structure, and machinery to which they commit their lives. We would say emphatically, that a manual of this sort ought to be in the hands of every man who holds a place of trust in the affairs of any of our railways. We are especially glad to find that the author's leaning is to the prudent rather than to the heroic side of all professional questions. Thus his formulæ are based on one fourth part of the outside strength of materials; his rules for bridge-making, &c. comprise safeguards against even remotely contingent perils; and he furnishes mathematical demonstrations of the

wastefulness and the financial folly of the high rates of speed which have led to so many appalling disasters. We are glad to find our plea for the forests aided by Mr. Vose's decided preference of coke as fuel for locomotives. The grounds for this preference are so manifest and strong, that only the haphazard, irresponsible management which has carried so many of our railroad corporations to, or beyond, the brink of ruin, can persist in a foolish prodigality which threatens to render our whole country as bare as Sahara. Only in one respect can we find fault with this book. It is defaced by errata, which constitute nearly six closely printed pages. The author tells us that he was in Missouri, and could not read his proofs. But some one should have read them, and they do not show even the lowest measure of care. Many of the errata are such as a child could have corrected. For instance, in two consecutive lines we have the startling equations, $44 \times 2 = 80$, and $54\frac{1}{2} \times 3 = 103\frac{1}{2}$. The work will doubtless reach another edition, and, we trust, may then be printed with an accuracy adequate to its merit.

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21. — *Key to the Geology of the Globe: an Essay, designed to show that the present Geographical, Hydrographical, and Geological Structures, observed on the Earth's Crust, were the Result of Forces acting according to fixed, demonstrable Laws, analogous to those governing the Development of Organic Bodies.* By RICHARD OWEN, M. D., Professor of Geology and Chemistry in the University of Nashville. Illustrated by Maps and Diagrams. Nashville: Stevenson and Owen; W. T. Berry & Co. 1857. 8vo. pp. 256.

NATURAL science, in all its departments, has passed the stage of minute analysis, and the work that now remains for its cultivators is the synthesis of its elements and its forces, and the development of analogy or identity where it has been unsuspected. To trace out the filaments of the Divine unity, which blend and diverge, cross and intertwine, through all space and time, is the endeavor of the leading minds, alike in the sciences that girdle the universe, and in those concerned with the formations and organisms of our own planet. Professor Owen's work is a bold and able essay of this type. *Unity of plan* and *uniformity of causes* are the germinal ideas of his system. He finds in the original condition of the earth and the forces necessarily acting upon it the proximate causes of the series of changes of which it has been the theatre. He traces marks of sameness in the processes of inorganic formation, and of organic life. He refers observed laws of

hygiene among existing plants and animals to the very geological and climatic causes which have left analogous records of their activity in fossil forms. He accounts on similar grounds for the distinguishing characteristics of the various races of men, past and present, as well as for the peculiarities of the Fauna and the Flora of each separate locality. Finally, under the title of "Ethical Geology," he deduces from the premises laid down in preceding chapters "practical suggestions as to the most effective means of improving the physical, mental, and moral condition of the human race." As to the accuracy in detail of some parts of this treatise, we do not feel competent to speak positively; but we have detected no inaccuracy, and the author's evident integrity of purpose conciliates our confidence for his statements of facts. As to some portions of his theory we are by no means prepared to agree with him. But the aim of the entire work is in the direction in which alone truth is to be sought, and, whatever currency and acceptance it may gain now, we have little doubt that half a century hence it will be found to have anticipated — in some cases dimly and vaguely — conclusions now received with incredulity, which will then have become axioms. Yet more, the book breathes, throughout, the spirit of a sincere lover of and seeker after truth, and of one whose researches are conducted under a profound sense of the Divine Being and Providence, and with an earnest desire to render praise to God and benefit to man.

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22. — *Villas and Cottages. A Series of Designs prepared for Execution in the United States.* By CALVERT VAUX, late Downing and Vaux, Newburgh, on the Hudson. Illustrated by 300 Engravings. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1857. 8vo. pp. 318.

ABOUT a third part of this work is occupied by a preliminary chapter "On the Design, Construction, and Detail of Country-Houses." The desiderata of the dwelling-house as to light, heat, ventilation, drainage, health, comfort, and beauty are carefully considered, and the means of meeting them designated; the comparative merit of building materials, and of materials and modes of decoration, is discussed in a way that both interests and satisfies us; and the entire chapter is full of suggestions, which might make every owner of a house a quarter of a century old sorry that his house is not yet to be built. The residue of the volume is occupied with plans, descriptions, and estimates of houses in a great diversity of style, and ranging in cost from fifteen hundred to sixty thousand dollars. Most of these are houses actually built or contracted for; others are studies by the author. The entire work is

characterized by a keen perception of fitness and utility, chaste and elegant taste, and clearness and explicitness in detail. It will be an admirable *vade-mecum* for master-builders, and we would advise every man, who intends becoming the possessor of a new house, however worthy of confidence his architect may be, to consult this book in order to learn, as he cannot otherwise know them, his own needs and wants as to domestic accommodation, and the best mode of supplying them.

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23. — 1. *The Child's Friend and Family Magazine.* Anne W. Abbot, Editor. Vol. XXVIII. Nos. 1 – 6. Boston: Leonard C. Bowles.

2. *The Child's Magazine.* Edited by Mary Bartol. Vol. I. Nos. 1, 2. Portland: G. R. Davis and Brother.

These excellent periodicals are perhaps unfortunate in their names; or, rather, in this "fast" age we are unfortunate in the close limitation given to the once somewhat comprehensive term "child." In the numbers before us, there is much which would interest and instruct young persons of fifteen or sixteen. The first of the above-named journals was commenced in 1843, under the editorship of Mrs. Follen. Through various, and seldom prosperous fortunes, it has passed into the hands of Miss Abbot, whose large attainments, versatile talents, and eminently attractive style need only readers to multiply subscribers, and only patronage to make the work a continued means of the purest entertainment and the best moral and religious influence for children, and almost equally for their parents. No literary journal could demand a higher grade of editorial ability than she has brought to this enterprise. We trust that the new life thus thrown into a periodical which had its birth under the happiest auspices, may more than revive the fair promise of its first publication. We can speak in terms of similar commendation and hope of Miss Bartol's journal. The editor is a lady of fine native powers and large and varied acquirements, and brings to her task extensive and rich remembrances of foreign travel, from which she draws for the instruction of her juvenile readers. Her sole purpose is to do good, and she is but pursuing in a new form the loving labor of years, much of whose leisure has been generously devoted to the highest welfare of the young persons within the range of her influence. The two works will have each its own sphere of especial interest; but we trust that they will pass over each into the other's sphere, and no parent or child will deem two such monthly visitants otherwise than doubly welcome.

24. — *The American Biographical Dictionary: comprising an Account of the Lives, Characters, and Writings of the most Eminent Persons deceased in North America, from its first Settlement.* By WILLIAM ALLEN, D. D., late President of Bowdoin College. Third Edition. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. 1857. 8vo. pp. 905.

PROBABLY no other country has been so fruitful as ours in "eminent persons." Dr. Allen gives us under this category no less than six thousand seven hundred and seventy-five. Of these very many doubtless went down to their graves with hardly a thought that their names would live after them. But we are thankful for the preservation of the brief life-record of even our "village Hampdens," and care not how heavy a burden Fame can be made to bear; while in this Dictionary we miss none who were fairly entitled to a place in its pages. Dr. Allen's painstaking fidelity cannot be praised to excess. The proportions of his work, too, are admirably preserved. His articles are never either redundantly long or unrighteously brief. As to the greatest names, they satisfy without wearying the reader; of less conspicuous personages they narrate all that we need to know. The only exception to be made to a work otherwise excellent is, that the author assumes as his stand-point, not that of the average public for which he writes, but that of his own peculiar opinions, predilections, and prejudices, and that he often insinuates argument — sometimes the *argumentum ad invidiam* — where he should confine himself to the statement of facts. In fine, the breadth and catholicism of his sympathy and appreciation seem to be in inverse proportion to the extent and fulness of his knowledge.

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25. — *Sermons, by* REV. EPHRAIM PEABODY, D. D., *Minister of King's Chapel. With a Memoir.* Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1857. 12mo. pp. xliv. and 388.

THERE are many symmetrically, but feebly developed characters, which it is almost impossible to portray from the entire lack of salient points. Dr. Peabody was one of the few men whose mental and moral natures elude description from their symmetrical, yet full and strong development. Had he manifested his share of the usual faults and weaknesses of humanity, the noble and beautiful traits thrown out into bold relief by the contrast would have won for him, not indeed a more tender and loving regard from those who knew him, but a larger measure of that complex and questionable tribute of the public which bears

the name of "popularity." That which seemed in him to give its hue and tone to every aspect and utterance, was unreserved consecration of heart and life to the Divine service. This kept his spirit as calm as it was fervent, infused a reverence too profound to tolerate display or rhetorical artifice, kept his sweet poetic fancy "fast by the oracles of God," and subordinated all ambition to the one purpose of filling his life with duty and his sphere with usefulness. But how much of intellect in its vigor, brilliancy, and various culture can be embodied in daily duty; how largely the capacity of usefulness can be enhanced by all that is rich, graceful, and beautiful, in the finest endowments and attainments of mind and heart, can have been witnessed in few as it was seen in him. The Memoir prefixed to this volume does such justice as words can to a character which has left on the memory of his friends a more vivid picture than can be reproduced in writing. His Sermons impress us as a photograph might. As we read them we seem to hear him utter them. Simple and transparent in style, weighty in thought, tender, earnest and solemn in their mode of address and appeal, intent perpetually on themes of immortal interest, leaning with humble faith on the authority of Scripture, and deriving their sanctions from the retribution it reveals, — with not a word that can have had a lower aim than moral conviction, yet with hardly a word that could be changed for the better, — with no purpose of ornament, yet with every sentence moulded by a keen sense of euphony, and revealing the wealth of beauty in the author's mind, — they constitute an invaluable memorial of him to those who knew him intimately, and are admirably adapted to prolong and renew the impression — unique and profound — which was always made by his living voice.

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26. — *Biblical Commentary on the New Testament.* By Dr. HERMANN OLSHAUSEN, Professor of Theology in the University of Erlangen. Translated from the German for Clark's Foreign and Theological Library. First American Edition. Revised, after the Fourth German Edition, by A. C. KENDRICK, D. D., Professor of Greek in the University of Rochester. To which is prefixed OLSHAUSEN'S *Proof of the Genuineness of the Writings of the New Testament.* Translated by DAVID FOSDICK, Jr. Vols. I.–III. New York: Sheldon, Blakeman, & Co. 1856–57. 8vo. pp. 621, 624, 615.

WE have long made familiar use of Olshausen's Commentary, especially on the Pauline Epistles, and in some respects we regard it as

incomparably the best work of its kind. No other interpreter illustrates so fully the range of significance appertaining to single words, the distinctions between reputed synonymes, and the use and force of particles. To him the Greek of the New Testament seems like his vernacular tongue, and he penetrates with surpassing skill into the different modes of self-consciousness indicated in different writers by their peculiarities of diction, or in the same writer at different times by his varying phraseology. His Commentary on the first three Gospels is based on their harmony, and presents their narratives blended where they coincide, and alternating in the order of events where their materials differ. As regards the Epistles, he abjures the aphoristic style of interpretation, from which some of the most distinguished expositors of recent times have not succeeded in working themselves wholly free, and his exegesis of every single text is derived from its context, and from the main purpose of the Epistle considered as an actual missive with a definite intent. From his conclusions we often dissent, and it seems to us that he occasionally detects in St. Paul philosophic subtilties which could have had birth nowhere save in modern Germany; yet, where we cannot accept his exegesis, we never fail to derive important aid from him in determining our own. The translation is admirably executed, and Professor Kendrick's revision very greatly enhances its value. The preliminary treatise on the Genuineness of the New Testament is at once clear, concise, and comprehensive, and constitutes an argument doubly precious and convincing from its having been constructed in a land rife with the various sophistries of sceptical criticism, to which it was the author's purpose to supply an availing antidote. The Commentary, having the Greek text for its basis, is not adapted to the use of a merely English reader; but it ought to be a table manual for every Biblical scholar. Moreover, the original so abounds in distinctions and shades of meaning, which are palpable only to one who has a native German's knowledge of that language, as to render the translation the preferable form for nineteen out of twenty who might after a fashion consult the work in German.

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27. — *The English Bible. History of the Translation of the Holy Scriptures into the English Tongue. With Specimens of the Old English Versions.* By Mrs. H. C. CONANT, Author of Translations of Neander's Practical Commentaries. New York: Sheldon, Blakeman, & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 466.

THE title of this book explains its purpose and defines its scope; but

comparatively few are aware of the wealth of biography, history, and anecdote which this scope embraces. Mrs. Conant has shown herself fully adequate to the task. Her work includes full and detailed memoirs of Wickliffe and Tyndale, with sketches of the leading characteristics and personages of their respective times. Her style is clear, vigorous, and sprightly, glowing with the enthusiasm inspired by her subject, and gracefully adapting itself to the moods of feeling created by the varying fortunes of the Divine Word and its translators and propagators, now under the ban of the hierarchy, now on the career of progress and triumph, and through alternating pulses and waves of light and darkness slowly advancing from the dawn to the unclouded day of Scriptural knowledge and religious freedom.

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28. — Bacon's *Essays: with Annotations by* Richard Whately, D. D., Archbishop of Dublin. From the Second London Edition, revised. New York: C. S. Francis & Co. 1857. 8vo. pp. 536.

The *Essay* of Bacon's time was not a finished treatise, but the jotting down of fragmentary thoughts; and Bacon's Essays, though among the most suggestive writings of any age, have probably left on the mind of every reader a sense of incompleteness. They were seed-corn, which has germinated in harvests of varying quality according to the nature of the recipient soil. Their product in such an intellect as Whately's is well worth our study. The work before us grew from a series of annotations and appropriate extracts commenced for his own private use. It has the merit of grouping around the great variety of topics discussed in the original series a collection of the ripest and best thoughts of a master thinker, whose range of speculation and knowledge seems almost fabulous, yet who is never superficial, never a copyist, and whose capacity of putting other minds in action has hardly found its parallel since Bacon's lifetime.

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29. — 1. *Poems.* By Charles Swain. Boston: Whittemore, Niles, and Hall. 1857. 16mo. pp. 304.
2. *The Poetical Works of* Gerald Massey. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1857. 16mo. pp. 301.

It is a unique feature of our times, that, of the English and American poets who hold the first place in the universal esteem, and who are the

inspired exponents of their age, the greater part are in active, busy, care-cumbered life, — Bryant, the editor of a daily paper; Sprague, a high-priest in the temple to which access was of old peremptorily forbidden to the dwellers upon Parnassus; Swain and Massey, bound down from early boyhood to engrossing and grovelling toil. Charles Swain was apprenticed to a dyer at fifteen, and at twenty-nine became, and still is, an engraver. His poems are distinguished by smooth and easy versification, pure, gentle, and devout thought, and the appropriation — the secretion, we might say, by a faculty peculiarly his — of ornament and imagery from scenes and incidents of common life which to an ordinary mind could suggest no poetical association. The ethical beauty of his verses constitutes with us their highest charm. There is hardly a piece which does not embody some precept of personal or social duty. Contentment, cheerfulness, mutual forbearance and helpfulness, kind construction, charitable judgment, pity for the erring, compassion for the poor, — these are among the lessons which, with a frequent sameness of thought, yet with an always fresh flow from the vein of an affluent fancy, are perpetually reappearing in the delightful little volume in blue and gold, which, we are glad to see, has been published on this side of the Atlantic with his concurrence, and in part for his benefit.

In a similar style of mechanical execution we have the poems of Gerald Massey, pre-eminently the poet of the people. He was born in a hovel, and his father, a canal-boatman, was and still is the earner of ten shillings a week. After a few months at a penny school below the grade of our primary schools, he was sent at eight years of age to work in a silk-mill. When the mill was burned down, he labored at straw-plaiting. At fifteen, he was an errand-boy in London, previously to which time his reading had been confined to the Bible, Pilgrim's Progress, Robinson Crusoe, and a few Wesleyan tracts. He now commenced reading at book-stalls, and often deprived himself of food to purchase cheap books. His first poems bear date at a very early period of his life in London. His versification is not so smooth as Swain's; but it is full of vigor, and surcharged with the fire equally of poetic enthusiasm and of indignation at the social inequalities and wrongs under which he has suffered so intensely. In many of his poems there is a Titanic strength; in some of them, an unsurpassed beauty both of thought and diction. His mastery of the resources of his native tongue is amazing. Notwithstanding the seeming meagreness of his culture, he has at his free command a very wide range of imagery, as well that derived from books, and, one hardly knows how, from nature, as that which bears the birth-mark no less than the coinage-stamp of

his own genius. He is but twenty-nine years of age, and should his growth for the next ten years equal that of the last ten, we cannot easily say how high a place he may reach, and hold for all coming time, in the catalogue of the British poets.

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30. — *Central Africa. Adventures and Missionary Labors in several Countries in the Interior of Africa, from* 1849 *to* 1856. By T. J. Bowen. Charleston: Southern Baptist Publication Society. 1857. 12mo. pp. 359.

This work comes to hand just as we are preparing our last instalment of copy for the press. It deserves such a notice as it is impossible for us now to give, and we may recur to it in some future number. It commences with a brief recapitulation of earlier and later researches in Africa, then proceeds to a detailed account of the present condition of Liberia and its inhabitants, and then passes to Yoruba, the chief seat of the author's missionary labors, — a country whose southern boundary is about eighty miles north of the Bight of Benin. The geography, plants, animals, ethnology, language, manners, traditions, religion, and government of this previously almost unknown region constitute the subjects of the greater part of the volume. This is another of the very numerous instances in which an enterprise of Christian philanthropy is rendering back to its birth-land and the civilized world a rich tribute of rare and valuable scientific and statistical knowledge. We doubt whether the funds of the Smithsonian Institution could in any other way so surely subserve the testator's purpose of "diffusing knowledge among men," as by being appropriated to the support of foreign missionaries. Certainly, without aid from government, more of curious, and accurate, and valuable information as to all that concerns nature and man has emanated from our American missionaries since Smithson's bequest became available, than has been given to the world from the income of that noble endowment.

Note to Article III.

Since this article was written, intelligence has been received of the death, at Beirut, of that eminent scholar, Rev. Eli Smith, D. D., who, amid the incessant labors of his calling as a missionary, was yet able to contribute as much as any man of his age to Sacred Geography and

Philology. It is worthy of emphatic remark, that these departments of knowledge have received more aid from devoted and earnest missionaries than from all other classes of inquirers, — their world-renowned professors having derived the choicest materials for their master-works of scholarly diligence from the observations and researches of those self-denying philanthropists.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Third Report of the Commissioners for the Exhibition of 1851, to the Right Honorable Sir George Grey, Bart., &c., &c., one of Her Majesty's Principal Secretaries of State. London. 1856. 8vo. pp. 273.

Twelfth Annual Report of the Commissioner of Public Schools in Rhode Island. Made to the General Assembly, at its January Session, A. D. 1857. By Robert Allyn, Commissioner of Public Schools. Providence. 1857. 8vo. pp. 108.

Fourth Annual Report of the Secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Agriculture, with accompanying Documents, for the Year 1856. Boston. 1857. 8vo. pp. 351.

Eighth Report of the Ministry at Large in Roxbury. Roxbury. 1857.

Fourteenth Annual Report of the Managers of the State Lunatic Asylum. Albany. 1857.

Nineteenth Annual Report of the School Committee of the Town of Brighton, for 1856 – 57. Cambridge. 1857.

A Report of the Decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States, and the Opinions of the Judges thereof, in the Case of Dred Scott *versus* John F. A. Sanford. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1857.

The Historical Magazine, and Notes and Queries concerning the Antiquities, History, and Biography of America. Vol. I. Nos. 1 – 3. Boston. C. Benjamin Richardson.

Harper's Story-Books. No. 29. Lapstone. — No. 30. Orkney. — No. 31. Judge Justin. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1857.

Fleurs d'Amerique. Poésies Nouvelles, par Dominique Rouquette. New Orleans. 1857. 8vo. pp. 303.

Arguments of the Counsel of Trinity Church, before the Senate Committee. Albany. 1857.

The Cerographic Missionary Atlas. New York: Sidney Morse & Co.

Has Oude been worse governed by its native Princes than our Indian Territories by Leadenhall Street? By Malcolm Lewis, Esq., late Second Judge of the Suddr Court of Madras. London: James Ridgway. 1857.

Information for Kanzas Immigrants. Prepared by Thomas H. Webb, Secretary of the New England Emigrant Aid Co. Boston. 1857.

Report of the Proceedings at the Annual Meeting of the Massachusetts His-

torical Society. Address of Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, and the Remarks of Hon. Edward Everett, with a Description of the Dowse Library. Boston. 1857.

Statistical Details respecting the Republic of Lubeck, compared with those of some other European States. By the Rev. R. Everest, A. M.

The Canada Educational Directory and Calendar for 1857 - 58; containing an Account of the Schools, Colleges, and Universities; the Professions; Scientific and Literary Institutions; Decisions of the Courts on School Questions, &c., &c. Edited by Thomas Hodgins, B. A., Univ. Coll., Toronto. Toronto: Maclear & Co. 1857. 8vo. pp. 142.

The Night of Freedom. An Appeal, in Verse, against the great Crime of our Country, Human Bondage. By William Wallace Hebbard. Boston. 1857.

Festival of the Connecticut Association, at the Revere House, Boston, January 14, 1857. With the Constitution, Officers, and Members of the Association. Boston. 1857.

The Euphrates Valley Route to India. An Examination of the Memoir published by Mr. W. P. Andrew, F. R. G. S. By two Travellers, Authors of "Nothing in Particular." London. 1857.

A Sermon preached at the Ordination of George E. Sanborne as Pastor of the Church, Georgia, Vermont, January 1, 1857. By Rev. Lyman Whiting, Pastor of the North Church, Portsmouth, N. H. Portsmouth. 1857.

Jesus and Jerusalem: or Christ the Saviour and Civilizer of the World. A Discourse preached before the Benevolent Fraternity of Churches, on Sunday Evening, April 12, 1857, in Behalf of the Ministry at Large. By C. A. Bartol. Cambridge. 1857.

The Voice of Twenty Years. A Discourse preached in the West Church on the First day of March, being the Twentieth Anniversary of his Ordination, by C. A. Bartol, Junior Pastor. Boston. 1857.

No Connivance with Iniquity. A Sermon delivered March 8, 1857, in the Baptist Church, Meriden, Conn. By George D. Henderson. Meriden. 1857.

Youths Void of Understanding. A Discourse delivered in the Twelfth Congregational Church, Boston, on the First Sunday of March. By Samuel Barrett, Minister of that Church. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1857.

The Christian Duty of Patriotism. A Sermon preached in the First Church in Watertown, on Fast Day, April 16, 1857. By George Bradford. Boston. 1857.

A Discourse delivered in the Church of the First Parish in Dedham, February 8, 1857, the Sunday after the Funeral of Hon. John Endicott. By Alvan Lamson, D. D., Pastor of the First Church. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1857.

An Historical Discourse in Commemoration of the One Hundredth Anniversary of the Formation of the First Congregational Church in Templeton, Massachusetts. With an Appendix, embracing a Survey of the Municipal Affairs of the Town. By Edwin G. Adams, Junior Pastor. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1857. 8vo. pp. 175.

Proceedings on the Occasion of laying the Corner-Stone of the Sailors' Snug Harbor of Boston, on July 14, 1856. Boston. 1857.

The Relation of Public Amusements to Public Morality, especially of the Theatre to the Highest Interests of Humanity. An Address delivered at the Academy of Music, New York, before "The American Dramatic Fund Society," for the Benefit of the Fund. By Rev. Henry W. Bellows, D. D., Pastor of All-Souls' Church, New York. New York: C. L. Francis & Co. 1857.

Address at the Opening of the Grand Musical Festival, at the Boston Music Hall, May 21, 1857. By Hon. Robert C. Winthrop. Boston. 1857.

Public Education. An Address delivered in the Hall of the House of Representatives, in the Capitol at Lansing, on the Evening of January 28th, 1857, by Henry P. Tappan, President of the University of Michigan. Detroit. 1857.

The Utility of the Legal Profession. An Address to the Graduating Class of the Law School of the University of Albany, delivered February 25, 1857. By Dan Marvin. Albany: W. C. Little & Co. 1857.

Address of the Hon. Benjamin F. Perry before the South Carolina Institute, at their Annual Fair, November, 1856; with Exhibitors' Catalogue, and Report of the Committee on Premiums. Charleston. 1857.

Alpha Delta Phi Catalogue. Providence. 1857. 8vo. pp. 159.

Catalogue of the Officers and Students of the University of Michigan, 1857. Ann Arbor. 1857.

Catalogue of the Corporation, Officers, and Students of Hamilton College, 1856–57. Clinton. 1857.

Catalogue of Antioch College, for the Academical Year, 1856–57. Springfield. 1857.

The Life of Charlotte Bronté, Author of "Jane Eyre," "Shirley," "Villette," &c. By E. C. Gaskell. In 2 vols. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1857. 12mo. pp 285, 269.

Rollo in Geneva. By Jacob Abbott. Boston: Brown, Taggard, & Chase. 1857. 16mo. pp. 220.

The Philosophy of the Plays of Shakespeare unfolded. By Delia Bacon. With a Preface by Nathaniel Hawthorne. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1857. 8vo. pp. cxii, 582.

Explorations and Adventures in Honduras, comprising Sketches of Travel in the Gold Regions of Olancho, and a Review of the History and General Resources of Central America. With Original Maps and numerous Illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1857. 8vo. pp. 588.

The Satires of Juvenal and Persius. With English Notes, Critical and Explanatory, from the best Commentators. By Charles Anthon, LL. D. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1857. 12mo. pp. 306.

Sisters of Charity, Catholic and Protestant. And The Communion of Labor. By Mrs. Jameson. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1857. 12mo. pp. 302.

Random Sketches and Notes of European Travel in 1856. By Rev. John E. Edwards, A. M. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1857. 12mo. pp. 466.

Common Sense applied to Religion; or, The Bible and the People. By

Catharine E. Beecher. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1857. 12mo. pp. 358.

School Days at Rugby. By an Old Boy. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1857. 12mo. pp. 409.

The British Poets. Edited by Professor Child, of Harvard University. English and Scotch Ballads. In 4 vols. — The Poetical Works of Thomas Chatterton, with Notices of his Life, a History of the Rowley Controversy, a Selection of his Letters, Notes Critical and Explanatory, and a Glossary. In 2 vols. — The Poetical Works of Andrew Marvel. With a Memoir of the Author. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1857.

Illustrated History of the United States and the Adjacent Parts of America, from the Earliest Discoveries to the Present Time. Embracing a full Account of the Aborigines; Biographical Notices of Distinguished Men; Numerous Maps; Plans of Battle-Fields, and Pictorial Illustrations; and other Features calculated to give our Youth correct Ideas of their Country's Past and Present, and a Taste for General Historical Reading. By G. P. Quackenbos, A. M. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1857. 12mo. pp. 460.

Isabel, the Young Wife and the Old Love. By John Cordy Jeaffreson, Author of "Crewe Rise," &c. New York. 1857. 12mo. pp. 454.

The Testimony of the Rocks; or, Geology in its Bearings on the Two Theologies, Natural and Revealed. By Hugh Miller. With Memorials of the Death and Character of the Author. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1857. 12mo. pp. 502.

Poems, by William Cullen Bryant. Collected and Arranged by the Author. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1857. 24mo. pp. 264.

The Diary of an Ennuyée. By Mrs. Jameson. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1857. 16mo. pp. 341.

Dynevor Terrace; or, The Clue of Life. By the Author of "The Heir of Redclyffe." In 2 vols. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1857. 12mo. pp. 316, 319.

Catalogue of the New York State Library. 1855. Vol. I. General Library. — Vol. II. Law Library. Albany. 1856. 8vo. pp. 987, 402.

A Catalogue of Theological Books in Foreign Languages, including the Sacred Writings; Fathers, Doctors of the Church, Schoolmen, and Ecclesiastical Historians, to the Death of Boniface VIII., A. D. 1303; Jewish and Rabbinical Commentators; Works of the Reformers, and of more recent Divines, Ascetical, Polemical, and Exegetical; Liturgies, Rituals, and Liturgical Literature; Councils, Synods, and Confessions of Faith; Monastic History and Rule; Canon and Ecclesiastical Law, Hebrew and Syriac Literature, etc., etc. On sale by David Nutt and Trübner & Co. London. 1857. 8vo. pp. 600.

Things not Generally Known: a Popular Hand-Book of Facts not readily accessible in Literature, History, and Science. Edited by David A. Wells. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1857. 12mo. pp. 432.

The New England History, from the Discovery of the Continent by the Northmen, A. D. 986, to the Period when the Colonies declared their Independence, A. D. 1776. By Charles W. Elliott. In 2 vols. New York: Charles Scribner. 1857. 12mo. pp. 479, 492.

Gaut Gurley; or, The Trappers of Umbagog. A Tale of Border Life. By D. P. Thompson. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. 1857. 12mo. pp. 360.

Principles of Natural Theology. By Robert Anchor Thompson, M. A. London. Rivingtons. 1857. 16mo. pp. 120.

Life of Tai-Ping-Wang, Chief of the Chinese Insurrection. By J. Milton Mackie. New York: Dix, Edwards, & Co. 1857. 12mo. pp. 371.

The Works of Horace, with English Notes, by the Rev. A. J. MacLeane, M. A., Head-Master of King Edward's School, Bath. Revised and Edited by Reginald H. Chase, A. M. Cambridge: John Bartlett. 1857. 12mo. pp. 588.

Boston Board of Trade. 1857. Third Annual Report of the Government, presented to the Board at the Annual Meeting, on the 21st of January, 1857. By Isaac C. Bates, Secretary. Boston. 1857. 8vo. pp. 670.

Biographical and Historical Sketches. By T. Babington Macaulay. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1857. 12mo. pp. 335.

The Bible in the Workshop; or, Christianity the Friend of Labor. By Rev. John W. Mears. New York: C. Scribner. 1857. 12mo. pp. 344.

The Days of my Life. An Autobiography. By the Author of "Margaret Maitland," "Lilliesleaf," &c., &c. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1857. 12mo. pp. 428.

Romaic or Modern Greek Grammar. By E. A. Sophocles. Boston: Hickling, Swan, & Brewer. 1857. 12mo. pp. 196.

Canterbury Tales. By Sophia Lee. New York: Mason Brothers. 1857. 12mo. pp. 431.

The Americans in Japan. An Abridgment of the Government Narrative of the United States Expedition to Japan, under Commodore Perry. By Robert Tomes. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1857. 12mo. pp. 415.

Prose Works of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. In 2 vols. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1857. 16mo. pp. 455, 475.

Characters and Criticisms. By W. Alfred Jones, A. M. In 2 vols. New York: I. Y. Westervelt. 1857. 12mo. pp. 289, 268.

The Connections of the Universe, as seen in the Light of God's Created and Written Revelations. New York: Thomas N. Stanford. 1857. 12mo. pp. 315.

The Child's Book of Nature. Part I. Plants. — Part II. Animals. — Part III. Air, Water, Heat, Light, &c. By Worthington Hooker, M. D. Illustrated by numerous Engravings. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1857. 16mo. pp. 120, 170, 179.

Stories of the Island World. By Charles Nordoff. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1857. 16mo. pp. 315.

Dramatic Scenes, with other Poems now first printed. By Barry Cornwall. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1857. 16mo. pp. 368.

Smiles and Frowns. By Sara A. Wentz. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1857. 12mo. pp. 376.

Essay on Language, and other Papers, by Rowland G. Hazard. Edited by E. P. Peabody. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, & Co. 1857. 12mo. pp. 348.

Brittany and La Vendée. Tales and Sketches. With a Notice of the Life and Literary Character of Émile Souvestre. New York: Dix, Edwards, & Co. 1857. pp. 301.

Sermons of the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, of London. Second Series. New York: Sheldon, Blakeman, & Co. 1857. 12mo. pp. 441.

The Little Learner, Learning about Right and Wrong; or, Entertaining and Instructive Lessons for Young Children, in respect to their Duty. By Jacob Abbott. Illustrated with ninety Engravings. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1857. 16mo. pp. 192.

History of King Richard the First of England. By Jacob Abbott. With Engravings. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1857. 16mo. pp. 336.

Modern Manicheism, Labor's Utopia, and Other Poems. London: John W. Parker & Son. 1857. 16mo. pp. 164.

Paul Fane; or, Parts of a Life else untold. A Novel. By N. Parker Willis. New York: C. Scribner. 1857. pp. 402.

History of the Invasion and Capture of Washington, and of the Events which preceded and followed. By John S. Williams, Brigade Major and Inspector, Columbian Brigade, in the War of 1812. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1857. 12mo. pp. 371.

Mind's Mirror: Poetical Sketches. With Minor Poems. By M. J. J——n. Edinburgh: James Hogg. 1856. 16mo. pp. 280.

The World's Own. By Julia Ward Howe. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1857. 16mo. pp. 141.

The Confidence-Man: his Masquerade. By Herman Melville. New York: Dix, Edwards, & Co. 1857. 12mo. pp. 394.

Travel, and Recollections of Travel, with a Chat upon Various Subjects. By Dr. John Shaw. London: Saunders and Otley. 1857. 12mo. pp. 288.

Life of Prince Talleyrand, with Extracts from his Speeches and Writings. By Charles K. McHarg. New York: C. Scribner. 1857. 12mo. pp. 382.

Scampavias from Gibel Zarek to Stamboul, by Harry Gringo. (Lieutenant Wise, United States Navy.) New York: C. Scribner. 1857. 12mo. pp. 362.

Manual of the Botany of the Northern United States. Revised Edition; including Virginia, Kentucky, and all East of the Mississippi, arranged according to the Natural System. By Asa Gray, Fisher Professor of Natural History in Harvard University. With six Plates, illustrating the Genera of Ferns, etc. New York: Ivison & Phinney, and G. P. Putnam & Co. 1857. 12mo. pp. 635.

First Lessons in Botany and Vegetable Physiology, illustrated by over 360 Wood Engravings from Original Drawings by Isaac Sprague. To which is added a copious Glossary, or Dictionary of Botanical Terms. By Asa Gray. New York: Ivison & Phinney, and G. P. Putnam & Co. 1857. 12mo. pp. 236.

The Moral Philosophy of Courtship and Marriage. Designed as a Companion to the "Physiology of Marriage." By the same Author. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. 1857. 12mo. pp. 308.

A Book of Public Prayer, compiled from the Authorized Formularies of Worship of the Presbyterian Church, as prepared by the Reformers Calvin, Knox, Bucer, and others. With Supplementary Forms. New York: Chas. Scribner. 1857. 12mo. pp. 360.

The Wanderer. Fantasia and Vision, etc. By the Smith of Smitherden. Edinburgh: James Hogg. 1857. 16mo. pp. 381.

The Doctrine of Baptisms. Scriptural Examination of the Questions respecting, — I. The Translation of Baptizo; II. The Mode of Baptism; III. The Form of Baptism. By George D. Armstrong, D. D., Pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Norfolk, Va. New York: Charles Scribner. 1857. 12mo. pp. 319.

Examples from the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries. By Mrs. L. H. Sigourney. First Series. New York: Charles Scribner. 1857. 12mo. pp. 349.

Lives of the Queens of Scotland, and English Princesses connected with the Regal Succession of Great Britain. By Agnes Strickland. Vol. VI. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1857. 12mo. pp. 365.

Reading without Tears; or, A Pleasant Mode of Learning to Read. By the Author of "Peep of Day," etc., etc. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1857. 16mo. pp. 136.

Arctic Adventures by Sea and Land, from the Earliest Date to the Last Expeditions in Search of Sir John Franklin. Edited by Epes Sargent. With Maps and Illustrations. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, & Co. 1857. 12mo. pp. 480.

The Sceptical Era in Modern History; or, The Infidelity of the Eighteenth Century, the Product of Spiritual Despotism. By T. M. Post. New York: Charles Scribner. 1857. 12mo. pp. 264.

The Three Eras of New England, and other Addresses, with Papers Critical and Biographical. By George Lunt. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1857. 12mo. pp. 264.

Library of Select Novels. No. 203. The Fortunes of Glencore. By Charles Lever. — No. 205. Nothing New. Tales, by the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," etc., etc. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1857.

Tenth Annual Report of the Southern Baptist Publication Society, with the Proceedings of the Meeting held at Augusta, Geo., April 23 and 24, 1857. Charleston. 1857.

The Character of Franklin. Address delivered before the Franklin Institute of Pennsylvania, on the Evening of the Fourth of December, 1856. By Henry D. Gilpin. Philadelphia. 1857.

Catalogue of Dickinson College for the Academical Year MDCCCLVI-VII. Carlisle. 1857.

The Life and Public Services of Dr. Lewis F. Linn, for Ten Years a Senator of the United States from the State of Missouri. By E. A. Linn and N. Sargent. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1857. 8vo. pp. 441.

Outlines of English History: from the Roman Conquest to the Present Time. With Observations on the Progress of Art, Science, and Civilization,

and Questions adapted to each Paragraph. For the Use of Schools. By Amelia B. Edwards. American Edition, Revised and Corrected. Boston: Hickling, Swan, & Brewer. 1857. 12mo. pp. 106.

The Student's Gibbon. The History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, by Edward Gibbon. Abridged, incorporating the Researches of recent Commentators. By William Smith, LL. D. Illustrated by one hundred Engravings on Wood. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1857. 12mo. pp. 677.

Public Amusement for Poor and Rich. A Discourse delivered before the Church of the Unity, Worcester, December 16, 1855, and repeated, by Request, before the Worcester Lyceum, January 15, 1857, at the Warren Street Chapel, Boston, April 29, 1857, and before the Young Men's Christian Union, May 21, 1857. By Edward E. Hale. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, & Co. 1857.

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Art. I. — 1. *The Life of Charlotte Brontë.* By E. C. Gaskell, Author of "Mary Barton," "Ruth," etc. In two volumes. New York: D. Appleton and Company. 1857. 12mo. pp. 285, 269.

2. *The Brontë Novels. — Jane Eyre. An Autobiography.* Edited by Currer Bell (Charlotte Brontë). — *Shirley. A Tale.* By the Author of "Jane Eyre." — *Villette.* By the Author of "Jane Eyre" and "Shirley." — *Wuthering Heights.* By Ellis Bell (Emily Brontë). — *The Tenant of Wildfell Hall.* By Acton Bell (Anne Brontë). New York: Harper and Brothers. 1857.

3. *Agnes Grey.* By Acton Bell (Anne Brontë).

4. *The Professor. A Tale.* By Currer Bell. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1857. 12mo. pp. 330.

The first thrill of regret which passes over the community on the death of a favorite author, in the prime of his power, is tinged with a very decided selfishness. We count the years which we thought would bring us new volumes from the same pen, and feel ourselves defrauded of a promised treasure. Our expectations have been raised by what has been achieved, and our appreciative welcome prepared for what the future might bring. This feeling is independent of any personal interest in the dead, and when that has already existed, or is subsequently awakened by circumstances, is soon merged in

a less selfish sorrow for the broken life. The genius which wrought for our delight assumes the proportions of a friend, over whom we claim the right to mourn, and upon whose memory we dwell with loving interest. Thus we take up our pen for the task we have now set ourselves, not as a cold and distant criticism would suggest, but with reverent friendliness and warmth of interest, which we believe fully warranted by the circumstances of the case. The author of "Jane Eyre" is no longer a mere abstraction to the reader's mind, but instinct with vitality and clear in individuality. We know her henceforth even better as a woman than as a writer. When we reflect that the impression made by Currer Bell was produced by only three works, we feel all the more deeply that the powers so carefully and conscientiously used could never, had she lived, have been desecrated by any hasty or incomplete publication, that no outside pressure would have induced hurried utterance, that the reticence which marked the past would have characterized the future, and that the high ideal before her mind would never have been lowered at the instigation of popularity or by the temptation of gain. The works already published would have been followed by others worthy of their predecessors, and if they came more slowly than our eagerness desired them, their merit would have constrained us to acknowledge that time was necessary to ripen into full maturity the fruit which boasted such rare flavor. This hope blasted, this future denied, we cling the more closely to the treasures we already possess, and turn eagerly towards every avenue for gaining knowledge of the nature which originated them, rejoicing when our cool judgment allows us to approve what our tenderness for the dead induces us to value.

The world does not need to be told that the works of an author are not always counterparts of his actual experience; we have long known that the merriest quips often come from the saddest hearts, and the most lachrymose sentimentalities from the jolliest natures; yet we feel, nevertheless, that in the life of an author we are to search for the secret of his power, the clew to his imaginings, the explanation of his literary position. When we criticise a work with no personal knowledge of the writer, we obtain an impartiality of judgment in

some respects, at the expense of thorough and sympathetic understanding of his point of view, his qualifying circumstances and his personal enthusiasms and prejudices. The blunders of inference which follow upon letting loose the astuteness of professed critics over an unknown country, are often ludicrous, sometimes disastrous. The knowledge of an author's life, by increasing our power of throwing ourselves into his position, sheds light on many a dark passage, explains many a seeming paradox, and more than compensates for the loss of entire impartiality of judgment, with its accompanying indifference of criticism. Indeed, a perfectly impartial criticism is almost impossible, since the desire to criticise at any length implies that the heart is interested in favor of, or the feelings excited against, the work in question. In the absence of this motive power we can furnish only a tame and spiritless statement, little better than a table of contents. The critic who throws himself *con amore* into his subject is not necessarily warped out of his critical perpendicular, and a genial appreciation of the merits of his author or a quick perception of his defects need not degenerate into fulsome flattery or bitter invective.

In the search for information concerning an author, we are fortunate when we come upon a biography like that which Mrs. Gaskell gives us of Miss Brontë. We find in it, not only the satisfaction of an urgent curiosity upon many points of personal history, but a key to Currer Bell's fictions, which sends us to their reperusal with a new and more tender interest. And in the glimpses given of the sisters Emily and Anne, — those strange mental organizations in which peculiarities were carried almost into deformities, — we learn to account for the strange elements present in their works. We find the atmosphere of the novels predominating in the "Life," — the "counterfeit presentment" of persons and incidents known personally or by tradition, placed before us in the romances. This is especially true in Charlotte's case; for her mind was less narrow by nature, and her life more varied in feeling and in action, than that of either of her sisters. The most repulsive and the most contradictory of her fictitious characters prove to be but the careful elaboration of outlines sketched

from her own circle of experience. In the vivid description which Mrs. Gaskell gives of Charlotte Brontë's life, we are surprised to find how little the novelist strained her privilege of coloring and intensifying the elements of character about her. Those who dwell amidst the constant friction of city life, or are subjected to steady attrition among their fellows, can with difficulty conceive how the sharp points and rough edges of character remain, and even become more prominent, in circumstances of isolation. This is as true of communities as of individuals; and however fond we may be of imagining model republics existing in isolated positions, which protect them from the enervating breath of general luxury, it is very certain that such protection must be purchased with the loss of much in the way of refinement of tone and universality of development. Hereditary traits become intensified, whether they are virtues or vices; and, alas for poor human nature! the vices too often grow more luxuriantly than the virtues; or, at best, virtues are more quiet in their development, and have less concentrated power over the imagination and hold upon the memory. Household crimes of the past are whispered fearfully by the winter fireside, long after household virtues have passed out of remembrance. All contracting influences are strengthened when they act unchanged upon generation after generation; social laws bend under the unchecked power of the hereditary rich and the exhausted energies of the hereditary poor; and public opinion sides with the strong, or contents itself with low and timid whispers of ineffectual disapprobation. To these circumstances we must look for an explanation of the state of society in that isolated portion of England in which the Brontés were born and reared, and for which we must make due allowance in reading their works.

The biographer of Currer Bell had a very delicate and a very difficult task to perform. The public naturally craved the most explicit details concerning the externals of a life of whose interior workings it had caught glimpses through the half-revealing, half-concealing medium of what we may term autobiographic novels. This explicitness would necessarily involve many persons who might object to being called

before the world, and bring out in strong relief particulars of such a nature that prudence and courtesy demand silence even when indignation clamors for utterance. The temptation to speak is the greater in this instance, for the reason that the sufferings of Charlotte Brontë were precisely those portions of her life which called forth her most glowing words. The morbid delicacy of feeling which some of them induced, gave rise to her most thrilling revelations of spiritual susceptibility. The capacities for happiness, the aspirations for affection, so crushed and lacerated, sent forth the deepest cry of anguish. Fully to explain all the circumstances would be to arraign individuals connected with them; but the severity with which a tribunal of justice may ferret out evidence and pass its definitive sentence is forbidden to those who would fain probe the depths of moral torture. Yet a certain inferential condemnation ensues from those necessary revelations which the simplest and most delicate statement of incidents involves, and the occasional transcending of strict limits may be pardoned to the enthusiasm of personal friendship.

We propose, in the first place, to examine the memoirs which Mrs. Gaskell furnishes us, with special reference to those portions which tell most powerfully upon the development of Miss Brontë's mind and heart, and then to turn, with the light thus thrown upon the author, to a scrutiny of her works. We believe that this knowledge of the individual — always more necessary in judging of a woman's comparative position than of a man's, since her sphere of feeling is less rounded by external action — is in a peculiar degree necessary to a full comprehension of Currer Bell's romances. We also believe that many of the criticisms made in times past, in the total absence of such knowledge, would now, were it possible, receive very decided modification, and the general judgment in regard to her works become even more favorable than their popularity proves it to be already.

Mrs. Gaskell prefaces the memoirs themselves with some explanatory sketches of the country and the people among whom Miss Brontë was born, and the environments from which her mind received its earliest and strongest impressions. This is the more necessary, owing to the very striking peculi-

arities of Yorkshire and its inhabitants. Nothing less than an account of these peculiarities as they manifested themselves half a century ago, could prepare one to believe in them at a later period, or within the childhood of the Brontés, and even then it requires some effort to conceive that such relics of barbarism and such savageness of customs could exist anywhere in England in this nineteenth century. These facts, however, once established, the inevitable inferences which follow are our first help towards a complete comprehension of the reason why, when the Brontés described the men and women whom they saw, or with whose histories they were familiar through immediate tradition, the great world should have felt its delicate nerves shaken at what it regarded as exaggerated pictures of coarse and hard humanity. The persons whom the sisters met in their daily walks were quite as rough and odd as those they put upon their imaginary stage, and within the limits of their own family strange contrasts appeared, while the tales with which their old nurse nourished their childish imaginations were weird as any entwined into their fictions.

The incidents which Mrs. Gaskell relates as confirmation of the ferocity and coarse cruelty of this people, we have not room to quote; but some of them are startling and repulsive in the highest degree. And though with kindliness of intention she musters a small array of compensating virtues, which appear upon a thorough study of the nature of the people, they fail to soothe our indignant feelings, which revert again and again to the graphic but hateful narrative.

To this rude and desolate country Mr. Bronté, the father of Charlotte, brought his young wife, and amid the cheerless and forlorn scenes of lonely country life in Yorkshire the wife soon ended her days, leaving behind her six desolate little children in that dreary stone parsonage of Haworth, the mere picture of which we cannot contemplate without a shiver at its forlorn aspect. The father, an Irishman and a good but stern man, was quite as eccentric as any character which his daughter's imagination ever drew. Full of energy, but with little tenderness, charitable and laborious in his vocation as clergyman, but taciturn and solitary in his ways, he left his

motherless children to nestle together and to look only to one another for sympathy and endearments. In other respects he seems to have been a good father, and to have won the esteem and reverence of his family. His hygienic theories, however, were carried out, we fear, very much to the detriment of little ones who appear to have needed precisely the opposite of his Spartan method of treatment. His naturally violent temper, though under sufficient control to prevent him from indulging in angry words or blows, found vent in the most ludicrous manner. He is described as working off "his volcanic wrath by firing pistols out of the back door in rapid succession," as burning up the hearth-rug and appearing to enjoy the stench thereof, and as sawing off the backs of the chairs during another *accés de fureur*. He did not approve of any elegance of apparel, and therefore threw into the fire some gay shoes belonging to the children, and cut into shreds a silk dress presented to his wife, which shocked his fastidiously plain taste. What his children must have thought while these oddities were before their eyes, we may well imagine, when we remember the wonderful precocity of their minds. Some of the peculiarities of the father, modified by the gentleness of the mother, may be traced in the children.

Some time after the mother's death, a sister of hers came to take charge of the motherless brood. She was an estimable but not very lovable woman, who inspired the respect rather than the affection of those about her. Her natural austerity was increased by her dislike of Yorkshire, which she never conquered, though she remained there till her death. She taught the little girls to excel in all household accomplishments, initiating them into all the mysteries of cooking and embroidery. The reader will remember many passages in the novels, where these matters find honorable mention. In the absence of all other children's society, and without any of the toys and picture-books which fairly smother the infants of more (or less?) favored regions, these little folks read the newspapers of the day, discussed the Parliamentary debates, and formed their conversation and their employment upon the models of the older persons about them. Their precocity, which would have been apparent under any circumstances,

became absolutely marvellous under the strange forcing process to which they were subjected. The child-nature was lost, if indeed it ever had any existence, and the five sisters and one brother formed a community of their own, quite unlike that of any other known nursery. Even their plays, when they condescended to amuse themselves, were rather the recreations of mature minds than the frolic nonsense of childhood. In the course of time four of the sisters were sent to a school at Cowan's Bridge, of which all that need be said is, that it was the original of Lowood in "Jane Eyre"; but the two elder ones died in the course of the first year, and the two younger ones were soon after removed from the school. Mrs. Gaskell's account of the life at this school is no less painful, though less dramatic, than its counterpart in the novel. Upon the death of her older sisters, little Charlotte, though a mere child, assumed the responsibilities of chief in the diminished group, and seems to have comprehended her position immediately, and devoted herself to the duties consequent upon it with unswerving fidelity. She remained at home till she had entered her fifteenth year, exercising herself industriously in the household tasks prescribed by her aunt, or busied in the preparation of various literary compositions, which grew so numerous, that in 1830, when she was but fourteen, she made out "A Catalogue of my Books," which were twenty-two in number. These little volumes, written in a tiny hand, and containing from sixty to one hundred pages each, were devoted to a great variety of topics, and consisted both of prose and verse. In 1831 she was sent to Roe-Head, to a school very different from the Cowan's Bridge abomination, where she remained for a year, and formed some of her strongest and most valuable friendships. Taking every possible advantage of the educational opportunities here afforded her, Charlotte made great progress, and afterwards returned to the school in the capacity of teacher. During her stay at Roe-Head, her observant mind, always active, gathered in impressions of local scenery and personal character, and her memory stored itself with traditional lore, all of which were destined to form the material of her future works. Her duties as teacher were extremely arduous, and her life painfully monotonous; but she bore it

with courage, though she mourned deeply over the condition of her sister Emily, at that time teaching in a school at Halifax, and worn down with "hard labor from six in the morning to eleven at night, with only one half-hour of exercise between." Charlotte's health gave way entirely, and she returned home. Emily also succumbed to the hardships of her lot. At this time the sisters appear to have made their first decided literary efforts, and letters, asking counsel, were sent to Southey and Wordsworth. Southey's reply is given at length, and, while mildly discouraging, is marked with the gentle kindness and courteousness of his nature. Baffled in this hope, Charlotte set herself resolutely to work again in a situation totally repugnant to her, and became a private governess. In this sphere she accumulated experiences and bore sufferings, which, calling out no loud or frequent complaint at the time, fermented within her, and burst forth long afterwards in her works.

It is not known that her experiences at this time were very unlike those of other women in the same social position, — or rather, to speak more correctly, in the same absence of all position. The sufferings, the mortifications, and the sorrows of private governesses have been too long a favorite theme of English novelists, to leave any possible aspect of the mournful topic untouched. Why the abuses interwoven into that system of education are not resolutely eradicated by public indignation, or, if that is impossible, why the system itself is not exchanged for something more genial and humane, can be explained only by that peculiar tenacity with which the English, as a nation, cling to their established customs, and the apathetic obstinacy with which they regard any suggestion of change. Miss Brontë, being condemned by Fate to be a governess, must meet with the same trials and annoyances under which the rest of the class have long groaned; but she being also a woman of genius equal to her susceptibility, having the gift of utterance as well as of endurance, the world has to thank her persecutors indirectly for much that glows in her writings. What persons are within themselves, influences the expression of the life far more than the incidents which make its daily tenor. Commonplace persons appear to meet

with only commonplace experiences, because they have no immortal fire within to melt the ore of life into flowing metal, no creative inspiration to mould it into form and beauty. Genius makes from that same ore a bronze statue of glorious proportions, for the world to admire, and transforms into passionate utterance the incidents which in an ordinary life would come to naught, or at most cause only a transient emotion. The materials in the two cases are not unlike, but the power at work upon them is, in one case, that of a Prometheus, in the other that of an ignorant child. We find Charlotte Brontë always busy in "making out," from all that she sees and all that she feels, half-real and half-ideal creations, and moulding her acquired ideas in the crucible of her fancy. She treasures all the traditions of a country rich in startling tales of the past; she fills her mind with pictures of long-gone scenes; the mansions which she passes in her daily walks are peopled to her sight with forms unseen by common eyes; and even the ordinary incidents of the monotonous life about her reveal to her a darker tragedy and a deeper pathos. To such a nature as Currer Bell's nothing was without signification. To the plain, near-sighted, silent woman, nature found a way to reveal its secrets and reward her worship; to the introverted mind of the morbid dreamer grew mysterious insight into the phenomena of all varieties of minds; to the busy plodder amid daily drudgeries came eagle-winged thoughts of freedom and wildest soaring; and over the pent-up affections of the taciturn and diffident governess swept whirlwinds of passion, by turns the stormiest agony and the most rapturous bliss.

Discouraged and harassed by a mode of life so utterly at variance with their instincts, enfeebled in health by longing homesickness, which always hung about them when absent from their own breezy moors, the sisters determined to attempt taking a school by themselves, hoping to increase their pecuniary resources, at the same time that they secured the happiness of remaining together. This plan was never crowned with success; but the endeavor to carry it out led to a new and important change in the life of Charlotte and Emily, who, for the purpose of better fitting themselves to

become teachers, went over to Brussels, and entered the *pensionnat* of Monsieur and Madame Héger. There, by unremitted application, they obtained a thorough knowledge of the French language, and increased their acquirements generally. To this sojourn in Belgium we are indebted for Currer Bell's "Villette." They were called home, after an absence of ten months, by the sudden illness and death of their aunt. Emily never returned to Brussels; but Charlotte soon after assumed the position of English teacher in the same establishment, so that her whole residence on the Continent extended over a period of two years. Her experience during this time is set down so vividly in "Villette," that, once read, it can never be forgotten. Disagreeable as her life necessarily was in some respects, it was not without its pleasant side, if only for the reason that it afforded her in full measure those advantages she courted so much. Her mind was maturing in all ways, to an extent of which she herself was probably hardly aware; and if her solitary hours and forlorn destitution of affection and sympathy fostered the morbid susceptibility of her disposition, we can hardly quarrel with them, since the most powerful psychological portions of "Villette" could never have come into existence without them. Even her *devoirs* in French composition show the power of her mind, which breaks through the difficulties imposed by a foreign tongue.

During her whole stay at Brussels, Charlotte spared no efforts to avail herself of every opportunity of intellectual improvement, though her delicate health and sensitive temperament must often have made her tasks difficult of accomplishment. Her intellectual growth would have done credit to a far more robust physical organization. She won the especial respect of Monsieur Héger, and seems to have felt for him a great degree of reverence and grateful friendship. His peculiarities of manner and temper, his strong religious and charitable feelings, and his odd irritability, are shadowed forth in Paul Emanuel, a hero who, though he may have failed to become popular among ordinary hero-worshippers, has his select number of admirers, and was evidently intended by the author to win our esteem and our liking. The few

persons outside the walls of the *pensionnat* with whom Miss Bronté became acquainted, the local scenery, the historic associations, were all analyzed and all appropriated by her, with little plan, perhaps, of future use, but simply from the inevitable and irresistible tendency of her mind thus to examine, and as it were hold in solution, those scenes and incidents which with others pass unnoticed in daily routine. Thus the lonely home of the *grandes vacances* became to her a prominent and frightful reality of experience, not to be dismissed afterwards from the memory with a shrug of the shoulders and an exclamation of disgust, but to induce nights of weary sleeplessness, to bring on fever and desperation as they dragged their slow length along, and years afterwards to recur with undiminished force, and dictate those strangely fascinating chapters on "The Long Vacation" in "Villette." The fact also of her stanch Protestantism, amid so much obtrusive Romanism, added fuel to the fire of her inner excitement, and provoked all her antagonism. She had no sympathy with, no admiration for, the ceremonies of that Church; the *messe* was to her always "idolatrous," and "the uncompromising truth" of her character would not allow her to shrink from the maintenance of opinions, which could hardly be received with complaisance by those among whom she dwelt. Her position at Madame Héger's became less and less tolerable to her, and the increasing troubles at home, resulting in part from the misconduct of her brother Branwell, and in part from the threatened blindness of her father, combined with her own homesick yearnings to induce her return to Haworth.

And now ensued a long stay upon the moors, a quiet resumption of home habits and daily-recurring duties, her literary labors still pursued, silently but with undaunted courage. The story of the publication of a volume of poems by the three sisters is well known. Then followed the acceptance by a London publisher of "Agnes Grey" and "Wuthering Heights," by Anne and Emily, and the rejection of "The Professor," Charlotte's first fiction. Undismayed even by this, she commenced "Jane Eyre," and its opening chapters were written while she was in close attendance upon

her blind father. Her life was at this time as monotonous as Haworth life must necessarily be. The walk upon the moors was the most agreeable event of the day; the evening talk, when the sisters were together and the rest of the family asleep, was the charm of the night. When a naturally active and energetic intellect is placed in circumstances devoid of variety and interest, other influences, which in seasons of social excitement remain dormant, rise into importance and wield a dominating power. The phenomena of external nature, with their daily variety, — the inevitable and seemingly spontaneous changes of thought in long seasons of uninterrupted meditation, united with a sense of thraldom under a condition at variance with the impulses of the heart, — these are the influences which are set at work, and which produce in weak minds a deadness or mental paralysis, and in strong ones a feverish restlessness. Traces of this restlessness are occasionally apparent in Charlotte Bronté; but the steadfast courage with which she combated both this and the miserable ill-health aggravated by it call forth our esteem and admiration. Indeed, a quiet, undemonstrative energy was one of "Currer Bell's" most marked characteristics, and the unshaken firmness with which she bore a life-long monotony, to a temperament like hers a constant martyrdom, continually displays itself upon the pages of her biography. Some of her fictitious characters are endowed with similar organizations, and possess the same power of endurance, the same reluctance to accept means of escape which in the least jar the moral sense, the same force to bear without uttering one cry till the crisis of agony is past and words can be spoken calmly. Something of her singularly self-contained spirit is revealed in the characters of Jane Eyre and Lucy Snowe. It would seem that neither of these was intended as a likeness of her nature, as she herself understood it; but most readers will discover remarkable resemblance as to the workings of the inner heart and the endurance of interior conflict and suffering. Not the least of Currer Bell's artistic talents is that which she possessed of emerging from the intense introversion which marks the conception of some of her characters, and plunging at once and vigorously into the stormiest

action and the most demonstrative passion, vividness and vitality accompanying every change in the movement.

The power of passive endurance in Miss Brontë, united with the strength of active perseverance, which she possessed in an equal degree, can alone explain the fact that this fragile and delicate woman, whose health was enfeebled by frequent illness, whose nerves were wrung by all depressing influences, and whose heart was smitten by repeated afflictions, was able to turn from the darkness about her, to rise from the exhausting minutiæ of household cares and the physical fatigue of laborious attention upon others more ill than herself, to make for herself an atmosphere, full of change and of charm, in the fair land of romance, and, after a night spent in the passionate vehemence of Jane Eyre's personality, to renew the same faithful performance of daily prosaic duty. Tenderly attached to her sisters and her father, forbearing to the brother whose recklessness made his home wretched, we find her always forgetful of herself and devoted to others. The faithfulness of her devotion through those long and weary years of dismal Haworth life, varied only by rare visits made and received among her very small circle of friends, is set forth with simple pathos by her biographer, and forms one of the most touching chapters of womanly experience. Those who have been accustomed to regard Currer Bell only as an author who has dared to speak on certain topics with a plainness somewhat unusual among fashionable lady-writers, and have consequently assailed her for coarseness and immorality, will stand abashed before this record of womanly virtue and tender affection. Miss Brontë never lost her keen perception of the desolate monotony of her home-life, through familiarity with its routine. She writes to a friend: "I can hardly tell you how time gets on at Haworth. There is no event to mark its progress. One day resembles another; and all have heavy, lifeless physiognomies. . . . . I feel as if we were all buried here. I long to travel; to work; to live a life of action."

To add to her depression, her eyes, which she had injured by her minute style of drawing and by her miniature handwriting, — a fac-simile of which Mrs. Gaskell introduces, —

became very troublesome, so that the fear of blindness tormented her, and her amusements, already so limited, were still further curtailed. Her father's eyes were much relieved by a surgical operation undertaken in compliance with Charlotte's earnest entreaties. Her own eyes never entirely recovered, and she was often unable to use them for reading or for writing, — a deprivation keenly felt by her, and doubly distressing as an aggravation of her loneliness. Her brother's sad and disgraceful history was another bitter ingredient in her cup of sorrow. The story is simply and plainly told by Mrs. Gaskell, and clearly explains how the author of "Wildfell Hall" should have known so well the details of a vicious life. The suffering and mortification which he inflicted upon his innocent sisters were no slight addition to his offences against virtue.

In the mean time the novels of the two younger sisters had been accepted, as we have seen, and Charlotte's returned upon her hands. As "The Professor" is now before the public, an opportunity is afforded for judging of the critical acumen of the six London publishers who declined to usher it into the world. An indication of character quite in keeping with Currer Bell's other peculiarities is apparent in the circumstance of her using the same wrapper for her manuscript during all its pilgrimages, so that each publisher was able to see the names of his brethren who had refused it before him. "Jane Eyre," however, was doomed to a better fate, and we rejoice as we remember that the strong heart, so long unable to find acceptable utterance, at last received a worthy welcome. The graphic account by Mrs. Gaskell of Charlotte's method of composition, and of her patient fulfilment of household drudgery when her brain was on fire with the creative impulse, proves that it is by no means necessary that literary women cease to be bound by domestic laws. In the private correspondence of Miss Brontë we trace a resemblance to Jane Eyre's own style, playfulness when her heart is sore within her, resolute courage in the struggle of life, and a smile because she will not weep.

With the publication and immediate popularity of "Jane Eyre," Currer Bell entered upon an active literary career,

which, however, never prevented her from giving her wonted attention to her home duties. We find her easily assuming the dignity of a successful author, neither disdainful of praise nor elated by its novelty. Her letters at this time become doubly interesting. Her reading was extended through the kindness of her publishers, who supplied her with books otherwise inaccessible to one in her isolated position, and her mind seized with avidity, yet with discrimination, the food placed within its reach. Her criticisms are keen and pithy, and show a ready grasp of whatever subject she took up. "Jane Eyre" was published in October, 1847, at which time Miss Brontë was thirty-one years of age.

Owing to the confounding of the pseudonymes of Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell, and the consequent mistakes of the publishers, Charlotte and Anne determined to go to London to establish beyond a doubt their separate existence. They remained but three days in the great city, and every circumstance of their stay is harmonious with the individuality which they have already asserted so strongly before the mind of the reader. The next year Branwell died, and Charlotte writes to a friend: "All his vices were and are nothing now. We remember only his woes." This was in October, and the following December Emily also was taken. The story of her last days is unsurpassed in tragic pathos; we read almost with horror of her struggle against her inevitable doom. "Stronger than a man, simpler than a child, her nature stood alone. The awful point was, that, while full of truth for others, on herself she had no pity; the spirit was inexorable to the flesh; from the trembling hands, the unnerved limbs, the fading eyes, the same service was exacted as they had rendered in health." In truth the strength of her will and the power of her resolve, joined to the peculiar tastes and tendencies of her nature, made of Emily Brontë a very extraordinary woman, and we find in her the germs of much, which, placed under more favorable circumstances, must have developed into nobility and grandeur. Sorrow followed fast on sorrow, and poor little Anne, after bravely endeavoring to resist her insidious foe, consumption, died in May, 1849, during a visit to the sea-shore, made with Charlotte, in the

vain hope of benefiting her health. Charlotte returned to her desolate home, to take up again the battle of her life, now utterly alone. She writes to her dearest friend : —

"I tried to be glad that I was come home. I have always been glad before, — except once ; — even then I was cheered. But this time joy was not to be the sensation. I felt that the house was all silent, — the rooms were all empty. I remembered where the three were laid, — in what narrow, dark dwellings, — never more to reappear on earth. So the sense of desolation and bitterness took possession of me. The agony that *was to be undergone* and *was not* to be avoided, came on."

And again, some little time after : —

"Sometimes when I wake in the morning, and know that Solitude, Remembrance, and Longing are to be almost my sole companions all day through, that at night I shall go to bed with them, that they will long keep me sleepless, — that next morning I shall wake to them again, — sometimes, Nell, I have a heavy heart of it."

She was at the end of the second volume of Shirley, when all these home afflictions came upon her. As soon as she had recovered from the first prostration of her grief, she resumed her work, and the first chapter of the third volume bears for a title, "The Valley of the Shadow of Death." This work was soon finished, and was published just two years after "Jane Eyre." It excited almost as much interest, but not quite so much severe criticism, as its predecessor. And now it began to be known who Currer Bell was, and a visit which she made at the house of her publisher, in December, brought her in personal contact with as much of the literary society of the metropolis as her shy manners and feeble health would permit. The meeting with strangers was an ordeal to which she could never accustom herself, and the excitement of a dinner-party, or even of a call, would bring on that enemy of all woman-kind, — nervous headache. She met Thackeray several times, and exchanged the strong but distant intellectual admiration she felt for him for a personal esteem and friendliness, though she still retained her power of criticism upon his works, and clearly perceived his faults. Always kindly in her own judgments, and genial in her criticisms, she felt keenly the philippics launched from some quarters at "Jane Eyre," and even wept on reading a severe

review of "Shirley" in the "Times," though she uttered no remonstrances, and insisted on perusing all adverse criticisms, heroically maintaining that they "did her good."

Her history henceforth alternates between lively intellectual experiences set forth in pleasant letters to and from critics and authors, and the old routine, seldom broken, of household avocations. "All knew the place of residence of Currer Bell," says her biographer. "She compared herself to the ostrich hiding its head in the sand; and says that she still buries hers in the heath of Haworth moors; but 'the concealment is but self-delusion.'" She succeeded in accomplishing a large amount of reading, in spite of the weakness of her eyes. Solitude and sad memories made her heart often heavy; and the bleak and desolate storms so frequent in that country told fearfully upon a nature so susceptible as hers to every variation of temperature, and brought about a constant recurrence of those symptoms of consumption which were always hovering near her. The long and melancholy days and the still longer and more dreary nights dragged slowly on, exhausting mind and body in the effort to bear up against them, so bravely but so vainly made. Her imagination grew morbid, her nerves lost their vigor, her fancies conquered her reason in those lonely night-seasons, and few can imagine what she endured as she paced up and down her solitary room after all else were sleeping. The gloomy situation of the parsonage, in the midst of a churchyard "literally paved with rain-blackened tombstones," and never a healthy residence, any more than it was a cheerful one, became in the damp weather of spring fearfully unwholesome, and the family suffered constantly in health. Miss Bronté's friends were affectionately urgent for her to make them frequent visits; but her father's dependence upon her, and her own lofty sense of duty to him, prevented her from indulging in long absence from home. She was not one to leave the simplest duties unfulfilled for her own pleasure; so she clung to her old father, and plodded on in the pestilential air and among the sorrowful associations of Haworth. The shadowy forms of her dead sisters were ever by her side, and in the lone, sad night-hours her yearning for them grew so intense

as to win almost audible response to her excited mind. Every little taste of theirs was remembered, and everything about her was connected with them. The moors reminded her of Emily, whose love for them was a passionate vehemence, and she says: "Not a knoll of heather, not a branch of fern, not a young bilberry-leaf, not a fluttering lark or linnet, but reminds me of her. The distant prospects were Anne's delight, and when I look round, she is in the blue tints, the pale mists, the waves and shadows of the horizon." What wonder that her own cheek grew pale and her imagination morbid, left thus alone with these sorrowful memories! The wonder is that such a delicate organism kept any healthful action, that the harp swept by such rude gusts retained any tone of music responsive to lighter breaths. When her rarely occurring pleasures did come, when a short visit to a friend checkered the monotony of her life, we are astonished at the receptive faculty she exhibits for all the pleasure that presents itself. Her feeble frame shivers and trembles at the social ordeal; she grows nervous at meeting strangers; but her inner nature is a bold one, after all, and she is able to seize the intellectual enjoyment, and to exercise her critical and analytic powers, even when apparently overpowered by her *mauvaise honte*. After a brief sip from the cup of pleasure, the return to her gloomy home calls forth no harsher expression of the inevitable reaction of her spirits than a rare utterance like this: "I would not write to you immediately on my arrival at home, because each return to this old house brings with it a phase of feeling which it is better to pass through quietly before beginning to indite letters." Two days which she spent in Scotland were like a glimpse of fairy-land to her, and each moment of them made its own deep and distinct impression upon her fancy. Her anxiety for her father's health was constant, and openly expressed, and was reciprocated by him with the strongest solicitude on his part, when he believed her to be ill. She felt that this anxiety was injurious to them both, in leading them to think too much upon symptoms which they could not remove, and she did her best to lay aside her dread both for him and for herself. But she always spoke and wrote with unfailing interest in her father's

health, and Mrs. Gaskell says, "There is not one letter of hers which I have read, which does not contain some mention of her father's state in this respect."

Charlotte Brontë is described by her biographer as she appeared at their first meeting, as "a little lady in a black silk gown. She came up and shook hands with me at once. I went up to unbonnet, &c., came down to tea; the little lady worked away and hardly spoke, but I had time for a good look at her. She is (as she calls herself) *undeveloped*, thin, and more than half a head shorter than I am; soft brown hair, not very dark; eyes (very good and expressive, looking straight and open at you) of the same color as her hair; a large mouth; the forehead square, broad, and rather overhanging. She has a very sweet voice." And as they walk or drive in the open air she gives a "careful examination of the shape of the clouds and the signs of the heavens, in which she read, as from a book, what the coming weather would be"; and tells her new friend that she can have "no idea what a companion the sky becomes to any one living in solitude, — more than any inanimate object on earth, — more than the moors themselves." The readers of the novels cannot fail to have been struck with the many marvellous sky-pictures therein painted, and the powerful description of all weather phenomena.

During the composition of "Villette," Miss Brontë suffered more than ever from illness and consequent depression of spirits, so that, with the most willing heart in the world, she was unable to prepare it for the press until after long and vexatious delays. She felt conscientiously unwilling to write when her mind was below its proper tone, and she replies to the importunities of her publishers: —

"If my health is spared, I shall get on with it as fast as is consistent with its being done, if not *well*, yet as well as I can do it. *Not one whit faster.* When the mood leaves me, (it has left me now without vouchsafing so much as a word or a message when it will return,) I put by the MS. and wait till it comes back again. God knows, I sometimes have to wait long, — *very* long it seems to me."

The vigorous activity and persevering industry with which she wrote when "the mood" did come back, prove this in-

ability to have been no weak affectation, no silly desire to be flattered into the resumption of her work. "Villette" had to be written, too, with no friend near to whom she could go for sympathy and criticism, as she had before resorted to her sisters; and in a letter written at this time she says: "I can hardly tell you how I hunger to hear some opinion besides my own, and how I have sometimes desponded, and almost despaired, because there was no one to whom to read a line, or of whom to ask a counsel." Her knowledge of her own mind, and of the kind of power she possessed as differing from that of other popular novelists, is shown in a few remarks relative to "Villette":—

"You will see that 'Villette' touches on no matter of public interest. I cannot write books handling the topics of the day: it is of no use trying. Nor can I write a book for its moral. Nor can I take up a philanthropic scheme, though I honor philanthropy; and voluntarily and sincerely veil my face before such a mighty subject as that handled in Mrs. Beecher Stowe's work, 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.'"

"Villette" appeared in 1852, and with this work, which more than sustains the author's previous reputation, closes Currer Bell's literary career, and we are called upon to lay aside our sympathies with her as an author, only to take them up again — if her biographer has succeeded with others as well as with ourselves, in awakening a very strong personal interest — the more decidedly with her womanly sorrows and deferred hopes. The sunshine of married life which eventually warmed the bereaved heart, and made even the old parsonage a cheerful home, did not rise unobstructed by clouds and portents. When the long-silent and patient-waiting, but much-loving Mr. Nichols, found words to speak his own heart and to waken a response in Miss Brontë's, the old Titan, her father, had so long survived his own tender feelings, that the lovers found no encouragement for their hopes from his astonished perceptions, and so decided was he in the expression of his disapproval, that Charlotte bowed her head before the storm, and the poor curate was obliged to leave both the lady of his love and the field of his labors. After a year of dutiful submission, the details of which may be imagined by all who have been witnesses of similar domestic circumstances, the

stern old father yielded, and we find Charlotte busied, with quiet trust and hope, in preparations for the modest wedding. It took place in the little church at eight o'clock in the morning, — precisely the hour (and under not altogether dissimilar circumstances of loneliness) at which little Jane Eyre was to have become Mrs. Fairfax Rochester. During the nine months of her married life, Mrs. Nichols enjoyed a serene contentment, a quiet satisfaction, quite unlike any of her previous experiences, and the sympathetic reader rejoices at every word which tells that the stout, but storm-weary heart has found a resting-place at last. We have only occasional glimpses of her home now; for the public has no right to enter. The authoress is "not at home," even though the matron remain as hospitable as before. But the shadow was never to be fairly lifted from this life; the picture was to receive only a few faint tints of cheerful coloring upon its sombre canvas; and soon after we congratulate the husband upon the possession of his wife, we are called to mourn with him over her loss. The sympathy of the world can do nothing to lighten such a bereavement; it cannot cheer the desolate home, or break the spell of bitter memories; but after the hush of reverent silence is over, it urges its claim to offer a word of respectful and earnest sympathy.

We close this sketch of the Memoirs with Mrs. Gaskell's own words: —

"If my readers find that I have not said enough, I have said too much. I cannot measure or judge of such a character as hers. I cannot map out vices, and virtues, and debatable land. . . . . I turn from the critical, unsympathetic public, — inclined to judge harshly because they have only seen superficially and not thought deeply. I appeal to that larger and more solemn public, who know how to look with tender humility at faults and errors; how to admire generously extraordinary genius, and how to reverence with warm, full hearts all noble virtue. To that Public I commit the memory of Charlotte Bronté."

Mrs. Gaskell has not only given us a graphic delineation of the incidents in the life of her friend, and a clear and delicately outlined portrait of her personality, but in the very doing of this she has nobly fulfilled her own desire to vindicate and to honor the memory of Currer Bell. Without flattery, or violent

declamation, she has eulogized her friend in the most fitting and effectual manner, by simply permitting facts to speak for themselves. The best vindication of a true life is to tell the plain, unadorned history of that life. The world has a shrewd, and after all a pretty fair judgment, when it is in possession of a sufficient number of facts. The unavoidable distortion which the circumstances attending a prominent position before the public receive, from the great amount of handling they are subjected to, is best remedied by a straightforward statement from some responsible quarter. The final judgment of the community is almost always in accordance with the dictates of generosity and truth. Character, like water, finds its own level, if it have but time to settle, and we soon discover that the frothing and turmoil which lifted certain waves into apparent height, or opened caverns whose depth we could not fathom, subside when the gale is over, and allow us to estimate the true depth of the stream. Great natures never fear this subsiding process; serene as the ocean in grandeur and in depth, the sounding-line may be cast down and the plummet allowed to tell its reckoning fairly. Therefore in this Life of Miss Brontë the truest service has been rendered to her memory, and the best panegyric uttered over her tomb, by a simple and candid recital of the environments of a nature so peculiar, yet so noble, the endurances of a heart so tender, yet so strong, the struggles of an intellect so powerful, yet so susceptible. The literary history is a rare one, in this age when intellectual strength of all kinds rushes eagerly to the arena, when even mediocrity is unwilling to sit silent in the chimney-corner. The inner record is as strange, in its picture of steady self-denial and struggle, when the heart, sensible of its own weakness and of the strength of its adversary, the imagination, still waged battle against morbid fancies and nervous depression, and, though sometimes conquered, refused to yield. Few persons would have felt the pressure of filial duty so strong as to prevail against such an array of hostile circumstances. With every temptation to leave a desolate and sickly home, and go where honor and the hope of renewed health brightened the prospect, the courage and devotion which could sustain Charlotte Brontë through those long years upon

the Yorkshire moors was no small virtue. We learn from her works, even better than from the occasional outbreaks in her private correspondence, how varied and how eager were her longings and her capabilities. The thirst for action, the yearning for change, the power of emotional enjoyment, the intelligent desire to travel, are all revealed to us in her fictions, though jealously guarded and conscientiously repressed in her daily life.

Few who read the Brontë novels when they first appeared could have suspected, in ever so faint a degree, the strangeness of the private history which lay concealed behind the friendly shelter of those oracular names. It is questionable whether the criticism which attacked them from some quarters so ferociously and so blindly did not, in the end, prove a benefit to them. It drew the more attention to the defects indisputably existing, in the works of the younger sisters especially, but with that attention has come a more impartial judgment and a higher award of praise; for the knowledge that the authors painted life as it lay around them in their daily path is sufficient refutation of the charge, that they revelled in coarseness for coarseness' sake, and drew pictures of vice in accordance with their own inherent depravity. The materials were not selected by them, but thrust upon them by circumstances clamorous for utterance. The narrowness of their general world-knowledge could hardly be suspected by themselves. They probably did not regard their sphere as an exceptional one, but supposed that in their circle they saw, in little, what the world was in large, and when their imaginations pictured fairer scenes and softer natures and gentler emotions, then they fancied that they were straying into realms of impossibility. And looking at these novels in the strong daylight cast upon them by our study of the hearts and brains in which they had their birth, — no longer mere creations of an imagination which leaves a cheery social circle at its will, to retire to the study and indulge its untrammelled powers, able to return at any moment to healthful and happy influences from without, — they come to us as the very outpouring of pent-up passion, the cry of fettered hearts, the panting of hungry intellects, restrained by the iron despotism of adverse and unconquerable circumstance.

Few novels have called forth, even in these days of violent literary sensations, such decided opinions and such contradictory criticisms as "Jane Eyre." Upon its first reading no one seemed able to pronounce a moderate judgment. Some were enthusiastic in admiration, others rabid in detestation. All possible merits and all conceivable defects were discovered in it. Immorality, coarseness, and unnaturalness were seen by some, while others beheld only a brilliantly colored picture of the human heart. Critics fell upon it, for it challenged criticism; sagacity speculated upon it, for it defied surmise; explanations were hazarded without contradiction, for the author remained silent, and apparently undisturbed by the commotion awakened. Some readers traced only the bold, broad strokes of a masculine hand; others discerned the touch of a woman's delicate fingers; and the wise ones declared it the production of a brother and a sister, not the effort of any single mind. Like a meteor, it swept across the literary heavens, drawing towards it the gaze of thousands.

The public judgment still remains somewhat undecided as to the tendency of "Jane Eyre," viewed simply in its moral aspect, and this is, perhaps, so long as the majority is on the side of a favorable judgment, no small testimonial to the general truthfulness and power of the story. For the same result ensues upon actual occurrences about us, when the circumstances are peculiar and in any way tinctured with romance. Parties are formed for and against, champions are full of enthusiasm and faith, adversaries of bitterness and condemnation, and the judgment of those who wish to be impartial remains long suspended. The situations in "Jane Eyre" are powerfully drawn and brilliantly contrasted; but there is nothing impossible in the circumstances, and we are able to follow every change of scene, and to trace the working of each heart with understanding interest. To those who track "little Jane" over the stony road of her temptation, and go forth with her as she goes into the desolate world, impelled by the unerring instinct of her conscience, no further search for moral power will be necessary.

The book has been too universally read and too fully criti-

cised to need more than a passing notice from us in regard to its literary merit. But there are several points wherein our present knowledge of the author decidedly modifies, and others in which it totally changes, opinions passed upon it in the absence of such knowledge. Not long after the publication of the work, the world outside concluded that it was in great measure autobiographic; but this, so far from uniting the different opinions, only placed the battle upon a new ground, and the writer became as fruitful a topic for discussion as the work itself, while the point where truth blended with fiction was decided at the pleasure of the critic. We now know it to have been autobiographic chiefly in that sense in which true genius throws its very self into its work, pours its lifeblood through its creation, making it throb with vitality, and then, by right of kingship, calls its conquered territory by its own name. The first part of "Jane Eyre," the child-life of the heroine, deserves a more special notice than it is apt to receive; for the more rapid and tumultuous play of passion that succeeds obliterates the impression made by it. It is, however, artistic in the highest degree, and, viewed as a prelude to the main plot, is almost unequalled in its preparatory movement. Every stroke of the pencil which paints the heroine as formed by nature and influenced by circumstance, is of value in sketching the precise outline which is afterwards filled up. There are no waste lines or uncertain etchings, and the fidelity with which the first conception of character is clung to is quite marvellous. The childhood of Jane, with its embryo qualities, its nascent strength, its nervous imaginings, and its strong antagonisms, develops in steady preparation for the fervid passion-life of the woman. The strong but long-repressed impulse, the passionate heart, the conscience and right principle dominant over both by virtue of native vigor alone, take us into regions of struggle, and unveil to us a conflict which romance-writers have usually left untouched, or but weakly portrayed. It is somewhat singular that this new and fascinating field of romance should have been selected by one living far from all literary competition, and with only her own judgment to decide upon its fitness. It was a kind of literary clairvoyance

which enabled Currer Bell to see that the time was ripe for such utterances. Novel-readers now-a-days are not satisfied with pictures of external and social life, however brilliantly colored they may be, or however various in style. The demand — to speak in mercantile parlance — is for a better article. We ask for deeper insight into character, for the features of the mind and heart rather than of the face and figure. Heroines cease to be miracles of beauty, yet prove themselves still powerful to charm; heroes are no longer of necessity stalwart and Herculean, yet they are still victors in the life-arena. The author plays the part of anatomist, and dissects heart, brain, and nerve, to lay them before the reader for examination and analysis. Perhaps Thackeray may be regarded as the most skilful in this dissection, though he enjoys the work more as if he were pulling an enemy to pieces with malice aforethought, than as a surgeon regarding the result only in a scientific light. Currer Bell is more genial than Thackeray, and never loses her faith in the heroic element of humanity. She delights and interests us in persons who are neither magnificently handsome nor superlatively magnanimous, but who have warm human hearts and active minds, and the battle of whose life is no ignoble struggle, though it may be a silent and single-handed one. It is this single-handed conflict, indeed, that she delights in, and depicts with greatest power, believing, as she says herself, that "Men and women never struggle so hard as when they struggle alone, without witness, counsellor, or confidant; unencouraged, unadvised, and unpitied." The reader of Miss Brontë's life may judge whether or not she knew what such a lonely life-battle really was.

In "Jane Eyre," as the first positive outburst of long-repressed vitality, we might excuse much more violent demonstrations than we find. The reticence so evident in Currer Bell's personal character often asserts itself in her writings, and although at times the volcano bursts forth, and hot lava-streams scorch the air, yet we feel that but a small portion of the internal fire finds its way to the surface. We hardly need to be told that a large part of "Jane Eyre" was written in a wonderfully short time. The whole movement of the

Thornfield life betokens an irrepressible impulse in the author, and establishes in the mind of the reader a confidence similar to that we acquire in a great musician, whom we have heard successfully surmounting difficult passages of his art; breathing freely once more, we lay aside all anxiety for the future, certain that the power will be equal to the strain made upon it. The characters in "Jane Eyre" are stronger than most of the surrounding circumstances, to which, with consummate skill, they are made to seem to yield. It is in the accumulation of circumstances tending in one direction, and the indomitable will of the heroine which breaks this linked chain when the crisis comes, that we find the moral of the tale. Her moral strength and her unswerving instinct are out of the range of ordinary minds, as the sphere of her conflict is removed from commonplace environments. Isolated alike from restraint and from assistance, from praise and from blame, she is clothed in a God-given armor of proof, and wins the victory in the very strength of her woman's weakness. Natures like hers present extremes and approach paradox; strength and vigor of action in a crisis are balanced by impressionableness and superior receptivity for the magnetic force in others, producing a sort of fascinated submission to a certain point, at which the tremendous revulsive power is awakened. In Rochester a study of another kind is placed before us, as successfully managed, though less admirable in itself. Indeed, he makes no attempt to win our admiration, but he gains from us the somewhat surly liking which would suit him best were he aware of it. We can even understand how he managed to "suit little Jane" "to the inmost fibre of her being." Knowing the difficulties of his position, and the original and acquired faults of his character, we judge his short-comings rather as we do those of our own prodigal sons, for whom our hearts yearn and our lips frame excuses, than as judges on the bench do those of criminals whose antecedents are nothing to them. This may be wrong, but it is true to human nature, which never can divest itself of these warpings of judgment, or fail to discover the under-tone in the Rochester nature, and believe in its nobility while it condemns its errors. The predominant feeling is, that the nature is bent out of its

true course by adverse influences, not that it loves best of itself a distorted growth, and we keep hoping for calmer airs to allow it to rise erect once more. In St. John, the third type of character, self-denial soars (paradoxical as it may seem) into an intense selfishness; and in laying aside all the humanizing and pleasurable influences within and around him, he immolates others at the shrine of self as remorselessly as Rochester's eager and impulsive selfishness would do. Jane in both instances enjoys the struggle with their iron wills; ultimate victory we are sure must be with her, and we watch the contest with faith in our chosen champion. Like David with the Philistine, she takes no sword too large for her handling, nor tries to wield a lance too heavy for her strength, but with the small stone in the sling she slays her adversary, she herself hardly knows how. There is no bravado in her onset, no panoply of war, and her nerves tremble though her heart is strong, when the Goliath of her battle shakes the ground with his terrible tread. Like David also, she can return to the tending of her sheep, no whit puffed up by the great deed she has done. She has mounted no stilts upon which she cannot remain, yet from which it is mortifying to descend, and ordinary mortals are not afraid of her, though she has fought with and slain giants.

The most prominent artistic defects in the work are, in our opinion, the too highly colored pictures of the physical distress endured by Jane after leaving Thornfield, and the somewhat hackneyed melodrama of the discovery of her cousins in the persons of her chance benefactors, and her subsequent acquisition of a fortune. The former removes our interest to a new range of antagonistic experiences without relieving the tension, for the introduction of starvation and physical exposure as additional suffering for the lacerated nature does not harmonize with the general effect, or add force to the *dénouement;* and the latter detracts from the generally unique management of the characters and the plot.

Miss Brontë was always keenly alive to the attacks made upon "Jane Eyre," and it is certain that any trenching upon the limits of delicacy or of morality was far from her thought, and that, in telling her story as it arose in her imagination, her

obedience to the truth of her perceptions of humanity is as complete when she paints its sins as when she dwells upon its virtues. If the alternative is to be true to the life-picture she tries to paint, even by confounding our perceptions with our sympathies, as she sees them constantly confounded in those around her and in her own self, or to sacrifice the fidelity of her coloring in order to throw into stronger relief the line between wrong and right, her decision as an artist may be different from that of a political economist. The public voice has declared in favor of retaining the faithful picture, and there are those who do not despair of finding in it profitable study. It is not always in those works which make the loudest claims as moral utterances, that the most searching truth and the keenest strength are to be found.

The general tone of "Shirley" is somewhat unlike that of its predecessor; the characters are more numerous, the scenes more varied, the interest less concentrated. It lacks the impetuous impulse, the passionate glow, the lava-rush towards a single point, and gives us instead, more changing tableaux, more general friction, wider varieties of emotion. It retains the spiciness of seasoning however; the viands are still of racy flavor and delicate concoction, but we detect more common and familiar ingredients in them. We still have vivacious conversations sparkling with repartee, descriptions quite Turner-like in their brilliancy of painting, and touches of deep pathos side by side with sunny and gleeful scenes. In the opening chapters we have a rough "charcoal sketch" of characters, a bold outline of coarseness quite unlike the usual efforts of the feminine pen in such directions. We are glad to learn from the "Life" that the curates did not originate in the imagination of Miss Bronté, or derive their absurdities from any desire on her part to cast a slur upon the profession to which they belong. The characters in "Shirley" are nearly all of them drawn from life, and their behavior under the circumstances created for them by the author is in perfect keeping with the tendencies which her analysis of their characteristics enabled her to discover and set in motion.

It is pleasant to trace the delicate revelations of Miss Bronté's own tastes and habits in her writings. We find

her love of nature, her keen perception of the changing moods of earth and sky, and all her atmospheric susceptibilities, continually peeping out. She sets it down against one of her characters in "Shirley," that he "was not a man given to close observation of nature, he could walk miles on the most varying April day, and never see the beautiful dallying of earth and heaven, never mark when a sunbeam kissed the hill-tops, making them smile clear in green light, or when a shower wept over them, hiding their crests with the low-hanging, dishevelled tresses of a cloud"; and we feel directly that Currer Bell neither likes, nor means that her readers shall like, that man. The heroine in "Shirley" was intended as an impersonation of Emily Brontë, as her sister fancied she would have shown herself under more genial circumstances than those which surrounded her in reality. We detect the touch of a loving finger in the arrangement of the drapery around this peculiar figure. That incident in the romance which has been condemned as too melodramatic, — the bite of the mad dog, — is an exact transcript of a similar experience on the part of Emily Brontë. Caroline Helstone represents a much-loved friend of Charlotte, and is evidently a favorite with the author, though a stronger contrast than that between such a disposition and her own Jane Eyre-ish nature cannot well be imagined. She gives us in the two Moores men nearly as selfish as Rochester and St. John, and endowed with the power which selfish men almost always possess when they are shrewd and energetic. They obtain that which they really set their hearts upon having. It is undeniable that Currer Bell's heroes love themselves very much even in loving their mistresses. Having acknowledged this, or any other element of character in her creations, she never avoids for them any legitimate consequence of its existence, never shrinks from any situation into which it brings them, from fear of jarring upon the prepossessions of the reader. Inexorable as Nemesis, she forces upon them the mortifications and the disasters which are their due. Few writers would have dared the strain upon our liking given in the mercenary love-making of Robert Moore to Shirley, since Robert is intended to win our respect on the whole; but this was the

natural consequence of the premises established in Robert himself, and we have to go through it as we may, and get over it as he did. In the delicately painful descriptions of illness we trace the experience of Charlotte Brontë by the bedside of her dying sisters; and there is a frequent tone of sadness in "Shirley," which tells us that the author is by no means sitting in unclouded sunshine. The characters arrive at conclusions which we feel that the writer herself has reached, and in passages like the following, we feel that she speaks her own carefully wrought-out philosophy.

"I believe — I daily find it proved — that we can get nothing in this world worth keeping, not so much as a principle or a conviction, except out of purifying flame, or through strengthening peril. We err; we fall; we are humbled, — then we walk more carefully. We greedily eat and drink poison out of the gilded cup of vice, or from the beggar's wallet of avarice; we are sickened, degraded; everything good in us rebels against us; our souls rise bitterly indignant against our bodies; there is a period of civil war; *if the soul has strength, it conquers and rules thereafter.*"

In this conflict of life within itself in which Currer Bell finds the secret of progression, the labor of the soul upon itself and the fulfilment of its appointed work, she is very skilful to interest us and powerful to reveal its movement. We feel that the hard discipline of her men and women is like that which we make for ourselves, and that the process by which they struggle into greater freedom is that by which we must ourselves emerge from bondage. "Shirley" excited nearly as much attention as "Jane Eyre," and its admirable portraiture of Yorkshire people and scenery led to the detection of its author's identity.

In 1852 "Villette," Currer Bell's last work, was published. In this novel the scene of action is removed from England to the Continent, it being, as we have seen, a transcript of her own residence in Belgium. In some respects "Villette" is her most remarkable work. It possesses a more classic elegance of outline and a more delicate finish of detail than either "Jane Eyre" or "Shirley." In its analysis of character it is absolutely clairvoyant. The heart of Lucy Snowe, — that name so rightly chosen, — a volcano white with drifts with-

out, glowing with molten heat within, — is laid bare before us, and we may watch every flicker of the flame, every surging of the fiery billows. No anatomist could more clearly describe the physical vitality, than she has sketched this weird and wild, yet hushed and still nature. She plays in the romance a part similar to that of Charlotte Brontë herself in the world, — that of a silent, unsuspected analyzer of others. Miss Brontë says of her: "I was not leniently disposed towards Lucy Snowe; from the beginning, I never meant to appoint her lines in pleasant places"; — and we feel that ordinary sources of happiness were necessarily closed to such a one. In eloquence of language, also, "Villette" bears the palm, rich as the others were in choice diction and fitting phrases. Certain passages in "Villette" rise to a height of sublimity or reach a depth of pathos which moves the very soul. Sadness is its prevailing tone, the hand of Fate casts its shadow from the beginning, and we know that it will fall upon us at the last.

There are, however, certain defects in "Villette" which Miss Brontë herself acknowledged, though she felt powerless to remedy them. She writes to her publisher: "I must pronounce you right again, in your complaint of the transfer of interest, in the third volume, from one set of characters to another. It is not pleasant, and it will probably be found as unwelcome to the reader, as it was, in a sense, compulsory upon the writer." The childhood of Paulina, also, promises more than it performs. She is much more of a woman when she is a child in years, than when she is fairly grown up. The queer little girl impresses us as "quite a character," and we are disappointed when she degenerates into a mere pretty woman. The giddy, shrewd-witted Ginevra is decidedly more entertaining; her whimsicalities amuse and her absurdities provoke us as they did Lucy, while she manages to keep the same place in our liking. Paul Emanuel is a personage apparently after Miss Brontë's own heart, and she evidently enjoys dwelling upon the dark-complexioned, irascible little man. He is strangely effective in the pages of "Villette," and our admiration for him grows with the progressive development of the story, till our affections twine about him

whether we will or no. In regard to his fate as set forth in the last paragraph, the meaning of which has been often disputed, we have now the confirmation of its tragic import from Miss Brontë's own lips. Indeed, the romance would have been imperfect without it, every stroke of the pen prepared us for it, and the author would have been false to "all the unities" had she forced a different *dénouement.* The oracular style of its announcement was merely out of deference to her father's request, that she would "make them happy at last."

From these three works we must make up our estimate of Currer Bell's genius; for "The Professor," written first, but not published till the halo of an assured reputation surrounded the name of its author, hardly influences our judgment either way. Its faults, which are many, were redeemed in her subsequent works; its crudeness, which is great, gave place to exquisite finish both of plot and of character; and its choice of material, which reminds us of her sisters rather than of herself as we now know her, was replaced by more genial and more natural specimens of humanity. Its best portions are developed in "Villette" with more power and richer charm, and, so far as Currer Bell is concerned, the publication of "The Professor" might still have been omitted; but viewed by itself, and compared with most of the romances issuing from the prolific and not over-fastidious press of the day, we confess some surprise that the occasional flashes of talent in its details, and the unquestionable strength of its conception, should not have won the attention of some one of the publishers to whose inspection it was submitted. One inference we may certainly draw from its perusal now; if "The Professor" was destined to be followed by such works as "Jane Eyre," "Shirley," and "Villette," we might fairly have expected a rich harvest from the minds that in their first efforts could originate "Wuthering Heights" and "The Tenant of Wildfell Hall." Had the two sisters been spared, "the Brontë novels" might have become a long and illustrious list of noble fictions.

In one respect Currer Bell is not altogether unlike her favorite, Thackeray; for she selects for her *dramatis personæ*

no impossible abstractions, but warm human hearts with a fair share of imperfections, and presents us with characters which neither awe nor astonish, but which we make welcome in our family circle. But she does not, like Thackeray, become jocosely bitter over the natures she evokes, nor abuse them till the reader is roused in their defence. Sarcasm with her does not dip its arrow in poison. There is more of good than of evil in her characters; and we feel confidence in their latent heroism, draw strength from the contemplation of their struggles, and rise from the perusal of her works without bitterness. The charge of coarseness has occasionally reappeared; but, after the vindication of Mrs. Gaskell, we think it must take rank with those suggestions which recommend a "Shakespeare for the use of private families" and a mantilla for the Venus de' Medici.

We have room for but a brief notice of Emily and Anne and their works, but the public is familiar with their history. Emily seems to have been a very Titaness with her imperious will and her uncompromising ways, though Charlotte declares, in her delineation of her as Shirley, her faith in her capacity for more genial development. The best criticism of her novel, "Wuthering Heights," is by Charlotte, and that is an explanation rather than a criticism; for it is only in the author that the key to such an extraordinary story can be found. She described human nature as it appeared to her distorted fancy, and it bore the same resemblance to healthful humanity, that a faithful description of an eclipse of the sun, as seen through smoked glass, would bear to the usual appearance of that luminary. Charlotte says: —

"What her mind gathered of the real, was too exclusively confined to those tragic and terrible traits, of which, in listening to the secret annals of every rude vicinage, the memory is sometimes compelled to receive the impress. Her imagination, which was a spirit more sombre than sunny, more powerful than sportive, found in such traits materials whence it wrought creations like Heathcliffe, like Earnshaw, like Catharine. Having formed these beings, she did not know what she had done. If the auditor of her work, when read in manuscript, shuddered under the grinding influences of natures so relentless and implacable, of spirits so lost and fallen, — if it was complained that the

mere hearing of certain vivid and fearful scenes banished sleep by night, and disturbed mental peace by day, — Ellis Bell would wonder what was meant, and suspect the complainant of affectation."

This would naturally be the case with a mind capable of creating such monsters, and marshalling them coolly through all the movements of a romance; the shrinking from them must have been on their first appearance to the imagination, or not at all. The power of the creations is as great as it is grotesque, and there is, after all, a fearful fascination in turning over the pages of "Wuthering Heights." It calls for no harsh judgment as a moral utterance; for its monstrosity removes it from the range of moralities altogether, and can no more be reduced to any practical application than the fancies which perplex a brain in a paroxysm of nightmare.

Anne, the younger and more gentle sister, was of a different mould; yet some passages of her "Tenant of Wildfell Hall" would lead us to suppose that she was gentle chiefly through contrast with her Spartan sister, and that the savage elements about her found an occasional echo from within. "Agnes Grey," which appeared with "Wuthering Heights," made little impression; her reputation rests upon her second and last work, "The Tenant of Wildfell Hall." For a criticism of this, we turn again to Charlotte; for though different in scope and style from "Wuthering Heights," it is nearly as inexplicable at a first glance.

"She had," says her sister, "in the course of her life, been called on to contemplate near at hand, and for a long time, the terrible effects of talents misused and faculties abused; what she saw sunk very deeply into her mind. She brooded over it till she believed it to be a duty to reproduce every detail (of course with fictitious characters, incidents, and situations), as a warning to others. She hated her work, but would pursue it. She must be honest; she must not varnish, soften, or conceal."

It must be owned that she did not "varnish" the horrors which she painted, and which her first readers did not suspect of causing the artist so much suffering. We can now trace the quiverings of a sister's heart through the hateful details of a vicious manhood; and if the book fail somewhat in its

attempt to become a warning, it may at least claim the merit of a well-meant effort.

The history of the Bronté family is a tragedy throughout. Seldom have we been allowed to unveil such peculiar natures acting upon each other in one home-circle, and emerging from profound isolation into brief but dazzling publicity. With the death of Charlotte ends the sad history, and we have now only the memory of what they were. The world will not soon forget them, and would gladly offer them a more kindly tribute than it could conscientiously have given while ignorant of so much which now reveals the virtues, the struggles, and the sufferings of the sisters in that desolate Haworth parsonage. We once more thank Mrs. Gaskell for her labor of love, so gracefully executed, and echo to the letter the indignant language with which she condemns the too hastily uttered comments of ignorant criticism.

"It is well that the thoughtless critics, who spoke of the sad and gloomy views of life presented by the Brontés in their tales, should know how such words were wrung out of them by the living recollection of the long agony they suffered. It is well, too, that they who have objected to the representation of coarseness, and shrank from it with repugnance, as if such conceptions arose out of the writers, should learn, that not from the imagination, not from internal conception, but from the hard, cruel facts, pressed down, by external life, upon their very senses, for long months and years together, did they write out what they saw, obeying the stern dictates of their consciences. They might be mistaken. They might err in writing at all, when their afflictions were so great that they could not write otherwise than they did of life. It is possible that it would have been better to have described only good and pleasant people, doing only good and pleasant things (in which case they could hardly have written at any time). All I say is, that never, I believe, did women, possessed of such wonderful gifts, exercise them with a fuller feeling of responsibility for their use. As to mistakes, they stand now — as authors as well as women — before the judgment-seat of God."

ART. II. — *History of Piedmont.* By ANTONIO GALLENGA. London: Chapman and Hall. 1855. 3 vols. 12mo.

SOME of our readers may remember an Italian exile, whose course of lectures on the history and literature of his country, delivered to a select audience in Boston, nearly twenty years ago, were alike remarkable for their comprehensive scope, their authentic and minute details, and the command they evinced of our vernacular tongue. When afterwards published in England, they became one of the standard books illustrative of an apparently inexhaustible theme.* For some years after his visit to the United States, the author contributed to the London periodicals; and, like Foscolo and Rufini, relieved the lot of an exile by the graceful labors of the pen. Having married in the land which thus afforded him an independent asylum, when the throes of revolution again convulsed the peninsula, he returned to become a representative from Sardinia to the German revolutionary diet at Frankfort. The sensitive and melancholy temperament of Mariotti, as he called himself while in exile, his thoughtfulness and reserve, not less than his personal appearance, bespoke the Northern Italian; and his career is a singular illustration of the modern vicissitudes of his country and the fate of her citizens. In the youthful fervor of his republican zeal, when a victim to Austrian despotism, which had driven him from Parma while yet a student, he became one of the ardent disciples of Mazzini, and left Switzerland for Turin with the purpose of a deliberate regicide in his heart. The aspirations of a patriot, and the exasperated blood of a youth made a penniless fugitive by the most subtle and cruel of all tyrannies, account for, if they do not palliate, this vindictive impulse. A fatal catastrophe was averted by accidental circumstances. The impetuous refugee was spared the ignominy of a Ravaillac and a Sand. The dagger, with its handle of *lapis lazuli*, consecrated to the bloody deed and sent by the head of the liberal party, reached Gallenga; but his heart appears to have shrunk, at last, from

* *Italy, Past and Present*, by L. Mariotti.

the crime, — which was of a nature repulsive even to the most fanatical of the Piedmontese, — and he went forth to become familiar with constitutional liberty in England and the United States, and to recognize its spirit as active and paramount under diverse forms of government. With time and experience, his radical views were essentially modified; and he became one of the most intelligent advocates of the son of the very king against whose life he once conspired.

The war of opinion of which Piedmont has recently been the scene brought into direct controversy the moderate party, of which Gioberti had been the philosophic interpreter, and the uncompromising republicans, who have so long recognized Mazzini as their leader; the discussion led to taunting references to the past; and the latter reproached Gallenga with disloyalty to an association in behalf of which he had once volunteered to incur the disgraceful martyrdom of the assassin. Whether Mazzini was justified in revealing the names and plots of so many of his fellow-sufferers in the Italian cause as appear in his remarkable letter, is a question we do not pause to consider. Suffice it to observe, that the *ci-devant* Mariotti had, in the interval of more than twenty years, found reason to alter his political sentiments, and to behold an auspicious future, even under princely sway; and had identified himself with the fortunes of a progressive and liberal yet monarchical government, whose benign policy he regarded as fraught with promise to Italy. This, in the view of Mazzini, was apostasy such as exonerated him from all the claims of ancient fraternity. Gallenga, when thus openly accused of a conspiracy against the father, though it had been so long ago abandoned in thought as well as in deed, instantly laid at the feet of the son his royal gifts, the crosses of St. Maurice and St. Lazarus, and resigned his seat as a representative in the Sardinian Parliament, notwithstanding Charles Emanuel had promptly forgiven him, and once more became an exile. This characteristic experience, — the boyish enthusiasm, the youthful self-sacrifice, the sanguinary purpose, the long and studious exile, the change of opinion, the resumption of citizenship, the revival of the past as a reproach to the present, and the open discussion in the Piedmontese journals as to the

justice of Mazzini's denunciation of his old allies (some of whom were established in offices of utility and honor in the growing state), and as to the abstract justifiableness of regicide itself, — all exhibit the phases of that political transition and those gloomy exigencies which make the annals of the most beautiful of countries so intensely sad to contemplate and unsatisfactory to reason from. However vacillating has been Gallenga's political career, his literary toil has never been intermitted. While in London, he sketched with much graphic tact his early life and revolutionary experiences,* parts of which equal in interest "Lorenzo Benoni" and "Dr. Antonio"; he wrote able criticisms in the reviews on the Italian authors, and a story praised by Kingsley in his last novel; and, while at Turin, he was a most efficient contributor to the leading journals. But his most voluminous work, in English, is that named at the head of this article.

If the career of the author is significant of the later fortunes of his country, the titles of his chapters are no less indicative of the singular vicissitudes of the past history of the Subalpine Kingdom. He records successively the "civilization," "reconstruction," "ordeal," "stagnation," "eclipse," and "constitution" of Piedmont, — appellatives which emphatically suggest how extreme have been the political alternations, and how gradual the formative process whereby Sardinia has attained her present condition. The earlier annals of the kingdom are often dreary and monotonous; the chronicle is but occasionally relieved by an episode of heroism or a tradition of romance. To appreciate the actual condition, however, it is requisite to glance at the development, of the state.

At the entrance of the territory we find tokens of its character and history. On the road to Mount Cenis, in a chapel of the cathedral of Susa, is an old wooden effigy of Adelaide, the countess from whom the house of Savoy acquired its dominions; at San Michele is the place of sepulture of some of its princes; at Rivoli we behold the palace where Amadeus II. was long imprisoned; at Asti we are shown the room where Alfieri was born; here, the fortifications of Ales-

* *The Black-gown Papers.*

sandria* recall the modern wars, and fields of luxuriant grain mark the battle-plain of Marengo; and there an ancient hospice suggests memories of the primitive monastic hospitality.

Considered as a political unity, the Sardinian monarchy, or, as it has been more recently called, the Subalpine Kingdom, is a singular complication of genealogies, annexations, grants, conquests, and cessions, alternating with the fortunes of neighboring states and the alliances of her own rulers. After the Roman and the Vandal conquests, the Counts of Savoy — now by an eligible marriage, and again by diplomatic sagacity, — at one epoch by adherence to the German emperors, and at another through intrigues with the court of Spain, France, or Austria — extended and confirmed their power. The last king of Arles, according to tradition, laid the foundation of this princely house when he created its first recognized ancestor, Berthold, Count of Savoy, in 1016. Thenceforth the bounds of the state were continually shifting, but the dynasty was established. The old title of "King of Cyprus," so often found annexed to the names of his successors, was derived from Anne, daughter of James, king of Cyprus, — the wife of Duke Louis. The will of Count Amadeus VI., in 1383, inaugurated the legal existence of the line, and by the peace of Utrecht, in 1713, Sardinia was formally acknowledged as a European kingdom.

* When the cannon presented by the different countries of the world are mounted on this fortress, inscribed with the names of states, it will be a protest against tyranny as unique as it is impressive. The following is the card acknowledging the Boston contribution: — "Signor Corelli begs leave to offer his thanks to those generous friends of Italy who have enabled him, by their contributions, to present an American cannon to the fortress of Alessandria. He assures them that their gift is already on its way, and will soon be welcomed upon the frontier citadel of Sardinia as the tribute of the friends of constitutional liberty in the New World to the defenders of constitutional liberty in the Old. It will be the novel office of this cannon to announce, on the borders of the most despotic states of Europe, that the citizens of a democratic republic can appreciate and encourage a constitutional monarchy, and that, in the patriotic exertions of Victor Emanuel and of the Count Cavour, they can recognize the fact that a monarch and his enlightened minister may be the best guardians of the happiness, the good order, and the liberty of Northern Italy. In the present threatening attitude of the old despotisms toward Sardinia, its citizens will understand and cherish the sympathy of the young republic, with its well-regulated institutions, in the stability of which is the only present hope of freedom for Italy."

During the protracted wars between Charles V. and Francis I. Sardinia lost the Valais and Geneva (which became incorporated with Switzerland), and the Pays de Vaud, thenceforth possessed by Berne. The military distinction of Emanuel Philibert, who, after being expelled from his kingdom by the French, became one of the generals of Philip II., obtained for him the restoration of his dominions by the peace of Cateau Cambresis in 1539. With this energetic and intelligent ruler fairly began the development and consolidation of the state; and, of her long line of dukes and princes, he therefore is chiefly associated with her recent political advancement. The national life of the present has invoked his memory; the name of no other ruler is so frequently on the lips of the Piedmontese citizen; his judicious enterprises are constantly referred to, and his errors extenuated; his example is held up for imitation, and the stranger is pointed to his statue in Turin, as an effigy that recalls the best traditions of the kingdom. Says Robertson: —

"Philip, who was not ambitious of military glory, gave the command of his army to Emanuel Philibert, Duke of Savoy, and fixed his own residence at Cambray, that he might be at hand to receive the earliest intelligence of his motions, and to aid him with his counsels. The Duke opened the campaign with a masterly stroke of address, which justified Philip's choice, and discovered such a superiority of genius over the French generals as almost insured success in his subsequent operations. . . . . .

"Philip, immediately after the battle, visited the camp at St. Quentin, where he was received with all the exultation of military triumph; and such were his transports of joy on account of an event which threw so much lustre on the beginning of his reign, that they softened his severe and haughty temper into an unusual flow of courtesy. When the Duke of Savoy approached, and was kneeling to kiss his hands, he caught him in his arms, and embracing him with warmth, 'It becomes me,' says he, 'rather to kiss your hands, which have gained me such a glorious and almost bloodless victory.'" — *History of Charles V.*, Book XII.

To Emanuel Philibert, Sardinia is indebted for her silk culture, one of the permanent sources of wealth; for the commencement of some of the most important forts scattered through his dominions; for the principality of Oneglia, ob-

tained by exchange, and the county of Tenda, by purchase; and for the citadel of Turin. Urged by the Pope, he attempted to convert the Waldenses, and it was during his sway that the noble victory of these isolated Protestants, in which so many of their papal foes were destroyed, secured to them, for a time at least, freedom of religious worship. This most efficient of Piedmontese rulers was distinguished for prudent foresight. By acquiescence with the just demands of the Protestant minority of his people, by brave conflict with his neighbors ever bent on invasion, by promoting internal improvement and border defences, and especially by gradual withdrawal from the trammels of the French and Spanish courts, he reconstructed his state, elicited the self-reliance and the resources so desirable for its vigorous growth, and initiated that moderate policy, made up of wise forbearance and stern self-defence, which circumstances rendered the only one available for a country thus limited and exposed.

Victor Amadeus II. gained Alessandria, part of Milan, Val di Sesia, and the duchy of Montferrat, which in the twelfth century was a German marquisate, and by the law of descent ought to have previously accrued to Piedmont. To these acquisitions the peace of Utrecht added Sicily in 1713; but, seven years after, the island of Sardinia was unwillingly received as a substitute. Charles Emanuel III., the next king, as the ally of France and Spain against Austria, by the peace of Vienna, in 1735, secured Tortona and Novara, another fragment of Milan, as an imperial fief.* By the treaty of Worms, eight years afterward, during the war of the Austrian succession, a third fragment, Anghiera, Vigevano, &c., was acquired. During his reign of forty years great prosperity attended the kingdom, and the code of laws known by his name is a noble memorial of his wisdom. In his disputes with the Pope, the rights of the state were asserted and

* "Early one morning," says a self-biographer of the period, "my servant burst into my room at Milan, and drew aside the curtain. On seeing me awake, he exclaimed, 'Ah, sir, I have great news to tell you. 15,000 Savoyard horse and foot have taken possession of the city.' It was the commencement of the war of 1733, called the war of Don Carlos. The king of Sardinia had declared for the Prince, and had united his forces with those of France and Spain against the house of Austria." — *Memoirs of Goldoni*, Vol. I. Chap. XI.

preserved; and the Concordat of 1726, afterwards confirmed by Benedict XIV., made all church appointments, and even papal bulls, dependent on his approval for their validity in Piedmont, and also subjected the clergy of the kingdom to taxation. It is recorded of this monarch, that he ever longed to add Genoa to his dominions, and that he was one of those kings "over whose cradles we weep only to breathe again at their tombs."

Victor Amadeus III. died in 1796, and his successor, Charles Emanuel IV., abdicated in 1802. The former joined Austria against France, and lost thereby Savoy and Nice; and although the latter allied himself to France against Austria, his dominions were invaded on the pretence of popular dissatisfaction with the taxes and the nobility, by order of the Directory, and in 1798 he was forced to cede all his continental possessions to France, and to retire with his family to the island of Sardinia. After his abdication, he passed the rest of his life with a Jesuit fraternity at Rome, where he died in 1819. Meantime both Piedmont and Genoa were incorporated with the French empire. By the peace of Paris in 1814, Victor Emanuel I. received, as his brother's successor, the possessions of the house, except half of Savoy, which, however, was added by treaty the next year, together with Monaco. Carouge and Chesne were given to Geneva.

At this epoch the Subalpine Kingdom rose in importance, from its local situation with reference to other parts of Europe. A strong desire was manifest in the Congress of Vienna to reinforce the Sardinian kings, because they virtually held the passes of the Alps; and, on the other hand, England wished to establish commercial relations with the court of Turin. Both of these diplomatic objects were promoted by the cession of Genoa to the Sardinian monarchy, and the noble city of the sea, for which her kings had so long sighed in vain, was thus arbitrarily annexed in December, 1814. The restoration of Victor Emanuel was the signal for reaction in the political and social interests of the state. The old constitution was revived, the Jesuits readmitted, the Holy Alliance signed, and a strict censorship established. In 1818 the sale of the royal domains by the French was con-

firmed, and four hundred thousand livres annually appropriated to reimburse the emigrants who had thus lost their estates. As England's ally, the king obtained honorable terms of peace with the Barbary powers, whose corsairs had seriously interfered with the Sardinian commerce, and against whom, heretofore, his own small navy had ineffectually acted. In 1821 he abdicated — on account of the Austrian occupation of his territory — in favor of his brother, Charles Felix, who in his attempt blindly to carry out the views of the Vienna Congress, and to make his country a "partition wall" between Austria and France, provoked the Piedmontese revolution. The Congress of Verona, in 1822, decreed that foreign troops should evacuate the country. The Piedmontese refugees in Switzerland called forth a remonstrance from the Allies; and not only were they removed, but the press was placed under restriction. Intercourse with Spain had ceased prior to the French invasion; and the Prince of Carignan, afterwards king, served as a volunteer under the Duke of Angoulême. Yet Sardinia rather inclined to Austrian politics. As late as 1825 a royal edict forbade any person to learn to read and write, who was not possessed of four hundred dollars; a like sum in the funds was required for admission to the universities; and translations of the modern German authors were proscribed. Charles Felix died in 1831, and was succeeded by Charles Albert, at the commencement of whose reign popular disturbances occurred in Genoa, and the merchants there offered him a liberal sum to purchase their independence, which being refused, he was virtually besieged until relieved by Austrian troops.

The real object of the late king in his military zeal and preparations, in his appeals to the patriotic, and his own courageous conduct, during the last memorable revolution, continues to be a mooted question; the ardent republicans charging him with premeditated treason and selfish ambition, and the more eclectic politicians ascribing his course to misplaced confidence and the inevitable effect of circumstances. To seize a crown and to establish a nation's independence seem purposes too wide apart to be ascribed to the same individual; yet, while justice must admit a vacillation and

compromise which fairly expose him to the suspicion of honest patriots, charity suggests the apology of a difficult and complicated situation, in which a truly heroic and self-devoted man might naturally falter. An Englishwoman of poetic genius and liberal sympathies has written his epitaph in the spirit of true magnanimity.*

One of the most prominent historical facts which strikes us on our brief survey is the comparative immunity of this region from invasion. While the rest of Italy allured barbaric hordes by its smiling plains, the wild passes of the Alps and the lands contiguous were rather passed over than invaded. We read, indeed, of inroads and partial colonization by many ancient tribes. Saracens, Hungarians, Etruscans, Ligurians, Carthaginians, and Gauls found in what is now called Piedmont sometimes a terrible avenue to more genial districts, sometimes a temporary camp or fortification, now a battle-field, and now a barrier; but the few traces that remain of them justify the declaration of the historian, that all the martial tribes of antiquity were "shy of the Alps," and that, up to the period of the Roman conquest, Piedmont was untouched by the Gaul, and only broken through by the Carthaginian. Thus left to themselves, the Subalpines preserved their normal vigor and individuality; and when absorbed, at last, into the empire of Augustus, Liguria held out longer than any region of Italy against the insidious corruption of Roman civilization, and although Cottius gave his name to the nearest Alpine range, more slowly than elsewhere in the South was the agriculturist won from rustic hardihood to urban luxury. Under Charlemagne, Piedmont was the border land between Burgundy and Italy. She dates her Christian civilization from St. Barnabas, one of the original apostles; and from that epoch, as elsewhere, the monastery and the fortress, the cross and the sword, power chiefly based on will and only tempered by a superstitious faith, moulded the character of a people thus isolated by the mountains, yet exposed by position to the contact and influence of other nationalities. From the misty era of feudal times tradition

* Mrs. Browning's Casa Guidi Windows, Part II. v.–xxiii.

derives the progenitor of the house of Savoy, in the person of Humbert of the White Hand, who is the legendary hero of Piedmont; and his immediate successors presented that anomalous combination of warrior and monk, marauder and pietist, which distinguishes so many chiefs in the Dark Ages.

The next peculiar historical feature is a continuous dynasty. While the temporary rule of a family or a foreign prince weakened by change and faction the loyalty of other Italian states, for centuries Piedmont rallied around the same visible symbol; and a comparison of the average deeds and characters of the Sardinian rulers is favorable to their administrative capacity. More or less ambitious, cruel, and crafty, like all races of hereditary potentates, they yet discover either a personal courage and military skill, or a wise foresight and vigilance, such as might vindicate legal authority. Through the successive reigns the house of Savoy exercised an influence in foreign courts, and even with the larger powers, quite beyond its apparent claims, either territorial or political. Its representatives in England and France were superior in intelligence and character, on an average, to the other envoys and ministers. The Popes showed great deference to Savoy. From the first, her princes were remarkable as disciplinarians. Bonaparte respected the Piedmontese valor. Their position, by frequently throwing into their hands the balance of power, favored this *prestige;* and although the family dissensions, the bigotry, and the reserve of these rulers mar the annals of their policy; though the vacillation of one gained him the sobriquet of Shilly-Shally, and caused the epithet *Felice*, attached to another royal name, to be changed, by popular instinct, to *Feroce;* although the only public memorial of one is a theatre, and another so grossly misinterpreted the spirit of the age and the wants of humanity as to revive the abuses Napoleon's rule had so long repudiated; although we find the signature of one attached to a decree of persecution against the Waldenses, and of another to an unpatriotic foreign alliance, — it is to be remembered that the education, the circumstances, and often the ulterior fate of these princes offer, if not excuses, at least grounds for charitable estimates.* The

* "Although" says Alfieri, "I have no love for kings as a race, and least of all

ashes of their progenitors were ruthlessly scattered to the wind at the outbreak of the French Revolution, and the ancient mausoleum of Hautecombe, one of the most interesting antiquities of Savoy, owes its preservation to one of the restored kings; one of the line died in a Jesuit convent at Rome, and another at a monastery of Oporto; one fled to the little island apportioned to his house, and another sought the ranks of a foreign army for refuge and distinction; one died a prisoner of state; three abdicated in despair; and the unfortunate predecessor of the present king described his lot as a choice "between the chocolate of the Jesuit and the dagger of the Carbonari."

"Environed on every hand by powerful neighbors, all whose motions the Dukes of Savoy must observe, with the greatest attention, in order not only to guard against the danger of being surprised and overpowered, but that they may choose their side with discernment in those quarrels wherein it is impossible for them to avoid taking a part, this peculiarity seems to have had no inconsiderable influence on their character. By rousing them to perpetual attention, by keeping their ingenuity always on the stretch and engaging them in almost continual action, it hath formed a race of princes more sagacious in discovering their true interests, more decisive in their resolutions, and more dexterous in availing themselves of every occurrence which presented itself, than any, perhaps, that can be singled out in the history of Europe." — Robertson's *History of Charles V.*, Book XII.

To render the bonds which unite these diverse fragments of old kingdoms still more precarious, there are the intense local patriotism of Genoa, yet mindful of her former republican integrity, and the French tendencies of Savoy, confirmed by propinquity, language, former association, and the consciousness that it is towards Italy that the aspirations of Piedmont now habitually turn. For two centuries the Savoyards were alternately under Burgundian and French rule; the original residence of their Dukes was at Bourdeaux; their mausoleum is still the shrine of local patriotism.

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for despots, yet I ingenuously confess that our race of princes is good, on the whole, especially in contrast with nearly all the rest of Europe. I feel an affection for them rather than aversion, especially for the present king and his predecessor (Vittorio Amadeo II. and Carlo Emanuel), who have manifested good intentions, excellent, well-bred, and exemplary characters, and have done more good than evil to their country." — *Autobiography of Alfieri*, Chap. XIII.

The futile local insurrections and their tragic issues justify the theory of the moderate party in Italy, who look to gradual amelioration through a constitutional monarchy, such as has been and is partially realized in Piedmont; while all history, and especially that of their own country, confirms the arguments of the national party, who advocate self-reliance, distrust equally native princes and foreign allies, and fall back upon the great practical truth that "who would be free, themselves must strike the blow."

"In fact," said Napoleon, "the Piedmontese do not like to be a small state; their king was a real feudal lord, whom it was necessary to court or dread. He had more power and authority than I, who, as Emperor of the French, was but a supreme magistrate, bound to see the laws executed and unable to dispense with them. Had I it in my power to prevent the arrest of a courtier for a debt? Could I have put a stop to the regular action of the laws, no matter upon whom they operated?" — Las Cases's *Memoirs*, Vol. III. p. 93.

Not less anomalous are the present circumstances of Sardinia. Her very name is derived from a small and distant island. Of comparatively limited extent, she has a broader frontier in proportion to her area than any other European state. While no censorship, as elsewhere in Italy, interferes with the admission and circulation of books, her custom-house regulations are as minute and as strictly enforced as if the philosophy of free trade had never been broached. Rustic simplicity of life marks her highland villages, while all the excesses of fashionable gambling are rife in the metropolitan rendezvous of Aix. Placed by common sentiment in the van of Italian reforms, she yet has no political or legal right to interfere with the destinies of the peninsula. While she has within her bosom the most venerable of Protestant sects, the popular tendency is towards the grossest superstitions of Romanism. Defying papal authority, she yet is overrun by priests. Among the most genuine of Italian races, her people are yet, on one side, identified in feeling and character with the French. With the best-disciplined army, she is obliged to maintain a negative attitude. While she gives ample evidence of progress, activity, and patriotism, the

national sentiment is modified and baffled by diversity of opinion, interest, and faith.

The geographical features of this remarkable territory are not less varied than its historical fortunes. It touches and includes all that is most characteristic of mountain and plain, river and lake, sea-shore and forest. Within the limits of the kingdom may be seen the maize-fields and mulberry-groves, the wheat-meadows and the vineyards, that belong to the most fertile regions of Italy, and with them the snow-crowned peaks, the fir-clad ravines, the military highways, and the "inviolate summits" of Alpine districts. Here streams are fed by glaciers; here cling to a rocky hill-side groves of luxuriant chestnuts; and there, on a marshy flat, waves the rice harvest. Now we behold the white and awful brow of Mont Blanc, and now stand in a hushed and green valley, where nature wears the most soft and sequestered aspect. To-day the explorer may loiter in a palace whose furniture resembles that of Paris, and to-morrow may roam through the rude passes of an island where the horses run wild and the peasants dress in skins. The fragrant orange plantations of Nice, the palatial architecture of Genoa, and the humble parish church of the Valais, — the distant island of Sardinia, the interior plain of Turin, the maritime beauty of the Mediterranean coast, — all belong to a common jurisdiction, and own a generic political name. It is easy to imagine the local contrasts which such a kingdom affords. Perhaps no domain yields more various scenic effects, or greater diversities of character. In Piedmont the Alps and Apennines blend. The region is, in fact, a succession of natural terraces formed by the mountains, with dells, gorges, and broad vales interspersed. Within the limits of the kingdom are the most fertile section of the valley of the Po, Mont Blanc, the little St. Bernard, and that memorable highway which crosses Mont Cenis, and the Lake of Geneva is on its borders.

Thus surrounded by, or contiguous to, the famous points of European travel, watered by the most celebrated streams of France and Italy, and crowned with the loftiest summit, its natural resources are yet inadequate to its support; and the Savoyards are among the most frequent emigrants, with all

their frugal industry and simple habits, obliged to seek a maintenance as porters, pedlers, or itinerant musicians, in more prosperous countries. It is not unusual to encounter, on the road leading from a Piedmontese village, a band of hardy urchins in their best clothes, with knapsacks and staves, going forth to seek their fortunes, — perhaps to black shoes in London or grind organs in Paris, returning to their beloved pastures in summer to tend a flock or glean the harvest. The flax, grain, potatoes, and chestnuts of their rocky soil are not abundant; and the chamois and ibex grow scarce before their eager huntsmen. As late as 1854, the difference between the income and the expenditure of the Sardinian state was $ 360,000, — a deficit, however, which has yearly decreased, and was originally caused by the cost of fortresses, army, navy, railways, and other essential means of self-protection and development.

In this kingdom, so diversified, rises the Po and spreads the Gulf of Spezia. The fig and the olive, hemp and walnuts, are equally indigenous; and so are the *malaria* of the fens and the *goître* of the hills. The breath of the sea mingles with that of the mountains, the amenities of the plain with the savageness of the highlands, the hardihood of the mountaineer with the effeminacy of city life, the narrow mind of the islander with the broad views of the cosmopolite, torrents and woods with orchards and gardens, the pine with the myrtle, the avalanche with the fountain; in a word, the extremes of civilization with those of semi-barbarism, high social refinement with uncultured isolation.

The very limits and language of Sardinia partake of the same incongruity. Chambery is French, Turin Italian; the Savoyards distinctively are neither. The Piedmontese are separated from Genoa by the maritime Alps, France bounds them on the west, and the Milanese on the east. Of old separating Gaul from Germany, afterwards Burgundy from Italy, they long manifested more affinity to the Provençals than to Italians; and although we now trace a greater identity with the latter, a peculiar physiognomy, hue, and tone signalize their Northern origin.

The Piedmontese dialect more nearly resembles that of

Provence than of Italy. The French language was first introduced into Turin at court by the house of Savoy, and its use confirmed by the repeated occupancy of the state by the armies of France.

"French," said Montaigne, two hundred and fifty years ago, "is commonly spoken here, and everybody appears to hold our people in great esteem and affection; the vernacular even has very little Italian about it, except the pronunciation; in itself it seems made up, for the most part, of French words."—*Journey into Italy.*

The importance of Piedmont, as a mountainous state intervening between others, is evinced by the value attached to her chief fortresses. In 1796, Napoleon's first demand upon the vanquished Piedmontese government was the surrender of Ceva and Alessandria; and to his possession of these and other strong-holds in that region is to be ascribed Austria's compliance with the treaty of Luneville, after the battle of Marengo. Fenestrelle has recently acquired a poetical interest from its being the scene of Saintine's delightful little romance of "Picciola."

"It was then," we are told, "I visited Fenestrelle, a large town celebrated for peppermint-water, and the fortresses which crown the two mountains between which it is situated, communicating with each other by covered ways, but partially dismantled during the wars of the Republic. One of the forts, however, was repaired and refortified when Piedmont became incorporated into France."

Besides the long and permeating agency of the governments, opinions, and habits of their neighbors,—the rigid Protestantism of Geneva, the politics and the fashions of France, the espionage and military tactics of Austria,—more or less operative upon the Piedmontese, according to circumstances, and besides the variety of character in the population of their own domain, another and singular distinction, which has essentially modified the career of Sardinia as an Italian state, and now inevitably affects her civic destiny, is the existence in the very heart of her mountain fastnesses, from remote antiquity, of an efficient colony of Dissenters. There is no chapter in the history of the Christian religion more significant than that which concerns the Waldenses of Piedmont. In the ravines of the grand crescent of the Alps which extends

from the Gulf of Genoa to that of Venice, so sequestered as often to become visible only from some overhanging cliff, nestle the parish churches of these primitive Christians, whose boast it is, among the so-called Reformers, that Rome left them, not they Rome; who preserved the Gospel in their memories, and disseminated it in precious fragments, when despotic bigotry had cancelled the holy record for the mass of humanity; who, in secluded hamlets, kept alive for ages the pure evangelical faith, sending over Europe, under the guise of humble pedlers and mechanics, the first missionaries, giving refuge to persecuted disciples, enduring with heroic patience and loyalty a long series of martyrdoms, transmitting orally through generations the history of which their enemies had destroyed nearly every written vestige, having for their most cherished heirloom a leaf of the Bible, and confronting with equal and pious self-reliance the savage troops and the jesuitical reasoners of pope and king. The most romantic scenery and the oldest fortresses of Piedmont are associated with the valor and the sacrifice of the Waldenses. The rocky mounds of Balsi signalize the pass where a few hundred dalesmen long kept at bay twenty thousand Savoyard and French troops. Along the very road where Hannibal's army passed, and by which Irenæus carried the Gospel into Gaul, these defenders of the faith, again and again, in the lapse of centuries, have retreated or made a desperate stand. From amid the gloomy arches of the larch and pine, their ancient hymns have stolen upon the mountain breeze. In every village have blazed the fagots of their martyrdom, in every cave has shrunk the fugitive; each pass has proved a Thermopylæ, each rock an altar. Their oldest chronicle dates beyond the antique songs of Provence. Their annals are designated by the names of their regal or prelatic persecutors, by a memorable battle or sacrifice, by confiscation and expatriation, by devastation, massacre, and slavery, — above which, like the blue sky over one of the half-savage glens of their mountain home, broods the serene and infinite spirit of immaculate faith. The heroism of these scattered, reprobated, and often half-exterminated people, continually asserts itself around the political vicissitudes, the wars, the bigotries, and the reforms of Piedmont.

Now a pope's bull, now a royal edict, at one time a fiendish executioner, and at another a zealous propagandist, legislation, ecclesiastical power, military force, sectarian hatred, are let loose upon the devoted race, who, simple in their habits, inured to hardships, and strong in righteous purpose, by climbing almost inaccessible peaks, by rallying in narrow defiles, by strength of arm, by argument, remonstrance, and appeal, and especially by the consistent piety of their lives, — though baffled, exiled, burned, murdered in cold blood, — yet retained their identity of character and purity of doctrine, until the freedom of conscience and of worship originally enjoyed was at first evasively tolerated, then reluctantly conceded, and at last triumphantly claimed and honored.

From the midst of picturesque scenery, the traveller, who leaves the gay capital to view these haunts of faith and of martyrdom, enters the rustic but hospitable parsonage, the village school, or the venerable church, to witness a simplicity and an earnestness akin to those which hallow the annals of the Covenanters, or the primitive worship of New England. The only ornament on the walls of vicarage or academy are the portraits of benefactors, perhaps that of Sir William Beckwith, their liberal friend long resident among them, or of Rev. Dr. Gilly, their English historian, or of Henri Arnaud, of old their intrepid and saintly leader. The beautiful shaft of Monte Viso is the natural beacon and landmark of this secluded people. Without political influence, isolated, self-devoted, driven, again and again, from its material stand-point, this Protestant community is yet historically allied to the great nations of the world, — befriended by Holland and England, counselled by William of Orange, protected by Cromwell, sung in plaintive eulogy by Milton, and, in later times, relieved and gladdened by the contributions of Switzerland and the United States. Its annals are as romantic as its present aspect is interesting. Recognized by the very dynasty once most active in their persecution; their first written memorials identical in language with the songs of the Troubadours, and long among the literary curiosities of the University of Cambridge; their doctrinal symbols purely and exclusively Scriptural; with local memorials of heroism equal, in moral

significance, to Marathon, Uri, and Bunker Hill; at one moment saved from destruction by a fog, and at another by a snow-covered harvest, — Nature ever their benefactor; poor, hardy, faithful; their very perpetuity one of the marvels of history, — the Vaudois of Piedmont offer a wonderful problem to the philosophic and Christian lover of his race. Manufactures, especially that of silk, have recently begun to increase among them. Their institutions are attracting liberal curiosity and generous foreign aid; and their legal protection in the metropolis of a kingdom one fifth of which is the property of the Roman Church, may be regarded as the most auspicious sign of the times in the complex aspect of Italy's welfare. Two considerations, suggested by the acute Guizot, must modify our judgment in estimating their past misfortunes. "Their acts of imprudence and violence," he says, "frequently furnished the government with pretexts, and sometimes with motives, for persecution"; while, on the other hand, "they possessed among the Piedmontese aristocracy many benevolent patrons, who recommended the government to pursue toward them a more benevolent policy, and to respect their ancient liberties." Over their humble temples are inscribed passages from the New Testament; the means of elementary instruction are available to all; many of their pastors are distinguished for learning and piety; at La Tour they have a flourishing college, and their schools at present number one hundred and sixty-nine, (some open only in the winter months,) maintained partly by the budget of the province, with occasional grants from the government.*

* "In the Piedmontese valleys are fifteen Waldensian parishes, confided to fifteen pastors. These valleys contain about 22,000 souls. The number of Roman Catholics mixed with these 22,000 Waldensians is somewhere about 3,000, with twenty-nine priests. Signor Revel, Moderator of the Waldensian Church, at the commencement of his ministry having been sent as minister of a parish at the very highest point of one of the mountains, there found a priest, whose charge consisted of one good old man of seventy years of age. The poor priest had never succeeded in making a single proselyte; and one thing that sadly afflicted him was, that very often he could not say mass, for want of some one to assist him. According to the testimony of the Rev. Mr. Noel, who some months ago visited these valleys, it appears that a truly evangelical revival has taken place among them. The Waldensians have 169 elementary schools, many of which, however, are only open for four months in the year. The number of the scholars averages 4,826. They possess

The capital of Sardinia is, in a great measure, destitute of those historical associations, vestiges of classical antiquity, and trophies of art, which lend so peculiar a charm in Cisatlantic eyes to the other cities of the Italian peninsula. It lacks also the attractions of climate, which, at certain periods of the year, make the seaboard and the South so enchanting. In summer it is parched with heat, and in winter chilled by the mountain winds and the vicinity of snow. The insurance companies which protect the agriculturists from the disastrous ice-freshets, and the establishment of public fires for the benefit of the poor, indicate a rigor of climate unknown at a distance from the Alps. There is no school of painting, as at Bologna, no mediæval architecture, as at Florence, no Christian temple such as hallows the Seven Hills, no disinterred city, whose relics make the stranger pause with wonder and delight, as at Naples. The aspect of Turin is essentially modern. The fresh tint of its marble edifices, the broad rectangular streets, the busy square, and thronged colonnade, attest a metropolis more like Paris than like Rome. In certain phases it is imposing, but as a whole monotonous. Fogs as pervading as those of London, and heat such as during the summer solstice broods over the plain of Lombardy, alternate with seasons of bracing mountain air and clear, salubrious sky. With all abatements that may be made, the situation and environments

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two little hospitals, each containing twenty-six beds. In various parts of the Sardinian kingdom they have succeeded in establishing missionary stations. In Pinerolo, a town containing 15,000 inhabitants, the first stone has been laid of a Waldensian temple. The 'Table' maintains a preacher there, a teacher, and a colporteur. In Turin, the population of which is 150,000, they have a beautiful temple, a pastor who preaches in French, and two preachers who preach in Italian, three masters, one mistress, and two colporteurs. They publish a small journal in the Italian language, *La Buona Novella*, and have a depository of books and religious tracts under the direction of a committee. In San Mauro they have a master, who is at the same time colporteur. In Genoa, a city of 100,000 inhabitants, they have a preacher, a missionary, a master, a mistress, and two colporteurs. In Sanpier d'Arena, a suburb of Genoa, a master and preacher. In Favale a little congregation exists, directed by a teacher who studied at the normal school of Torre, the capital of the valleys. In Nice, a city of 20,000 souls, they maintain a pastor, an evangelist, a minister, a mistress, and two colporteurs. In all, there were twenty-four agents in the service of the Waldensian Church in Italy. The College of Torre possesses twelve professors, and one hundred and five students, comprising those of the Normal School and of the Theological Faculty."

of Turin are eminently picturesque. It is a tableau framed by the mountains; and as the light and shade, the sunshine and the snow, the twilight, moonbeams, or shower, flit or linger over these majestic ranges, they present a succession of tints and forms which the lover of nature can never weary of beholding. Sometimes, on a spring morning, an emerald hue predominates, and on the soft declivities hundreds of smiling villas greet the eyes; and at other times, every hoary peak is amethystine with the glow of sunset.

Nor is the capital itself without objects and places of interest, which, in a land less renowned for traditional associations, would be considered most attractive. On the summit of one of its circumjacent heights is the church of La Superga, the mausoleum of her modern kings, erected in fulfilment of a vow of one of them after victory; and the favorite promenade below is said to be the site whence Tasso derived his idea of the gardens of Armida. The royal gallery boasts many a gem of each great Italian master, with good specimens of the Flemish and Spanish schools. Many foreign painters were naturalized here, and one of the popular sculptors of our day, Marochetti, is a native of Turin. But a more characteristic object of interest is the armory, where, among other curious and rare trophies, may be seen the sword of the brave Emanuel Philibert, the staff once grasped by Alfonso of Ferrara, old Damascus blades, helmets in the style of the Renaissance, antique shields and targets, and two eagles of Napoleon's old Guard. Another remarkable collection is the museum dedicated to Egyptian relics, — one of the most complete and valuable in Europe, — whose antiquities Champollion has illustrated.*

When Montaigne passed through Turin in 1586, he found it a "small town standing in very marshy ground, neither well built nor very pleasant." A century and a half later, Goldoni, perhaps somewhat conciliated by his dramatic success, gives us a more tempting picture: "I was unacquainted with Turin, which I found a delightful place. The uniformity of the buildings in the principal streets produces a charming effect;

* *Lettres relatives au Musée Royal Egyptien de Turin.*

the squares and churches are exceedingly beautiful, and the royal residences, both in town and country, display great magnificence and taste."

Like our own capital, Turin is a city made by government. Spacious, regular, and elegant, it wants variety, and that distinctive aspect which marks the towns whose origin and growth have been less conventional. As in Paris, the journal, *café*, and promenade have a representative character and political significance. Each party has its rendezvous and its organs. The number of official buildings, the pamphlets offered for sale, the talk under the porticos, and often the costume and associates of prominent individuals, suggest the relations of the city to the state. Among the citizens may be seen the ultra royalist of the last and the radical innovator of the present century, with all intermediate varieties, as affected by religious, civic, social, progressive and retrograde, ambitious and conservative sentiments. And this vitality of opinion, this public interest in questions of policy and administration, the discussion incident thereto, and the new animation and dignity, both intellectual and moral, thus given to life, manners, and conversation, constitute, after all, the salient distinction between the capital of Sardinia and that of Lombardy, Tuscany, or the Roman States. We feel that it is something for any class of Italians to be thus emancipated from the frivolous inertia consequent upon despotic rule, — to have a positive influence upon national affairs and scope for intelligence and sympathy.

In the long and various record of English travels in Italy we find but slight allusions to Sardinia and her capital; and those refer chiefly to the political events of which they were the scene, or to some remarkable landscape. The letters of the poet Gray, so minute in praise of Roman medals, here only speak of the magnificent scenery of the Grande Chartreuse, where he wrote his Alcaic Ode in the Album of the Fathers. Bishop Berkeley briefly describes his Alpine transit, and Addison paused amid the snows of Mont Cenis to indite his poetical epistle to Montagu. Yet we are not without salient data whereby to estimate the character and interest of the state at different periods, and as exhibited to various minds.

After the siege of Trino, in 1639, Count Grammont, with his friend Matta, figured in the *soirées* of Madame Royale, as the Duchess of Savoy was called, at her famous villa near Turin, and has left a characteristic picture of the social life of the place and period. He declares that, "though the men of Turin were extremely handsome, they were not possessed of the art of pleasing"; for which deficiency he and his companion seem to have successfully endeavored to atone. The details given of amorous etiquette and pedantic gallantry indicate a most frivolous tone of society, and a taste for petty intrigue quite at variance with the manly aptitudes of military, and the comprehensive tact in diplomatic life, which are so often cited as historical traits of the Piedmontese.*

But the most satisfactory evidence of the normal tendencies of the national character and of the actual progress and prospects of Sardinia, a century ago, is derived from a native writer, who revisited his country after a residence in England which taught him justly to estimate both moral and economical interests. The name of Baretti is familiar to us, not only through his well-known Italian Dictionary, but as one of that renowned band of good talkers and literary *confrères*, of which Dr. Johnson was the central personage, and James Boswell the garrulous but faithful scribe. To the London public, indeed, for a few weeks, he was one of those objects of tragic interest whose memoirs form the staple of *Causes Célèbres*, though happily his respected and worthy name escaped association with those of Savage and Dr. Dodd, — men of letters under the ban of the criminal law. In self-defence he killed a man in the street, and was tried for murder, but, without delay, acquitted; and among the illustrious friends who testified to his excellent character were Johnson, Goldsmith, Burke, Garrick, Reynolds, and Beauclerk. Baretti was the son of an architect of Turin. He first wrote a popular, yet severe, literary critique, called *Frusta Literaria*. His Dictionary

* "The inhabitants of Turin," writes a more amiable and less aristocratic witness, about a hundred years after, "are very kind and polite; they have much of the manners and customs of the French, and speak their language familiarly; on the arrival of a Venetian, Genoese, or Milanese, they are in the habit of saying, 'He is an Italian.'" — *Memoirs of Goldoni, written by himself.*

was a work of eminent utility, and a desideratum in England. Its preparation was coincident with Johnson's task in the same field, and this circumstance strengthened their intimacy. The genial cleverness and attainments of the Piedmontese doctor rendered his society most acceptable to the brave old English lexicographer. "Sir," he remarked to Boswell, "I know no man who carries his head higher in conversation than Baretti. There are strong powers in his mind. He has not, indeed, many hooks; but with what hooks he has, he grapples very forcibly. His account of Italy is a very entertaining book."* If this "giving an opinion" is characteristic of the dogmatical sage, not less so is the observation of his admiring satellite,—that he "only appeared twice in his life in a court of justice, and that was to give evidence for Baretti, which he did, '*in a slow, deliberate, and distinct manner, which was uncommonly impressive.*'" †

Dr. Baretti returned to Italy in 1760, and, on finding himself again with his London friends, was induced to write and publish a work on his own country, on account of the superficial and erroneous views current through the popularity of Sharpe's Tour. Among other opinions which he ably controverts, is that which estimates the Italians *en masse*, and as a nation, without reference to local peculiarities. In defining some of the characteristics of each state of the peninsula, he speaks, with evident authority, of the natives of that which gave him birth. The first trait, he informs us, which distinguishes the Piedmontese from other Italians, is a want of cheerfulness; and every traveller fresh from Naples or Tuscany is struck with the grave expression and the absence of hilarity in the faces and manners he encounters at the foot of the Alps. An historical exception to the usual associations connected with the cities and even the provincial towns of Italy he recognizes in the paucity of genius both for art and poetry. In his time there were, indeed, architects, sculptors, and painters at Turin; but they enjoyed only a mediocre reputation, and were comparatively few. On the other hand, he

* *Account of the Manners and Customs of Italy.* By Joseph Baretti. London. 1768.

† Boswell's Life of Johnson.

claims for his fellow-citizens superiority in the practical arts, in civic knowledge and scientific ability. Their courage when engaged with French, Spanish, and German foes, their excellent military discipline and skill in fortification, tactics, and diplomacy, are dwelt upon as acknowledged national qualities. *Le Piemont est la sepulture des François*, was a proverb. So general was the martial spirit, that the favorite costume of peasants was the cast-off uniform of soldiers. The names of Berthollet and Pinto rival, in Piedmont, those of Vauban and Cohorn in France. To besiege La Brunette or Fenestrelle was deemed a fruitless experiment; and Baretti seemed to think that, when Cuneo, Demonte, and Alessandria were finished, they would effectually command the entrance of the kingdom. With both earlier and subsequent writers, he recognized the French proclivities of the people, who, while they imitate at court and in society the manners of Paris, lack the native grace, ease, and aptitude there so remarkable. Among the nobility were famous negotiators, but scarcely any scholars; the neglect of Italian literature was then, as before and since, an anomaly; and an unusual degree of ignorance prevailed in the middle classes. A few good lawyers, physicians, and mathematicians alone redeemed the commonplace attainments of this rank; and conversation, to one so familiar with the sense of Johnson, the eloquence of Burke, and the geniality of Goldsmith, appeared frivolous and insipid at the *cafés* and *soireés* of Turin. The women of society he describes as either unprincipled pleasure-seekers or bigoted prudes; and the few who read, at an epoch when female education was scarcely recognized in its modern sense, confined their attention to French romance. He gives the palm, as regards moral consistency, to the artisans and peasantry, and commends the agriculture of Piedmont as fully equal to that of Tuscany. The Savoyard character is described as of the same generic quality, but more plain and thrifty in consequence of the mountain life and barren soil. Baretti concludes his picture with the severe assertion, that the Piedmontese "greatly admire the French, hate the Genoese, despise all other Italians, and are not beloved by anybody."

Sardinia, however, with her picturesque natural beauty, and

her brave people, was not long to continue without a poet, or to fail to associate herself with what was most efficient in the spirit of the age. Asti gave birth to Alfieri in 1749; and Rousseau found his benefactress, his home, and no small part of his best education, at Chambery, so that his name is for ever attached to that city and its neighborhood. It is a singular coincidence, that the Italian state which was so long proverbially deficient in lettered genius should thus be identified with the most vigorous modern representatives of the national mind, — the greatest dramatic writer and the most influential of European social philosophers, of their respective times.* Goldoni, the favorite comic author of the Italian drama, speaks gratefully of the early success of his plays at Turin. One of his most popular comedies was suggested by the only complaint which reached his ears at the theatre of that city, — namely, that he "was not Molière." "I respected," he writes, "this master of the art as highly as the Piedmontese, and was seized with a desire to give them a convincing proof of it." He accordingly wrote "Molière."

The scientific theme which absorbed the naturalists of Europe a century ago was Electricity. Franklin's experiments and discoveries awakened universal curiosity and interest; and when, at a subsequent period, Dr. Priestley wrote the history of these inquiries, and recognized the facts lying within this new sphere of human knowledge, he gave the palm to Beccaria as the most versatile and complete in his researches. His "Electricismo Artifiziale," published in 1772, contains all that was then known on the subject. Franklin highly prized his writings, and caused them to be translated. King Charles Emanuel invited him to a professorship in the University of Turin, and in 1759 employed him to measure a degree of the meridian in Piedmont. This led to another valuable contribution to science. Cassini published certain doubts of the correctness of Beccaria's measurement, which

* Incidentally the frontier summits of the kingdom are likewise associated with Gibbon and his "Decline and Fall"; from that "covered walk of acacias" where he walked to and fro, half regretting that his long task was completed, a step brought him to the garden, whence, as he tells us, "a rich scenery of meadows and vineyards descends to the Leman Lake, and is crowned by the stupendous mountains of Savoy."

gave occasion to Beccaria's letter "*d' un Italiano ad un Parigiano*," in which he explained the influence of proximity to the Alps on the deviation of the pendulum. This indefatigable, self-absorbed, and therefore careless, but highly esteemed philosopher, died in 1781.

If our American sympathies are thus indirectly linked with Piedmontese science, through the development of Franklin's great principle in the labors of one of his most ardent disciples, the literature of the state more nearly appeals to us through the writings of Carlo Botta. He first made known the story of the American struggle for independence to the land which gave birth to Columbus. The Italian historian of our Revolutionary war was a native of San Giorgio in Piedmont. He studied the natural sciences at Turin, was one of the medical staff of the French army, and accompanied it to Corfu. In 1799, as a member of the Provisional Government, he approved of the incorporation of the state with France, and became one of the Piedmontese *consulta*, after the battle of Marengo, but offended Napoleon by a candid reproach of his tyranny. His name was erased from the legislative roll on account of his being a foreigner, but he was one of the *corps legislatif* who in 1814 declared that the Emperor had forfeited his throne. The next year he was appointed Director of the Academy of Nancy, but returned to private life at the restoration. Botta was a prolific writer; his histories, scientific memoirs, travels, and an epic poem attest his learning, industry, and talent; and, even now, the American in Italy finds the mass of readers acquainted with his own country only through the novels of Cooper and "La Guérra Americana" of Carlo Botta. One of his sons has pursued the art of engraving with success at Turin, and another was long employed in the East in the service of the Jardin des Plantes. It will ever be our national reproach, that the first European historian of our heroic age was allowed to endure privation in his declining years. He died in indigent circumstances at Paris.

It requires not the name of the great tragic poet of Italy, inscribed at an angle of one of the thoroughfares of Turin, to associate, not the street only, but the city, with Alfieri. Indeed, his memory redeems the comparatively material and

every-day ideas first suggested by this elegant but unromantic capital. The terse emphasis of those powerful dramas, wherein the classic form of antiquity is pervaded by the earnest spirit of modern genius, and gives to the sweetest of languages an intensity and relief, like sculptured words, — grand, direct, and rigid, — serves to impress the reader of Alfieri's life, so candidly yet philosophically written, with all the details of his boyhood and youth in this the well-described scene of his so-called education. We remember how his childish fancy was impressed when he first entered Turin, through the Porta Nuova and the Piazza San Carlo, to the Annunziata where stood his uncle's house, the subsequent "galley-slave" monotony and toil of his academic life, the forced and unintelligible study of Nepos and Virgil, the dreary Latin lectures on Philosophy, the blind grappling with Rhetoric, Physics, and Law, under the pedantic and conventional system of monastic preceptors, the stolen banquets upon Annibale Caro, Ariosto, and Metastasio, and the consoling interviews with his beautiful sister at the convent grate. From these "puerile juvenile vicissitudes," and this "ludicrous education," as he calls them, we follow him, in imagination, as we tread the streets familiar to his youth, through the invalid years of that wasted spring-time of a gifted soul, abandoned to a frivolous society and a civic existence affording no scope to high ambition, no goal for patriotic sentiment. His pride in dress, fencing, and gallantry, his love of horses, his capricious journeys, his sensibility to nature, his impetuous, aspiring mind, aristocratic temper, and liberal convictions, and, finally, his heroic self-emancipation, iron will, and immortal triumphs, — all blend with the scene around us, and seem appropriate to the picturesque heights, disciplined soldiery, and mountain air. Alfieri aptly called his native country "amphibious," and indignantly complained that he grew up there, ostensibly educated by the state, ignorant of the riches of Italian literature, and hearing only French or a *patois*. Not until years of study in Tuscany had given him command of "that soft bastard Latin," in his hands destined to receive its Dantesque energy, and a long residence in England had familiarized him with the national self-respect which he sought in vain on the

Continent, does he seem to have found the utterance and attained the moral consistency which finally rendered him the chief genius of modern Italy.

With the rise of that insidious revolutionary element, Carbonarism, appeared another poet, who, without the commanding genius of the tragic bard, not inadequately represented a more beautiful phase of his art, and, by the simple and pathetic record of his own sufferings in the cause of patriotism, added a memorable name to the roll of Piedmontese authors, and indirectly enlisted the world's sympathy for his country's misfortunes. The graceful style and tender eloquence of Silvio Pellico (born at Saluzzo in 1788), associated as they are with a tragic experience, and permanently embodied in "Francesca" and "My Prisons," offer a remarkable contrast in their beautiful atmosphere of religious and affectionate sentiment to the severe and self-reliant tone of Alfieri. To complete the tardy but versatile literary development of the state in that favorite department of modern authorship, the historical romance, the Marquis d' Azeglio (born at Turin ten years after Pellico), a son-in-law of its Italian father, Manzoni, and at once the best living pictorial artist and one of the ablest statesmen of Piedmont, achieved in "Ettore Fieramosca" and "Nicolo di Lapi" works of masterly research, powerful characterization, and classic finish.

When the tide of revolution stagnated ten years ago in Europe, it left this state alone in the possession of civic, educational, and economical benefits won through years of discipline, forbearance, and heroism. In the period which has since elapsed, the advancement of Sardinia, in essential prosperity, has been more like that which marks American than Italian civilization. Freed as she is from the wiles of Jesuitism, repudiating papal encroachments, and disentangled from Austrian influence, the external obstacles to national progress were no sooner removed, than new vigor was developed in the internal administration of the kingdom, and the wants and aspirations of her citizens asserted themselves with authority and wisdom. Commerce increased a hundred-fold; railroads connected the most distant points of the realm; productive industry was effectively stimulated; new dwellings arose;

neglected fields were laid open by the ploughshare; hill-sides were terraced for vineyards; the silk manufactories were multiplied; and in village and capital, on highway and mountain-path, an animation and cheerful industry startled the traveller, accustomed to the mendicant swarms of the Neapolitan and the lethargic repose of the Roman States. Such palpable fruits of a liberal government justify the closing declaration of Gallenga's history, — that "Italy may yet be a dream, but Piedmont is reality"; and confirm Lord John Russell's late prophecy, that "Sardinia has a great future." These hopeful auguries have been sometimes regarded as extravagant, when considered in relation to what is called the "Italian Question," and the growth of republican principles on the Continent; and doubtless the sanguine temper of those who deeply sympathize in the woes and yearnings of Italian patriotism have ascribed to this flourishing state an influence and future direction in the destiny of the peninsula unwarranted by the facts of history and the probabilities of national character. Yet this does not invalidate the actual promise of the hour, and the visible achievements of the state. It is a grand, surprising, and unique spectacle which Sardinia invites us to contemplate. While every honest patriot trembles at Naples, either with fear, pity, or indignation, at the regal crimes there enacted darkly and incessantly against the inalienable rights of humanity; while an imbecile Pontiff is intrenched at the Vatican by French bayonets; while the stranger in Lombardy recoils, with outraged self-respect, from the *espionage* to which he is hourly subjected, — in Piedmont one may listen to free and eloquent parliamentary debates; he may read journals that advocate every phase of opinion; he may behold fifty thousand Italian refugees protected and encouraged in their several vocations;* he may hear the manly

* Among them Mamiani of Rome, a deputy in the Parliament of Sardinia; Cecilia and Farina, distinguished Sicilian writers; Mancini of Naples, Professor of International Law in the University of Turin; Scialoja of the same city, equally eminent as a Professor of Political Economy in that institution; Guerrazzi of Leghorn, the celebrated historical novelist; Pallavicino of Milan, so long a Spielberg prisoner, and now a Sardinian representative, whose interesting memoirs have just appeared; Garibaldi, the able and brave general; and the patriotic Foresti, so long esteemed as an Italian professor in New York. The venerable and heroic General Pepé also found his last secure asylum in Piedmont.

declaration of Cavour, when the Austrian government complains of the comments of the Sardinian press: "*La libera discussione degli atti del governo forma una delle basi essenziali del regime politico in vigore in Piemonte*"; he may listen to the republican arguments of Brofferio, — once a state-prisoner for expressing the same views in verse, — or discuss with the benevolent Valerio his plans for supplying the poor with fuel or the emigrants with money at the expense of the government; he may trace a noble system of public instruction, from the infant and the primary school upward to the university; he may peruse over his breakfast a local newspaper which treats of the question of the day, — whether it be the war in China or the new project for connecting Europe and the East, — as fully and ably as the best journal in Paris or London; he may find, in another issue of the prolific press, the relation of church and state, or the religious sentiment itself, treated in every aspect from the most conservative to the extreme rationalistic view;* he may ponder over a letter from New York, intelligently unfolding the practical working of our political machinery, reporting our last scientific convention, or giving the details of free schools, trade, or society in the United States;† he may inspect a Protestant hospital at Genoa, or hear a Protestant clergyman preach to the veterans in the military asylum of Asti; he may visit the new sepulchre of a patriot years ago sacrificed by despotic cruelty, but drawn from his neglected grave to be honored with the late, yet tearful, obsequies decreed by an enfranchised people; he may enjoy an unmutilated Italian tragedy, glowing with free utterance or stern with patriotic resolve, or join in the worship

* In a recent number of one of these journals, in speaking of the difference between Christianity and Romanism, the writer says: "Romanism has come at length to be the antithesis of Christianity, as it is presented in the New Testament, and by the Fathers of the primitive Church. Things cannot continue in the state in which they now are. The most devout and respectable priests, the most religious persons, all admit that quite too many absurdities have been introduced into Romanism, and that a change is absolutely necessary. Such a change is desired by them, and at the same time dreaded, — desired, because they need it; dreaded, because they cannot avoid the presentiment, that the disciplinary party may also take away some doctrines of the Church." This new paper will advocate a separation of the Church from the State, "*liberty of conscience, of worship, and of speech.*"

† *L' Opinione* has a regular and able New York correspondent, Professor V. Botta.

of the once anathematized Waldenses in their new and beautiful metropolitan church; he may watch the progress of a monument to the Piedmontese soldiers who perished in the Crimea, or note the manly bearing and intelligent activity of the various groups on the promenade and under the porticos. And this experience is adequate to inspire any candid mind with hope and confidence. Such freedom of opinion, such mental activity, the mere contact of so many of the enlightened and the persecuted, the habits of industry, the motives to self-culture, the avenues open to truth and reason, the generous hospitality and mutual respect inevitably encouraged by these circumstances, insure an indefinite degree of amelioration within and beyond the boundaries of the state; and these results are independent of the less hopeful aspects which are occasionally urged in a spirit of distrust. They are no less true and auspicious, because a large proportion of the inhabitants are Romanists, because the king is tainted with the imperfections of self-will and an undue love of pleasure, because the chief cabinet minister is ambitious, the taxes are disproportioned, lotteries tolerated, a Protestant colporteur occasionally arrested by some provincial magistrate, or a refugee banished for conspiracy, or called upon, in some isolated district, for his passport.

The actual reforms and the free popular discussion, the economical development and the educational resources of Sardinia, are thus, in the highest degree, encouraging to the growth of liberal principles and of enlightened national sentiment. But the antagonistic relation the little state now openly sustains towards Austria, the probable interference of other Continental powers to retain for the latter her Italian dominions in case of war, and the variety of opinions warmly espoused in Piedmont, and throughout the peninsula, in regard to future movements and ultimate organization, tend greatly to complicate the specific action and the final policy of the Subalpine Kingdom. Any crisis in the affairs of the Continent, such as a revolution in Naples or Lombardy, or a check upon imperial authority in France, may precipitate or modify the present tendencies of the Sardinian government. Meantime, next to the actual prospects of the state itself, — which

we have seen to be singularly hopeful, — the great question is as to the real character of the existent administration. What degree of patriotism and intelligence, of courage and good faith, can we discover in the men and measures of the hour? The parliamentary debates and the character of the leading representatives and senators will compare favorably with those of Great Britain and the United States. Amid all the rancor of faction and the selfish zeal of political ambition, there has been, and still is, evident a spirit of wisdom, forbearance, and dignity which reflects honor on the Parliament of Sardinia. Alfieri di Sostengo, Giacinto Collegno, Giulio, Plezza, and other senators, are worthy to rank with the most patriotic and able representatives of a free country; few members of a popular assembly have exhibited such incessant benevolent activity, few breathed more wise republican eloquence; and the only fault which their opponents can find with the most prominent is, that the motives of one may be ambitious, and of another selfish, — insinuations harmless, indeed, when considered as the desperate fault-finding of political animosity. As a general fact, the spirit, principles, ability, and good faith of the two houses are recognized as exemplary.

Victor Emanuel's broad, good-humored face and well-fitted uniform are familiar to us through the many engravings his visit to England called forth; and his physiognomy seems to be a just index of his character, — kind in disposition, good-natured by temperament, far more sensuous than saturnine, at court almost pedantic in his enforcement of etiquette, but in private life what is called a "good fellow" to an extent that would satisfy the most companionable democrat, and, whatever secret love of power he may cherish, quite aware of his obligation to conform to the deliberate will and real welfare of the state. It is difficult to see any serious obstacle to the public welfare in the sway of a ruler so constituted and recognized. He apparently clings to the obsolete forms and machinery of regal power from a conviction that they now chiefly represent it, — that the office of royalty is becoming more and more lost in the name. His sense of enjoyment, too, is a less alarming trait, than the self-denying reserve of ambition. There is no superstitious reverence for the "divine right of

kings" in the feeling with which his subjects regard him; they have learned to see in their monarch only a chief magistrate, while they respect his office, and honor its appointments and privileges. That Victor Emanuel enjoys their confidence, as a ruler having the good of the state at heart, is evident from the spontaneous and affectionate welcome he received on his return from England, — an ovation which formed a complete contrast to the prearranged and prepaid greeting that coldly hailed the arrival of the French Emperor at Paris.

If the machinery of administration is almost ludicrously disproportioned in Sardinia to the extent of the kingdom and the "divinity" which hedges her king, more technical than moral, no European state devolves more important functions on her prime minister. Her relations with Italy, and through Italy with Austria, and thus indirectly with the rest of Europe, are of a significance entirely beyond her dimensions on the map; and the history of the past, as well as the events of the future, may convince us that larger interests depend on the fortunes and conduct of Sardinia, than are dreamed of in the philosophy of the shallow observer. Accordingly, one of the most interesting desiderata to a stranger, in contemplating her condition and prospects, is to ascertain the views, ability, and principles of the ministry, and especially of its presiding genius.

The antecedents of Count Cavour vindicate his claim to a high and influential position in state affairs. Compared with the average experience of Italian noblemen, his opportunities for practical knowledge and comprehensive views have been remarkable. The facts which his opponents cite against him seem to us not unfavorable either to his integrity or success. That his origin can be traced to an illegitimate scion of the house of Savoy, which is the current belief; that his family is of indisputably ancient nobility; that he was educated at the Military Academy of Turin, and graduated there with rank in the artillery; that he, soon after, assisted his father in the grain and cattle trade, which laid the foundation of their wealth, then travelled, for years, in Switzerland, France, and England, and returned to engage in journalism and political life, — are all circumstances eminently auspicious to the enlargement and discipline of that superior natural intelligence which is

universally conceded to the Count. We find in the stages of this career all the essential elements of political education. His noble origin absolves him, in no small degree, from the suspicion of interested motives in any democratic sympathy he may exhibit. His early training as a soldier was an apt initiation to public life in a state so military in taste and policy. His commercial experience is, for legislative use, worth years of abstract study in political economy. His familiar acquaintance with the social life and the governments of France and England must prove available in diplomacy and internal improvements; while there is no school like the editorship of an able paper for testing speculation by discussion, and the acquisition of tact in the illustration of principles, as well as tolerance in the expression of opinion. Thus furnished and disciplined, Count Cavour brought to the service of his party, and subsequently to that of his country, broad views, sagacious insight, and indomitable energy. He seems to have modified his opinions as a journalist and an official in his early career, according to the exigencies of the times and of public sentiment, but not, so far as we can discover, in a manner to invalidate his patriotic integrity. If he was once an advocate of such a constitution as that of France, it was because he regarded it as adapted to the wants and capacities of the people. If he was opposed to a second campaign against Austria, after the armistice of Salasco, his reasons were probably cogent. He has been accused of complicity with the unfortunate Charles Albert in a predetermined defeat at Novara; but the mystery in which that subject is involved, and the party violence and prejudice which obscure the truth and pervert the facts, render his motives and conduct at the juncture so uncertain, as to give him the benefit, at least, of doubts as to conduct, and of subsequent patriotism as to motives. Without question, much of the success that has attended the Sardinian policy during the last few years is owing to the vigor, industry, and prescience of Count Cavour. Although some of his commercial plans have failed, the taxes have been regularly paid, the finances of the state judiciously adjusted and prosperously managed, many new avenues of industry and

sources of wealth opened, and many old ones revived. He won respect and showed courage and skill as a member of the Paris Congress. He is indefatigable in his work, and thoroughly in earnest. The chief charges alleged against him are that he is ambitious, and interested in every promising speculation originated in Piedmont; but these personal motives, with an intelligent statesman, are fresh guaranties that he will be wise and prudent in finance, and will respect popular sentiment in his use of power, as the surest means to accomplish even selfish aims. His course and character, his bearing and purposes, are, as is usual with energetic prime ministers, regarded from the extremes of distrust and partiality. One observer compares his glance to Pitt's eagle eye, and his figure to Sir Robert Peel's, while another discovers a Jesuitical meaning in his smile and a courtier's trick in his affability. One set of persons attribute his influence to his wealth, and another to his talent. This critic thinks that he is playing a part, and another that he was born for a statesman. Under the porticos of Turin gossip murmurs of some old amour, or some instance of intolerance toward a rival; and, in a liberal English journal, we find him described as a popular idol. Now we are told that he is an abject imitator of Guizot, and again that he resembles Napoleon. It is declared, on one hand, that his only interest in the Italians is to promote, through and by them, the aggrandizement of the Savoy dynasty; and on the other, that his affinities are as catholic as they are national. He is lauded as an intelligent advocate of free trade to-day, and derided as a mere stock-gambler to-morrow. His aristocratic relations and his state craft, his love of money and his pride of country, his deference to theory and his tenacity of independence, are the contradictory motives assigned for his policy and his manners. Meantime, that he has done and is doing many wise, brave, and useful things for Sardinia, the stubborn evidence of facts incontestably proves. There is need of both his acuteness and his *bonhommie*, his self-devotion and his intrepidity; and, by virtue of these great qualities, he effectually serves the state.

The authentic basis of foreign judgment in regard to the spirit and ability of an administration must be documentary

and practical. Diplomatic notes, speeches, and the results of a policy, are more indicative of ministerial genius and character than the comments of partisan journals. At the results of Cavour's activity in Piedmont, since he edited the most able constitutional journal, ten years since, we have already glanced. Prosperity at home and respect abroad have accrued to Sardinia. The middle party, of which he was the first organ, achieved a fortunate equilibrium of discordant political elements. D'Azeglio, like Lamartine in France, proved the eloquent expositor of the most intelligent popular will. But the great work of reform — the removal of time-hallowed abuses, the establishment of new and enlarged principles of finance, and the check to ecclesiastical and aristocratic monopolies — required a strong, pertinacious, self-reliant man; and Count Cavour proved adequate to the exigency. A somewhat aggressive policy, and a firmness almost intolerant, were indispensable in a leader at this crisis; and these qualities were confessedly tempered in him by suavity and openness to conviction, so that, with all the faults ascribed to him by political and personal enemies, we cannot fail to recognize in his career an adaptation of mind and a liberal energy of purpose, which have been conducive to the best results. Identical with this tangible proof of his efficiency, is the evidence of his correspondence and discourse. The temper and style of his letter to Count Buol, which led to the Austrian envoy's withdrawal from Turin, and of his speech in defence of appropriations for the immediate refortification of Alessandria, are dignified and appropriate, convincing and eloquent. The bad humor of the Austrian government doubtless originated at the Paris Congress, when Cavour's attempt to enlist the sympathies of England and France in the Italian cause was a tacit but keen reproach to that infernal despotism of which the double-headed eagle is the vigilant symbol. With the most pacific intentions, it is, indeed, difficult to imagine how estrangement, if not open rupture, could be long avoided between states so diverse in their economical condition and social atmosphere; the one industrious, free, and contented, the other impoverished, baffled, and degraded; a liberal and rep-

resentative press on one side of the border, and on the other, censorship, espionage, and persecution; here constitutional self-government, and there foreign domination sustained only by armed force.

While progress is thus evidently the watchword among the patriotic reformers of Sardinia, it is a progress tempered by wisdom. Thus the decree of the Chambers which suppressed the conventual religious orders, excepted the active Sisters of Charity.* Among the more recent measures proposed or adopted are the construction of a railroad between Turin and Nice, the increase of the army, and the grand enterprise of a tunnel through Mont Cenis.

All the facts of the hour and all the prognostics of the journals do not, indeed, breathe encouragement. There are, in the circumstances of the present, the influences of the past, and the discordant elements of the future, opposing and ret-

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* The number of religious orders of males possessing property in the *Terra-firma* States affected by the first article of the said law is fourteen: i. e. the Agostiniani with shoes, the Agostiniani without shoes, the Benedettini Cassinesi, the Canonisi Regolari Lateranensi, the Carmelitani without shoes, the Certosini, the Cistercensi, the Domenicani, the Conventuali, the Minimi, the Filippini, the Olivetani, the Oblati, and the Servi. They occupied 66 houses; and when the commission took possession there were 557 priests, 215 lay brethren, and 9 serving novices and servants, giving a total of 781 persons, or an average of 11 persons to each house. The number of female religious orders in the *Terra-firma* States affected by the same law is eleven: the Agostiniane, the Battistine, the Benedettine Cassinese, the Canonichesse Lateranense, the Carmelitane without shoes, the Celestine, the Chiarisse, the Cistercense, the Crocifisse, the Domenicane, and the Terziarie Domenicane. They owned 46 houses, and numbered 1085 persons, of whom 814 were "coriste," or admitted nuns, 265 "converse," or persons in a probationary state, and 6 novices, or servants. They averaged 23 persons to each convent, or more than double the number averaged by the male orders.

The 66 convents inhabited by the possessing monks were found to contain 3,905 chambers, and to be of an aggregate value of 49,757 francs. From houses, lands, capital, and other sources, the gross receipts were 668,685 francs 63 cent.; of which about a sixth was in houses, and more than half in rural possessions to the amount of 4,932 hectares of land, the rent of which at the time of the promulgation of the law did not average more than 77 francs the hectare. Comparing the total of rural possessions with the number of families to which they belonged, there appears an average of 75 hectares to each family. The rent derived from capital and credits of various kinds amounted to 105,488 francs 21 cent., or about 1,596 francs for each family. The debts of all sorts contracted by the administrators of the male orders amounted to 216,640 francs 42 cent., so that the net rent, exclusive of the value of the monasteries, was 452,045 francs 21 cent.

rograde forces. The large number of educated refugees have overstocked the liberal professions in Sardinia; the favor extended by the government towards these unfortunate guests has often excited native jealousy, while certain restrictions, not applied to citizens, have equally provoked the discontent of the exiles. The expensiveness of the army and the beneficent schemes of the administration have frequently made taxation onerous. The ill-defined and somewhat incongruous liberty of the press and of public worship has led to serious, though limited disaffection. The sincerity of the state in her foreign relations, the disinterestedness of her purposes in regard to Italy, the motives and scope of her English and French alliances, have all been gravely questioned. "Sardinia," says a late British Tory journal, "duped by the lying promises of Russian aid against Austria, and duly informed of the course France meant to take, agreed to Russia's non-

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The estimated rent of the 46 convents occupied by the nuns in possession amounted altogether to 73,145 francs, or an average of 1,590 francs to each convent, a value equal to double that of the monasteries. Comparatively, the gross rent is still greater on the whole of the different categories of property, amounting to 514,609 francs 76 cent.; of which 292,870 francs is derived from rural possessions, to the extent of 2,783 hectares of land. The debts in five of the male religious orders absorbed a third of their gross income, while those of the female orders hardly exceeded a fourth. The net revenues of the latter were found to amount to 389,155 francs.

In the island of Sardinia the male orders affected by the law are seven in number, occupying 51 houses; and the female two, with 9 houses. The first comprehend 322 persons, the second 166. The estimated rent of the whole of the monasteries and convents so occupied is very small. There were attached to them 1,054 other buildings, and 3,260 hectares of land.

The houses of the Mendicant orders suppressed amount to 183, of which 136 are in the *Terra-firma* States, and 47 in the island of Sardinia. The total number of members of these orders is 3,135, of whom 175 are women and 2,960 men. Of the latter 1,709 are priests (*sacerdoti*), 983 laymen, and 268 either novices or servants. In general, the value of the convents of the Mendicant orders is found to be very trifling. They possess, however, other property, which produces a rent of 83,804 francs 36 cent.

There are 66 collegiate churches affected by the law, comprising altogether 650 canonries; so that there is an average of 10 canonries for each church, or about one for 6,500 souls. These canonries have a net rent varying from 150 to 1,800 francs. The smallest are in the province of Liguria, and the richest in those of Novara, Vercelli, and Turin.

As to the simple benefices, the commission has not yet been able to take possession of them, but they are calculated to number about 1,700.

fulfilment of the treaty"; and elsewhere, "Whether the renewed allegiance of France and Sardinia to the British side of the question be genuine or feigned, remains to be seen."

In these and many other speculations we find only what baffles conjecture rather than hope, and do not participate in the apprehension, often expressed by English writers, that Piedmont will be flattered into complacent error. We trust to the insight of her statesmen, the liberal sentiments of her Parliament, the discipline and valor of her army, the efficiency generated by prosperous activity, the purifying and elevating influence of public education, hospitality, beneficence, and religious discussion, the severe lessons of the past, the noble pledges of the present, and the vast interests of the future, to inspire, sustain, and enlighten national self-respect and fraternity.

Sardinia was the only Italian state which had the resources and the public spirit to take part in the war initiated by England and France to check Russian encroachments. Her capital alone, of the cities of Southern Europe, has grown in size, beauty, and population within the last ten years. All the states of Italy have contributed to the monument in process of erection there in honor of the Crimean heroes of Piedmont, and to the fund designed to purchase cannon wherewith to fortify Alessandria; while the cold reception of the Austrian Emperor on his recent visit to Lombardy, and the firmness and dignity manifest in Cavour's response to his minister's recent complaints, (a diplomatic note which has made an impression in Europe similar to that caused by Webster's response to Hülsemann,) indicate a unity of political sympathies, of which Sardinia is at once the nucleus and the exponent, which gives authority to Gallenga's final historical inference: "In his bold, confident youth, an Italian patriot may have rejoiced in the firm belief that his age was destined to witness the rearing up of the whole edifice of Italian nationality. He must now be thankful to Heaven, if, dying, he carry with him the conviction that the first stone, the *corner-stone*, is at least laid."

ART. III. — *Histoire de la Maison Royale de St. Cyr.* (1686 – 1793.) Par THÉOPHILE LAVALLÉE. Paris: Furne et Cie. 1853.

"THERE are certain events," says Madame de Sévigné in one of her charming letters, "of which we cannot hear too many particulars." It is well for her fame that such is the fact. The wonderful fascination of her writings can scarcely be explained by the acknowledged beauty of her style. We listen with delight to her lively gossip and pleasing descriptions, not only because they breathe so tender an affection for her darling daughter, and sparkle with the brilliancy of the subtlest wit, but because they place us on so friendly and familiar relations with the Rochefoucaulds, the Condés, the La Fontaines, and the Racines of her age. An imperishable interest attaches to the circle of geniuses which surrounded the throne of the *Grand Monarque*. St. Cloud in its palmiest days could not assemble such a court as was gathered, like one family, in the spacious palace at Versailles. We are all curious to learn of the inner, and what may be termed the domestic, life of that royal household. We linger with pleasure over the sparkling pages of Madame de Sévigné, Madame de Lafayette, the Abbé de Choisi, and the sharp-sighted St. Simon.

With a kindred pleasure do we receive from M. Lavallée a picture of life at the Royal House of St. Cyr. Guided by his spirited history, we propose to give a sketch of that celebrated school, which was planned by Madame de Maintenon, founded by Louis XIV., protected by both of his successors, and finally destroyed in the storms of the Revolution. So distinguished are the names which appear in its annals, and so closely were its fortunes associated with those of the throne, that, in reading the story of its origin, prosperity, and downfall, we obtain an acquaintance with many of the illustrious characters of France, and pass in review the remarkable changes of an eventful century.*

* M. Lavallée has had access to the famous manuscript *Memoires des Dames de St. Cyr*, a portion of which La Beaumelle obtained in some unknown manner, and

The continuous wars of Lous XIV. impoverished thousands of his nobles. Before his time, they had sold their services to one feudal lord or another, and had fought, now for, and now against, their king. The possessions of the conquered party had been the lawful booty of the victors. But Louis XIV. completed the union of opposing factions, which was begun by Henry IV., and carried on by Richelieu. The discords of jealous dukes and of rival commanders were forgotten in loyalty to the monarch. A rigid military discipline was established. Unquestioning obedience and unwavering devotion were required from the officers. A large part of their life was spent in costly campaigns. Their pay was small. Their chief reward was the glory which they won. Their estates, deprived of their personal care, and burdened with heavy taxes, were declining in value. Thus many a gentleman, whose breast was covered with badges of honor, was reduced to utter destitution. Wounded officers were seen begging bread at the gates of the palace of Versailles. Their families were suffering in want. Their children were growing up in ignorance.

Policy, no less than gratitude, induced the king to relieve the distress of those gallant men, who had placed their property and their lives at his service. He therefore founded the Hôtel des Invalides, as a home for disabled soldiers, schools of cadets for the instruction of the sons of gentlemen, and the Royal House of St. Cyr, for the education of young ladies of noble birth.

The establishment of this last institution was due to the suggestion of Madame de Maintenon. The remembrance of her early misfortunes had doubtless quickened the kindly impulses of a heart, which was naturally inclined to charity. The striking vicissitudes of her life had acquainted her with many a trial and sorrow, and had taught her especially the value of early education and faithful training. She was born

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wrought into his *Lettres de Madame de Maintenon* and his *Memoires sur Madame de Maintenon*. These are the works which Voltaire attacks so fiercely in the notes to his *Siècle de Louis XIV.* He would have been glad to see the positive proofs, which are now before us, that La Beaumelle made material changes in the letters, which he published as literal copies from the manuscripts.

in a prison, where her father, Théodore d'Aubigné, was confined for counterfeiting money, and was carried with him to Martinique when she was but four years of age. On her return, at the age of ten, with her sister and her widowed mother, she was placed in a convent at Paris, by order of the queen-regent, to be converted from the Protestant faith of her fathers. Scarcely had she left the convent, when her beauty and talent attracted the attention of the witty and celebrated Scarron. She at first refused the hand of the poet, who was bent by disease "into the shape of the letter Z," as he himself says. But being left in poverty by the death of her mother, she consented at last to marry him. She learned of him Latin, Italian, and Spanish, and acquired that familiarity with literature which fitted her so well for her subsequent career. Their house was the resort of the most brilliant and elegant company of that age. Her modest but dignified bearing commanded the respect and esteem of her numerous visitors. She was left in widowhood at the age of twenty-five. With a pension of two thousand livres, which she received from Anne of Austria, she lived in simplicity and comfort at the Convent of the Ursulines, where she had been educated. She mingled with the gay and learned society of the Hôtel d'Albret and the Hôtel de Richelieu, the successors to the fallen Hôtel de Rambouillet. It was there that she made the acquaintance of Madame de Sévigné, Madame de Lafayette, Madame de Coulanges, and also of Madame de Montespan, with whose name her own was to be so unpleasantly associated. This lady induced the king to restore to the young widow her pension, which had been stopped on the death of the queen-mother. She afterwards procured for her the post of governess to the children whom she had borne to Louis XIV. When the children were legitimated by their father, Madame Scarron shared the apartment of their mother in the palace. The king was not at first pleased with her society; but he became more and more attached to her, and finally, in 1674, he presented her with the estate of Maintenon, and permitted her to take the name of Madame de Maintenon. From that time she occupied the place in the esteem of her royal master which had been before accorded to Madame de

Montespan. She succeeded in making the king more attentive to his wife during the few months for which that neglected woman survived. In a little more than a year after the death of the queen, she was secretly married to the royal widower. Her influence upon him was decided and apparent. He became more moral in his habits. He was more rigid in his devotions. He was even more attentive than before to business. Respect was paid to her by all of the royal family. Parliaments and provinces, bishops and cardinals, sought the king's favor through her. Princes and monarchs solicited her intervention. Even the Pope placed his nuncios under her protection. But no conspicuous position was assigned to her on public occasions. She appeared among the ladies of the court on terms of perfect equality. It is doubtful whether she had so great influence in politics as has been often supposed. The king certainly consulted her on questions of state. He sometimes held his council in her presence. He occasionally asked her advice, saying: "Qu'en pense *la raison?* qu'en pense *votre solidité?*" But her chief office was to amuse rather than to advise him. His misfortunes had rendered him weary, desponding, and morose. Hers was the hardest of all tasks, — to study the caprices of an old man, who was no longer "*amusable*," to be now his companion and now his servant, and, regardless of her own numerous trials, to be always attentive, always sympathizing, and always cheerful.

Yet her manifold duties did not make her forgetful of the poor. Her benefactions were accompanied by her prayers, and often by her tears. She was one day solicited by Madame de Brinon, an Ursuline nun, to aid her and a sister of her order in maintaining a school, which they had founded at Montmorency, for the education of girls. She at once sent her some pupils, the children of poor parents, and paid for their support. She visited them often, and became so deeply interested in their welfare, that she wished them to be nearer Versailles. She rented a house at Rueil, presented the scholars with clothing and furniture, and moreover called in the peasant children of the neighborhood, and gave them such instruction as they were fitted to receive.

The expenses of the institution were soon so great, that she called on the king to assist her. She set forth so clearly the wants of his noblemen's daughters, that he at once complied with her request. He had just purchased the estate of Noisy to enlarge the park of Versailles. He ordered the school to be removed to the castle of Noisy, which was to be adapted to its new use by an outlay of thirty thousand livres. One hundred girls were to be supported there at his expense. The scholars were transferred from Rueil to their new home in February, 1684. There they found a pleasant garden, laid out by Le Nôtre, spacious halls, and a beautiful chapel, on which the Pope bestowed some relics of Sainte Candide. The classes were called the red, the green, the yellow, and the blue, from the color of the ribbons which they wore in their hair and at their waists. They devoted quite as much time to needle-work as to study. It was while they were here that they wrought the famous bed for the king. They also made ornaments for the cathedral of Strasburg, which city had just been retaken by the French.

Madame de Maintenon spent much of her time with her growing school. The minutest details did not escape her notice. She attended the sick, she supervised the cooking, she ate at the pupils' table, she taught them how to bow and to make their toilette. The ladies of the court soon asked and obtained permission to visit the school. The Dauphiness also went. For a time the courtiers at Versailles talked of little else but the institution at Noisy. The king himself at last honored it with his presence. He was especially struck with the discipline, which was so firm, that not one of the girls turned her head to see him as he entered their room. He was so well pleased with all that he saw, that he decided to establish the school upon a firmer foundation, and to insure it a permanent existence. It was therefore soon after resolved by the Royal Council that two hundred and fifty girls of noble blood should be maintained and educated gratuitously, until they had reached the age of twenty.

It was seen at once that the supply of water at Noisy would be inadequate to the wants of the new institution. By the advice of Louvois and Mansard, the village of St. Cyr, which

was less than a league distant from the palace, was finally selected as the most suitable place for the school. The estate of the Marquis de Brisson was purchased at an expense of 91,000 livres, and Mansard was ordered to draw the plans for a building. The cost of arranging the grounds and constructing the edifice was 1,400,000 livres, a sum equivalent to $600,000, money of our time. 150,000 livres were devoted to the furniture. The tapestry, curtains, and decorations of each class were of the color which distinguished that class. Revenues to the amount of 150,000 livres were at first secured to the school, and 30,000 livres more were afterwards added.

The king was especially desirous that the school should not become a convent. He wished the girls to have a simple and uniform dress, but also to be prepared for lives of active usefulness. He carefully revised the regulations which were prepared by Madame de Brinon and Madame de Maintenon, and then submitted them to the inspection of the Bishop of Chartres, the Père de la Chaise, the Abbé Gobelin, Racine, and Boileau. There were to be a Superior, thirty-six *dames professes*, twenty-four *sœurs converses*, and two hundred and fifty girls of noble families, none of whom could be admitted when less than seven or more than twelve years of age. These girls could remain till they were twenty years old, and dowries were provided for those who were married upon their departure. The institution was placed under the especial protection of Madame de Maintenon, and Madame de Brinon was named Superior for life, though her successors were to be elected triennially. A medal was struck in honor of the completion of the undertaking, and the royal historiographers, Racine and Boileau, were charged to make worthy mention of the royal munificence in establishing the school.

The removal of the girls from Noisy to St. Cyr was attended with considerable pomp. They were conveyed in the carriages of the king, and were escorted by the *Suisses* of his household. The procession was led by priests, bearing the cross, and singing the *Veni Creator*. The road was crowded with spectators. The girls were enraptured with the charms of St. Cyr. It seemed to them, as their memoirs say, "the image of an earthly paradise." The house was consecrated by religious

services, and the regular exercises of the school were begun without delay.

Certain rooms were appropriated exclusively to Madame de Maintenon. It was her chief joy to escape from her servitude at the palace, and take refuge in this tranquil home. She was as unremitting in her attention to the pupils, as she had formerly been at Rueil. During the remainder of her life her best powers and energies were given to her beloved girls. The princes and princesses soon came to visit them. The fallen Madame de Montespan, incited by curiosity, or perhaps by a higher motive, was often seen in this home of her rival. It was here, indeed, that the rite of confirmation was subsequently administered to her. The king himself at length came to see the results of his benefactions. A body of the clergy, preceded by the cross, met him in the outer court. When he reached the door, he was greeted by Madame de Brinon. Behind her stood the *dames*, clad in long veils and mantles, and bearing wax tapers. Still farther back, the girls, arrayed in their plain but tasteful attire, were arranged in double ranks. He passed down the lines between them, entered the church, and listened to the *Te Deum* and the *Domine Salvum*. Then the girls marched along before him, bowed with reverence, and entered the yard. As he followed them out, their three hundred voices surprised him with this prayer, which they chanted, as is said, to the tune which we call "God save the King."*

"Grand Dieu, sauvez le roi!
Grand Dieu, vengez le roi!
Vive le roi!
Qu'à jamais glorieux,
Louis victorieux
Voye ses ennemis
Toujours soumis.
Grand Dieu, sauvez le roi!
Grand Dieu, vengez le roi!
Vive le roi!"

The instruction which was furnished at St. Cyr during

* The French assert, that Handel heard the tune at St. Cyr in 1721, and borrowed it to sing the praises of George I. The English musical critics assert that the nuns of St. Cyr took it from Handel, and first sang it at their great reception of Louis XIV.

the first few years of the school tended to make every girl a copy of Madame de Maintenon. There was devotion without austerity. There was elegance in dress, combined with simplicity. Beauty was enhanced by a few, but tasteful, ornaments. The substantial elements of education were not neglected, yet refinement was especially sought. The gallant and ingenious epistolary style of Voiture and Balzac was commended as a model. The finest passages from the works of the poets were learned and recited. Recreation, exercise, conversation, everything, was so directed as to develop a character that might adorn the highest society, and yet be prepared for any station in life. The system imparted those graces and accomplishments which gave to the women of the seventeenth century their peculiar fascination and influence.

While Madame de Maintenon was thus preparing the daughters of the nobility for lives of usefulness and honor, she established a claim to the gratitude of every friend of letters. She called Racine from the retirement in which he had been living for more than ten years, and induced him to write his *Esther* for her school. Madame de Brinon had written insipid verses for the girls to recite, until they became disgusted with her doggerel, and would learn it no more. Madame de Maintenon, whose nice ear also was offended, suggested that the scholars should be allowed to recite such passages from Corneille and Racine as should seem to be suitable for youth. Therefore scenes from *Cinna*, *Andromaque*, and *Iphigénie* were attempted. The rugged verse of Corneille was not successfully rendered; but the tender and flowing lines of Racine were given with great pathos and beauty. Madame de Maintenon feared lest this diversion should create too strong an attachment to the study of the profane drama. She therefore asked Racine to furnish the school with a poem on some moral or religious theme, in which songs should be introduced. She promised him that it should be retained at St. Cyr. The poet knew not what to reply. He had solemnly renounced dramatic poetry as sinful. To avoid temptation, he had scarcely indulged in any kind of poetical composition. Yet even the most scrupulous conscience could see no harm in writing for the inno-

cent entertainment and intellectual culture of these girls of St. Cyr. But, on the other hand, might he not imperil the fame which he had won by his *Iphigénie* and his *Phèdre*, if he attempted a work for the amusement of girls? However much he may have regretted his earlier course, he would not willingly give a proof that his genius had declined while he had been occupied in a more commendable career. His dearest friend, Boileau, strongly urged him not to undertake it. But the subject which was furnished by the Book of Esther impressed him so forcibly, as one most appropriate to the circumstances of the school, that he could not forbear beginning a piece. No sooner had Boileau and Madame de Maintenon heard a few scenes, than they encouraged him to complete the play.

When it was finished, Racine, who had taught the finest actors of his day the art of declamation, proceeded to select those girls of St. Cyr who were best fitted to represent the different personages, and to give them the necessary instruction. Mademoiselle de Veillane took the part of Esther; Mademoiselle de Lastie, *belle comme le jour*, that of Ahasuerus; Mademoiselle de la Maisonfort, sister of the celebrated woman of this name, that of Elise; Mademoiselle de Glapion, afterwards the confidential friend of Madame de Maintenon, and Superior of the House, that of Mordecai. The prologue was written expressly for Madame de Caylus, the cousin of Madame de Maintenon. She was then but seventeen years of age, but had already been married three years to the Count of Caylus, after having refused the hand of several wealthy courtiers. "Jamais," says St. Simon of her, "un visage si spirituel, si touchant, si parlant; jamais une fraîcheur pareille; jamais tant de grâce ni plus d'esprit; jamais tant de gaieté et d'agréments; jamais créature plus séduisante. Elle surpassait les plus fameuses actrices à jouer des comédies."

As the piece was to be played before the king, preparations of becoming magnificence were made. Madame de Maintenon ordered for the actresses Persian garments, which were adorned with pearls and diamonds. The royal scene-painter and musicians lent their aid. A vestibule was speedily transformed into a theatre. When all was ready, the king, with

the Prince of Condé and a few courtiers, came to witness the performance. He was equally delighted with the acting of the young and timid, but graceful scholars, with the flattering allusions to himself which the poet had introduced, and with the freshness and beauty of the girls, who were arranged in the order of their classes around the amphitheatre. The Prince of Condé was moved to tears. Racine had no sooner escorted the actresses from the stage, than he hastened to the chapel to render up his thanks to God for the success which had been granted him.

So lavish was the king in his praises of the play, that soon it was necessary to represent it again in the presence of the Dauphiness, the Duke of Orleans, the royal princes, a few priests, and the celebrated Madame de Miramion, whom Madame de Sévigné calls a "mother of the Church." "To-day," said Madame de Maintenon, "we play for the saints." Madame de Caylus represented Esther. "All the Champmêslés in the world," writes the Abbé de Choisy, "had not her ravishing tones."

Now all the courtiers wished to see the play at St. Cyr. Repeated representations were given. Some of the girls were so anxious to succeed, that they knelt down behind the scenes, and said their *Veni Creator*, in order that they might be prevented from forgetting their parts; "and I believe," says the pious old Dame de St. Cyr who has preserved for us these details, "that God, who saw their innocence and their good intentions, heard their prayers." Mademoiselle de la Maisonfort once hesitated a little. When she left the stage, the sensitive Racine exclaimed, "You have ruined the piece!" She burst into tears. He quickly drew his handkerchief from his pocket, wiped the tears from her eyes, and began to console her, so that she might not appear to have been weeping, when she should return to her part. Nevertheless the king observed the redness of her eyes, and when the courtiers and ladies learned its cause, they laughed heartily at Racine for his impulsive anxiety and kindness.

There was scarcely an illustrious person at Versailles or in Paris, who did not ask permission to attend the dramatic exhibitions at St. Cyr. Bossuet, Père de la Chaise, the President

Lamoignon, Madame de Coulanges, Madame de Sévigné, who has given us many a glance at these scenes in her lively letters, priests, magistrates, and bishops, all found pleasure in witnessing the performances of these beautiful girls. An invitation was esteemed a mark of royal favor. "The ministers left the most pressing business," says Madame de Lafayette, to behold the Esther. The king himself used to be door-keeper. He stood at the entrance, and, holding his cane across the passage, required every one to show his ticket of invitation.

A more distinguished assembly than any which had before been gathered within the walls of St. Cyr was gathered there on the 5th of February, 1689. Not only were the king and all the royal princes and princesses in the audience, but also the exiled James II. of England and his queen. They were occupying the palace of St. Germain as the guests of their cousin of France. They were living in a splendor and state to which they had been strangers in Whitehall. Louis had invited them to St. Cyr. With a large retinue he met them at the gate, showed them the house, and explained to them the object and the influence of the school. The Esther was then represented with a power and a brilliancy which had never been equalled. All opposition and criticism were forgotten in general admiration.

A fortnight from the day of James's visit to St. Cyr, the court were appalled by the sudden and mysterious death of the young queen of Spain, the niece of Louis XIV. All amusements were at once suspended. But during Lent of that year Racine wrote four sacred songs, which, together with an ode by Madame Deshoulières, and a cantata in praise of Madame de Maintenon, were performed in presence of the king and queen of England. During the following year, 1690, the Esther was played several times at the king's request. A number of Jesuits were present, and among them the austere Bourdaloue.

So highly was the king pleased with the diversions at St. Cyr, that he asked Racine to write another piece. Accordingly the next year appeared the *Athalie*. But this splendid drama, the crowning effort of the poet's genius, was not des-

tined to so favorable a reception as its less meritorious predecessor. It was found that the presence of the court had produced an unfavorable influence upon the minds of the girls and the teachers. The love of display, of rank, and of honor, which is never too weak in the heart of a Frenchwoman, was gaining a power which threatened to destroy all profitable study and serious meditation.* Madame de Maintenon therefore conformed to the advice of some of her religious counsellors, and resolved to forbid theatrical representations, though Bossuet, Fénelon, the Abbé Gobelin, and many other illustrious priests, saw no harm in permitting them to continue. But the king would not allow her to abolish them. Athalie was therefore played; but the preparations were of the simplest kind. Louis XIV., the king and queen of England, Fénelon, and a few others, were the only spectators. Madame de Maintenon was almost the only one who perceived the real beauties of the piece. The others called it "terrible," but "cold and uninteresting." After this no visitors were permitted to witness the acting at St. Cyr. But at different times, during the three following years, the king invited the girls to play in his private apartments at Versailles, in the presence of the princes and a few gentlemen of rank. The poet, who had contributed so much to the glory of St. Cyr by his *Esther* and his *Athalie*, was never forgotten by the grateful pupils. In his last illness they offered public prayers in his behalf, and afterwards listened with eager interest to Madame de Maintenon's description of his closing hours and peaceful death.

The reform which was begun at St. Cyr was carried still further. Madame de Maintenon was so filled with regret at the unhappy results of her brilliant entertainments, that she proscribed all high intellectual pursuits. She deprived the scholars of all their manuscripts. She confined their reading to strictly religious books. She took from them all their

* Though the gentlemen of the court were forbidden to talk with the girls, the exchange of glances could not be prevented. Thus were formed attachments which resulted in marriage. Thus began the acquaintance between Mademoiselle de Marsilly and M. de Vilette, who were afterwards married. She was left a widow, and was subsequently married to Lord Bolingbroke.

jewels and superfluous ornaments. She increased the amount of their manual labor. She appointed regular confessors for the school. In fact, in 1692 the House was formally changed into a convent of the Order of St. Augustine.

The girls took their vows at the age of eighteen, and dedicated themselves to works of piety, and especially to the education of the young orphans who were admitted to the school. They found their chief diversion in music. Their collection of chants, motets, choruses, and passages from the operas of Lully, was large for that age. At the Christmas festivals the king sent his private musicians to play religious symphonies in the spacious hall at St. Cyr. Sometimes he ordered his military band to perform their spirited pieces in the court-yard of the school, for the amusement of the daughters of his faithful soldiers.

Madame de Maintenon evinced the same care in training the hearts of her pupils that she had shown in cultivating their intellect and their taste. She endeavored to supplant their ambition and their pride by humility and piety. She remonstrated and exhorted both in private and in public. She watched over every person in the institution with all the fidelity of a mother. But she soon had proofs that the convent was exposed to perils more subtile and dangerous than those which had threatened the House of St. Cyr in its more worldly form; for, with her own approval, the *dames* received and cherished a heresy which disturbed the peace of the whole Gallican Church, caused Fénelon to be a prisoner in his diocese, and banished from the convent three of the most brilliant women whose names adorn its rolls. That terrible error in faith was the mystical doctrine of Quietism, which was preached by Madame Guyon. This remarkable lady, in whose charming conversation and devout aspirations Madame de Maintenon perceived nothing to awaken her suspicions, was permitted to associate freely with the *dames* of St. Cyr. She told them, with her peaceful earnestness, of that entire submission to God which would make them indifferent concerning their future state, and would lead them to think, not of heaven and hell, but of actual and present communion with the Father of Lights. She depicted that blissful repose which

is assured to the soul that is ever in a prayerful frame. She described the untroubled happiness of a life that is absorbed in holy contemplation. The women, who had been so delighted with the verses of Racine, were now equally fascinated by the piety and eloquence of their zealous visitor. The doctrine of Quietism seized with peculiar power the mind of Madame de la Maisonfort, a woman whose genius would have rendered her conspicuous in any age or nation. She had been the most accomplished and distinguished teacher of the school from the time it was first established. To hear her converse with Racine on poetry, one might suppose her a Sappho; but to hear her talk with Fénelon on the heights and depths of God's boundless love, one would suppose her a Saint Theresa. Her intellect bore a close resemblance to that of Jacqueline Pascal. But, unlike that distinguished woman, she had a strong aversion to all vows, even to those of monastic life. She listened with intensest interest to the words of Madame Guyon. She corresponded with Fénelon, whom she chose as her confessor, upon themes so abstruse and transcendental, that others could not comprehend the deep import of those beautiful letters, whose melodious diction they all admired.

The Bishop of Chartres, to whose diocese the school belonged, warned the king and Madame de Maintenon of the heretical tendency of these mystical doctrines. They were surprised to learn that they had been nourishing errors of faith in their cherished institution. Madame Guyon was at once expelled from the household. The building was searched, and all her writings were removed. Fénelon demanded a formal examination of her works. The Bishop of Chalons, Bossuet, then Bishop of Meaux, and Tronson, Superior of St. Sulpice, therefore held the famous conference at Issy. Fénelon appeared before them and defended the teachings of Madame Guyon; but after eight months' deliberation the reverend judges unanimously condemned them. Fénelon acquiesced in their decision, "not by persuasion, but by deference," as he said. His writings were also taken from the *dames* and the pupils of St. Cyr. Bossuet was sent to correct their grievous errors by familiar conversation with them. He

succeeded in winning all to his views except Madame du Tour, Madame de Montaigle, and Madame de la Maisonfort. The latter defended her position with so much logic and eloquence, that the prelate was unable to vanquish her by argument. She afterwards corresponded with him, and though she never accepted his doctrines, he always admired and respected her, and proved her faithful friend till the end of his life.

Power was employed to free St. Cyr of the obnoxious heresy, which could not be removed by the denunciations of the Bishop of Chartres, or by the persuasions of the Bishop of Meaux. By *lettres de cachet* Madame du Tour was sent to a convent at Grenoble, Madame de Montaigle to one at Chateaudun, and Madame de la Maisonfort to one at Meaux, where she placed herself under the special guidance of Bossuet. She continued a correspondence with many of the most distinguished persons of her time, and particularly with her old friend Fénelon, who treasured every word from her pen. Her body was bowed and wasted beneath the burden of increasing years, but her mind retained its wonted vigor. With all the ardor of youth she engaged in the theological disputes about Jansenism, which so agitated France in the latter years of Louis XIV.; and being again suspected of cherishing opinions which the Church condemned, she was sent to the Bernardines at Argenteuil. We know that she soon left that convent, but no history or tradition informs us where she passed the last days of her troubled life.

Madame de Maintenon and the king both knew how many ties they had sundered in separating the three *dames* and the pupils, whose mutual attachment was so strong. They therefore used every means to prevent any manifestations of discontent in the school. The king sent the *dames* a letter from his camp at Compiègne, absolutely forbidding them to receive the exiles; and immediately on his return from the camp he visited their house, and preached them a kind of royal sermon. He assured them that it was with pain that he had been forced to measures so severe, but that he had been actuated solely by the desire to extirpate error from their home. "From that time," say the Memoirs, "Quietism

was no more talked of at St. Cyr; it was entirely extinguished."

Before the king became utterly hostile to Fénelon, whom he called *le plus bel esprit et le plus chimérique de son royaume*, he had named him Archbishop of Cambrai. Not that he was especially inclined, even then, to confer that honor on the preceptor of his grandson, but he had yielded to the urgent solicitations of Madame de Maintenon. Fénelon displayed his gratitude to her by selecting St. Cyr as the place of his consecration. The ceremony was performed in private, June 10th, 1695. The only persons present, besides the *dames* and scholars and Madame de Maintenon, were Bossuet, who was the consecrating bishop, his brethren, the Bishops of Chalons and Amiens, the three grandsons of the king, the Duke of Beauvilliers, and a few intimate friends of Fénelon.

So close was the connection of the school with the fortunes of the king, that the sunlight of every national success and the shadow of every national disaster, may be clearly perceived in the checkered history of St. Cyr. The monarch began every campaign by commending himself to the prayerful remembrance of his *anges de St. Cyr*. When the Dauphin set out for Philipsburg, and when James II. was ready to embark on his expedition against Ireland, he took them to the school to offer up prayers with those "innocent girls." It was his custom to write from his camp to the school or to Madame de Maintenon whenever he captured a city or concluded a treaty, and to ask them to return their thanks to God. They obeyed with trembling voices; for the next post often brought them the tidings of the death of fathers or brothers, whose loss could never be replaced by the spoils of a conquered city. In the times of great distress, which were caused by the wars, the scholars were busied in making garments for the poor. Some of them were allowed to visit the sick and suffering peasants in the village, and carry them such relief as the house could afford.

It has been frequently affirmed that the revocation of the Edict of Nantes originated in Madame de Maintenon's room at St. Cyr. She often chose that quiet retreat to consider

the questions of state which the king submitted to her. It is doubtful whether she had any taste for political affairs, but almost all her friends, including the Bishop of Chartres and Fénelon, strongly urged her to influence the king in matters of public interest. They thought that she was a safer guide than his crowd of courtiers. Their confidence in her judgment was frequently justified by the wisdom of her acts. She was rarely deceived in her estimate of men. She trusted in Luxemburg, Boufflers, Villars, and Berwick, but not in Vendome and Catinat. She condemned the invasion of the Palatinate, one of the darkest deeds of that age. She recommended the reception of the will of the king of Spain. And it is now quite clear that she did not request the monarch to revoke the Edict of Nantes. Rather, from deference to his opinions, she consented to what he had already resolved to accomplish. "Why do you say," writes Voltaire to one of his friends in 1752, "that Madame de Maintenon had much to do with the revocation of the Edict of Nantes? She tolerated that persecution, as she tolerated that of the Cardinal de Noailles and that of Racine, but certainly she had no part in it. That is a fact beyond dispute." Her letters and her words, as reported by the *dames*, show that she was shocked by the cruelties which Louvois practised in executing the commands of the king. She also retained to the last her Protestant servants, whom Louis wished her to dismiss, or to force into the Romish Church.

It will be remembered that the persecution of the Huguenots by the king was one of the causes of the formation of the league of Augsburg. He at last succeeded in dissolving that league by making a treaty with the Duke of Savoy, by the terms of which the eldest daughter of that prince was betrothed to the Duke of Burgundy. She was then only eleven years old. She was brought to France and intrusted to the care of Madame de Maintenon, who placed her at St. Cyr. She assumed the name of Mademoiselle de Lastie, and remained there till the time of her marriage. She formed a strong attachment to the school, and remembered it with peculiar pleasure in all her later years. Two days after her wedding she repaired to the church of St. Cyr, where the girls

chanted the *Te Deum*, and sang a *Hymn to St. Louis*, which was written for the occasion. She used often to come to this home of her childhood, to pray for her aunt, as she called Madame de Maintenon, and to escape the atmosphere of the court of Versailles. She presented the *dames* with her portrait, which was suspended in their hall between that of the king and Madame de Maintenon. Sometimes she carried a few of the girls to Versailles, where, in a private manner, they played certain parts of the Esther and the Athalie. The birth of her children was celebrated at St. Cyr by special prayers and songs of joy.

During her residence at the school, the king went more frequently than before to pass his leisure in conversing familiarly with the *dames*, in attending the services of the chapel, and in witnessing the animated sports of the numerous children. There, more than anywhere else, he seems to have forgotten that haughty and majestic bearing which he so constantly maintained in the midst of his court. The monarch became a man. He strolled about in the gardens, now chatting with Madame de Maintenon, now stopping to take a child upon his knee, and respond to its innocent prattle, and then reluctantly returned to the palace at Versailles.

It was, perhaps, at this period that St. Cyr approached most nearly to the ideal of its patroness. Humility, gentleness, and simplicity reigned in the hearts of the scholars. The love of the world was no longer their ruling passion. The fame of their piety extended throughout France. The Pope sent them indulgences, presents, and letters. The holiest prelates desired to be consecrated in their church. Bossuet, Fénelon, Bourdaloue, and Massillon all preached in their pulpit. The superiors of all the convents in the country asked for the *demoiselles de St. Cyr.* But though many took the monastic vows, Madame de Maintenon still wished that more of them should marry. "What I lack," said she, "is sons-in-law." Some of them married men of distinction; but the dowry which they could draw from the public funds was not large enough to attract many suitors of that day.

The sad war of the Spanish Succession soon plunged St. Cyr into the deepest anxiety and distress. Madame de Main-

tenon was entirely overwhelmed by the continued defeats of the royal armies. The halls resounded with the sobs of the girls, whom the battles of Ramillies and Blenheim had rendered orphans. The king came in person to console them. Prayers were offered in all the convents of France for blessings upon the cause of the monarch. The Duchess of Burgundy passed whole nights in the chapel of St. Cyr. Famine came at last to fill up the measure of general suffering. Then did the charity of the *dames de St. Cyr* shine forth in its brightness. They sold all their ornaments to buy bread for the convent of Gomerfontaine. Madame de Maintenon set them the example, which they willingly followed, of living on oatmeal bread, and distributing the rest of their food among the poor. But their misfortunes were not yet complete. They were called to mourn the death of their spiritual director, the Bishop of Chartres. He testified his affection for them by bequeathing to them his heart. Two years after, in a single month, died the Duke and the Duchess of Burgundy, and their son, the Duke of Brittany. When their bodies had been placed in the sepulchre, Louis XIV. repaired to St. Cyr, where he had so often watched with delight the innocent amusements of the departed princess. He had not yet been seen to shed a tear, or heard to utter a complaint. But now, in the oratory of Madame de Maintenon, he bowed himself down at the foot of the altar, by the side of his faithful companion, and mingled his tears and his prayers with hers. He then went forth with new vigor and strength, to form those resolves which startled all Europe, and lay those great plans which thwarted his foes and preserved the integrity of his empire.

Scarcely had he conquered an honorable peace when his aged frame began to fail under the power of a fatal disease. Day and night did the inmates of St. Cyr send up their supplications in the chapel. All help was in vain. On the 1st of September, 1715, he breathed his last. In his death the school suffered a loss, which was greater than they judged it, even in that time of their deepest sorrow. Madame de Maintenon chose their house as her home. The Regent assured her of his support and his influence in favor of St. Cyr.

The royal council continued to her the annual appropriation of forty-eight thousand francs, which Louis XIV. had granted her. The Duchess of Orleans, mother of the Regent, came to pour false declarations of friendship into her ear, and the queen of England to condole with her sincerely. She declined receiving the visits of any of the royal family, except the Duke of Maine, her former pupil. She parted with her servants and equipage, and lived in as great simplicity as was proper for her health. She distributed all her income in charity. The hours which she did not devote to prayer she occupied in teaching children to read or to sew, and in pleasant converse with her faithful friends. Thus she spent the last four years of her life, gradually yielding to the infirmities of age, and preparing for her final departure.

While she was yet strong enough to receive the calls of her friends, she was visited by Peter the Great, of Russia. In a letter written on the following day, June 11, 1717, she describes their interview. "The Czar arrived at seven o'clock in the evening. He sat down by the head of my bed; he inquired if I was sick; I replied that I was; he asked what was the matter with me; I answered, 'Extreme old age.' He did not know what to say, and his interpreter appeared not to understand me. His visit was very short. He drew back the curtains at the foot of my bed to see me. You may be assured that he was soon satisfied." He took with him a plan of the house, but he seems not to have been deeply impressed by the institution itself. His practical mind was much more interested in the model of a ship or the invention of a machine.

Madame de Maintenon steadily declined until the 15th of August, 1719, when, after three hours of agony, she passed away. "Then," says the good old Dame de St. Cyr to whom we are indebted for so many particulars, "then there was one common cry of grief in all the house, and one can imagine what was our sorrow to find ourselves thus separated for ever from her who had, after God, secured us our fortune and our happiness in this life. We wept for her most bitterly, and everything which recalls to us her memory still occasions us deep emotion." She was buried with becoming solemnities

in the church. To the slab of black marble which designated her grave, the novices used to come, as to a sacred shrine, to pray on the eve of their profession. There, too, the scholars who were about to depart implored the Divine blessing upon their attempt to carry into life "the maxims and principles of St. Cyr." Everything which was hers was retained to the last as a precious relic. At the destruction of the house, her room and its furniture were found as she had left them on the day of her death.

After her decease her favorite institution was not without friends. The young king had often been carried to St. Cyr while he was under the care of his nurse. At the age of twelve he went there to the confessional, and assured the *dames*, through Marshal Villeroy, of his good wishes and protection. The Regent also aided them most kindly so long as he lived. When the young Infanta of Spain was brought to France as the betrothed of Louis XV., St. Cyr was chosen as her principal place of education. She was received by the school with the same honors that had been accorded to the Duchess of Burgundy. The king himself then made a formal visit to the school, with a retinue of two hundred persons. When the Infanta was sent back to Spain, Maria Leczynski, who was chosen as queen, hastened to St. Cyr, on the third day after her arrival at Versailles, and prayed the *dames* to consider her as a second Madame de Maintenon. At her urgent request, they allowed the girls to play Esther in her presence. She frequently occupied the apartments reserved for her, and found especial pleasure in meditation and devotion before a rude statue of the Virgin which stood in the garden. That statue acquired a melancholy interest from the death of a girl, whom the *dames* had refused to admit to the novitiate. Upon a cold night in winter she knelt before this image to implore the aid of the Holy Mother. Tradition tells us that her prayer was answered, even as it was falling from her lips. The compassionate Virgin took her to her bosom. For on the following morning she was found dead in the snow. She was ever after regarded as a saint.

St. Cyr was the place where Stanislaus used to visit his

daughter, the queen. Etiquette forbade him entrance at Versailles. When he was called to the throne of Poland, he chose St. Cyr as the residence of his wife. She remained there three years in the most friendly relations with the pious *dames*. The French queen went to see her every day.

But though names so distinguished were still connected with the house, its fortunes were manifestly declining. Cardinal Fleury looked upon it with no favor, and though the queen wished her children to be educated there, they were sent to the Abbey of Maubuisson, where they were shamefully neglected. Sickness, too, was making fearful invasions upon the little flock. The prevailing dampness of the place induced dysentery and pulmonary complaints. Louis XV., therefore, at last consented to repair the decaying edifice, and to improve the drainage of the grounds. He also increased the revenues of the institution. But its day of glory had passed. The teachers had forgotten the precepts of their departed patroness. They made their education narrow and bigoted. They became avaricious. Their property swelled to such an amount that the jealousy of the public was excited.

While tracing the fortunes of the school during the reign of Louis XV., we ought not to forget the visit of Horace Walpole in 1769. He himself has told us, in his pleasant style, of the reception which was given to him and the ladies of the court by the *dames de St. Cyr*, of the singing of the choruses from Athalie, and of the dances which were executed by the girls, while a nun, "a little less skilful than St. Cecilia, played the violin."

Louis XVI. was favorably disposed towards St. Cyr. He chose the *dames* as the almoners of his charities. But he did not give to the school that personal attention which it had received from Louis XIV. Royal patronage, moreover, was a poor protection against the approaching revolution. The estates of St. Cyr did not escape the violence of popular excitement. The royal arms, which had adorned the façade of the house, were soon destroyed. Repeated confiscations reduced the helpless women to the brink of poverty. They were ordered by the Legislative Assembly to leave the building,

and the sum of twenty sous a league was offered to each *dame* and each girl, to pay the expenses of her journey home. It appears by the records, that the second pupil who left the school after the promulgation of this decree was Marie Anne de Buonaparte. Napoleon, then captain of artillery, having come to Paris upon business, resolved to remove his sister from the dangers to which she and her associates were exposed. In a wretched carriage the future Emperor and the future Princess of Lucca and Piombino set out from St. Cyr, on the evening of the 2d of September, 1792. The young captain little thought that in a few short years he should revisit that place to examine his Imperial Military School.

The fearless resolution of the *dames* delayed for a time the day of their final dispersion. They began to depart on the 30th of April, 1793, and on the 1st of May the last of their number bade adieu to their ancient home, by a solemn prayer at the tomb of Madame de Maintenon. Some of them returned to their families, but several of their number spent their days at Versailles in public instruction. The building served for a military hospital. The body of Madame de Maintenon was dragged from its grave, and, amidst the shouts of a brutal soldiery, was thrown into a hole in the cemetery.

In the year 1800 the house was appropriated to the use of a college called the *Prytanée Français*. In 1802, M. Crouzet, the director of the college, exhumed the corpse of Madame de Maintenon, and with solemn ceremonies interred it in the court, which was overlooked by the apartments that she had formerly occupied. He erected a monument to her memory, and surrounded it with weeping-willows. But the remains of the poor woman were not long suffered to repose. In 1805 the *Prytanée* was changed into a military school. General Dateil, who presided over it, destroyed the monument, tossed the decaying body into a rough box, and packed it away in a garret, among piles of old furniture. There it remained for thirty years. In 1837 Colonel Baraguay d'Hilliers, then commandant of the school, obtained permission from the Minister of War to erect a monument in the chapel to the distinguished patroness of the Royal House of St. Cyr.

He found, in the grave where she had first been buried, the remains of her coffin, some spices, the heel of a woman's shoe, a little ebony cross, and some fragments of linen and of parchment. These and the bones, which had been lying neglected in the garret, he carefully placed in an oaken box, and enclosed them in a mausoleum of black marble, which bears this simple inscription: —

CI-GIT
MADAME DE MAINTENON.
1635 - 1719.

1836.

It is the only relic of the royal house of St. Cyr which can now be found at the *Ecole Militaire*.

ART. IV. — *A Report of the Decision of the Supreme Court of the United States, and the Opinions of the Judges thereof, in the Case of Dred Scott* versus *John F. A. Sanford.* December Term, 1856. By BENJAMIN C. HOWARD, Counsellor at Law, and Reporter of the Decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States. New York: D. Appleton & Co. pp. 389 to 633.

THE decisions of courts are required by law to be promulgated, printed, and published. The reasons of the decision are to be stated, to enable the court to expound the principles of law, and show their bearing on the case; as also to give assurance of the permanency of the rules of law, and of the wisdom and impartiality of their application, by reference to other decided cases. The court may thus justify its conclusions to the jurisconsult, and secure the confidence of the community, while it settles the rights of litigants. The promulgation and publication of judicial opinions is one of the greatest safeguards of the purity of judges, and of the impartiality of their judgments. Published opinions become a part of the literature of the day. They are submitted to the

criticism of the country. The law, the logic, and the morality, embodied and set forth in these carefully studied productions, are the legitimate subjects of examination and criticism. The greater the authority of the writers, the more dangerous are their errors. And the more important the public interests affected by them, the more imperative is the duty of pointing out their errors, or of vindicating their claim to confidence and respect. Moreover, the decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States are in no sense sectional, but national topics. Their validity, their mode of operation, their bearing on the civil *status* of individuals and classes of men, it is the concern of our whole people to investigate and determine. While, therefore, we have felt it our duty, in a Review intended primarily to represent the thought, sentiment, and literature of the nation, to avoid subjects of sectional controversy, this very consideration seems to force upon us the cognizance of a decision, or rather of a series of opinions, emanating from a tribunal which constitutes the judicial mind and conscience of the country, taken collectively.

The plaintiff brought this action of imprisonment, in the Circuit Court of the United States, to try his right to freedom. That court, after sustaining their own jurisdiction against a plea in abatement, rendered a final judgment against the plaintiff on the merits, and in favor of the defendant. The plaintiff then brought a writ of error to the Supreme Court, to obtain a reversal of that judgment, and the establishment of his right.

The judges deliver their opinions *seriatim*, each in his own language, touching at greater or less length such points as he chooses, and referring with approbation or otherwise to such parts as he pleases of the opinions of any of his brethren. Nevertheless, the argument of the Chief Justice is called the opinion of the court, for what reason does not appear on the face of the report. Only one judge expresses his concurrence with the whole of it, and even he manifests a dissatisfaction with a part of it, by rearguing it for himself. Others express assent to different parts of it, or dissent from the whole. No arguments of counsel appear; but the case is argued by the judges with much zeal, and at great length, and by some of

them with great ability and learning, without any apparent partiality or improper respect to the rights or interests of the parties or either of them, but, on the part of most of them, with a keen and steady view to the political results of the examination. All but two members of the court finally agree to turn the plaintiff out of court, as he came in. On what grounds this is done, they have agreed in no common and authoritative annunciation. With two or three exceptions, each judge may now, or hereafter, with perfect consistency, aver his concurrence or nonconcurrence with every proposition contained in the report, except such as he has published in his own name. On what points they agree or disagree must be ascertained, if at all, by analyzing, classifying, and comparing what each one has said, in regard to every point discussed in the case. This we will now attempt to do.

The matter which the court first encountered was the plea in abatement, and the first question concerning it was whether it was legally before them for adjudication. This is a question of practice. It must have been before the court, in some form, on the docket of every term since the court was established. Cases are here cited upon it, running through a period of more than half a century. And yet the honorable court do not *know* what the law is upon this point of practice. The Chief Justice says: "Doubts are entertained by some of the members of the court, whether the plea in abatement is legally before the court upon this writ of error." The question must therefore be argued at length, as an original question, and decided by a major vote, if such a vote can be obtained. It is so argued; and every judge, more or less directly, and more or less at large, expresses his views upon it. We shall see who and how many are the doubters, and who sustain each side of the question.

Mr. Chief Justice Taney says: "The plea in abatement is necessarily under consideration; and it becomes, therefore, our duty to decide whether the facts stated in the plea are or are not sufficient," &c. Mr. Justice Wayne is of the same opinion, concurring, as he says he does, entirely in the opinion of the Chief Justice, "without any qualification of its reasoning or its conclusions" on this or any other question in the

case. Mr. Justice Daniel says: "The question first in order presented by the record in this cause, is that which arises upon the plea in abatement." The idea that it "has been displaced or waived, is regarded as wholly untenable." Mr. Justice Curtis says: "When there was a plea to the jurisdiction of the Circuit Court, in a case brought here by a writ of error, the first duty of this court is, *sua sponte*, if not moved to it by either party, to examine the sufficiency of that plea." Mr. Justice McLean says: "The plea to the jurisdiction is not before us, on this writ of error." Mr. Justice Catron says: "The proceedings on the plea in abatement are not open to the review of this court by a writ of error." Mr. Justice Nelson says: "There is some question" about this matter; but he adds: "In the view we have taken of the case, it will not be necessary to pass upon this question, and we shall therefore proceed at once to an examination of the case upon its merits." He of course is one of the doubters. Mr. Justice Campbell says: "My opinion in this case is not affected by the plea to the jurisdiction, and I shall not discuss the questions it suggests." He therefore does not concur in the opinion, that the plea is necessarily before them, and that it is their duty to decide it. Mr. Justice Grier concurs "in the opinion delivered by Mr. Justice Nelson on the questions discussed by him," of which this is one. He however says: "The record shows a *prima facie* case of jurisdiction, requiring the court to decide all the questions properly arising in it."

Such is the predicament of the court on this first point of the case. Four judges are of one opinion; two of the opposite; two will give no opinion, and one is divided. When Mr. Chief Justice announces, as he does, "We think they — the plea and demurrer, and judgment of the court below upon it — are before us upon this record," he is sustained by Justices Wayne, Daniel, and Curtis only. There is no majority in favor of anything; but a majority against everything suggested; unless it should be claimed that Judge Grier is in favor of something, — in which case it would clearly be impossible to prove the contrary from any disclosure he has made of his views on this point in his published opinion.

Notwithstanding this position of the first question, the Chief

Justice goes on to state the second, as follows: "Whether the facts stated in the plea are or are not sufficient to show that the plaintiff is not entitled to sue as a citizen in a court of the United States?"

The facts stated, as correctly condensed by the Chief Justice, are that the plaintiff is "a negro, whose ancestors were imported into this country, and sold as slaves." The plaintiff alleges that he is a citizen of Missouri; the defendant says that this is not true, because he is "a negro," &c.; and the question is whether these last allegations are sufficient to show, their truth being admitted, that the plaintiff's allegation is false; or in other words, whether a negro, whose ancestors were imported slaves, can be a citizen. This, the learned Chief Justice says, "is certainly a very serious question, and one that now for the first time has been brought before this court," — "and it is our duty to meet it and decide it." Accordingly he labors it through twenty-four pages, and then announces the result as follows: "Upon a full and careful consideration of the subject, the court is of opinion, that, upon the facts stated in the plea in abatement, Dred Scott was not a citizen of Missouri within the meaning of the Constitution of the United States, and not entitled as such to sue in its courts; and, consequently, that the Circuit Court had no jurisdiction of the case, and that the judgment on the plea in abatement is erroneous." Such is the very formal announcement, by Mr. Chief Justice Taney, of what he calls "the opinion of the court" on the second question. Let us now see what the other Justices say upon this question.

Mr. Justice Wayne, like another great man, who always said "ditto to Mr. Burke," concurs unqualifiedly. But notwithstanding this broad adhesion, he still expresses one limitation. He concurs only "in the opinion of the court, as it has been written and read by the Chief Justice," before the whole court, on the 6th of March last. He may perhaps hereafter be glad to avail himself of this limitation, to escape responsibleness for a good deal of absurdity. But it will not apply to the decision of this second question, or to the twenty-four pages of argument preceding it. He assents to all this, and he expressly admits that the court "has decided that the

Circuit Court had no jurisdiction of the case," independently of the examination of the merits. Mr. Justice Daniel concurs with the Chief Justice in sustaining the plea in abatement, and reversing the judgment of the Circuit Court which overruled it. Mr. Justice McLean says: "The plea which raises the question of jurisdiction is radically defective, and the demurrer was properly sustained." Mr. Justice Curtis says: "The plea to the jurisdiction was bad, and the judgment of the Circuit Court overruling it was correct." Mr. Justice Nelson does not concur in the opinion that the plea in abatement is sufficient; for his "conclusion is, that the judgment of the court below should be affirmed," on the merits, which could not be if the suit was abated on the plea. Mr. Justice Grier concurs with Judge Nelson, and says, "that the record shows a *prima facie* case of jurisdiction," (notwithstanding the plea in abatement,) "requiring the court to decide all the questions properly arising in it" (on the trial of the issues to the jury). If he intended to have anything understood, by what he says, this must be a part of it. Besides, he thinks that the final judgment of the court below might properly be affirmed, which could not be if he held the plea in abatement good and sufficient. Mr. Justice Campbell says, his opinion "is not affected by the plea to the jurisdiction"; of course he holds it good for nothing. And again: "My examination is confined to the evidence upon the issues to the jury." He does not hold the suit abated, but to be examined on the merits, and that "the judgment should be affirmed," or at least might be so. Mr. Justice Catron says: "The plea in abatement is not open to the review of this court by a writ of error." Of course the judgment of the court below, overruling it, stands unreversed, and irreversible, in his opinion; and there is "nothing in controversy here but the merits."

The result is, that three judges are for reversing the decision of the court below, on the plea in abatement; and six are against the reversal, — two because that decision is right, one because this court has no authority to examine it, and three without giving any reason. There is no majority for anything, — to reverse, affirm, or waive. The Chief Justice says: "The

opinion of the court is," and we, the court, "have decided, that the Circuit Court erred in deciding that it had jurisdiction upon the facts admitted by the pleadings." Six members of the court, each speaking for himself only, say they have done no such thing.

Here let us make a rest, as the merchants say, and see how we stand. There is no mistake about this matter; there can be none. The Chief Justice undertakes to speak for the court, speaks in their name, in their presence, and, as he says, by their authority; and he speaks officially as the head of the judiciary of the United States, from the seat of justice, to the American people, and to the world. Can his words be anything but verity itself? He says the court have decided "that the Circuit Court had no jurisdiction of the case, and that the judgment on the plea in abatement is erroneous." Judge Wayne says the same. Judge Daniel says that this is in conformity to his opinion. The other six judges do not sustain it. This is the precise position of the Supreme Court of the United States, before the nation and before the world. How was that question decided? The validity of the whole subsequent proceedings depends upon the answer. If that judgment was decided to be erroneous, then all the court did afterwards was *coram non judice*, erroneous, and extrajudicial. And if those proceedings were erroneous, then all that this court can build upon them, or any part of them, is just as groundless, illegal, and extrajudicial as they were. If that court had no jurisdiction, this court had none. If that court could not legally look into and try the merits, neither can this court. For the jurisdiction of the latter is only through the former, and they can only do what the court below should have done, or direct them to do what they should have done without direction. There can be no doubt about this. The Chief Justice himself says, and he speaks for the court in this, if he does in anything: "Passing a judgment upon the merits in favor of either party," (and it makes no difference whether it is in favor of or against either or both parties, or whether it is passing a judgment, or taking the evidence, or directing a verdict,) "in a case which it is not authorized to try, and over which it had no jurisdiction, is as grave an error as a court

can commit." Mr. Justice Wayne expresses the same idea, where, in stating his concurrence with Mr. Justice Nelson on a single point, he adds, "assuming that the Circuit Court had jurisdiction," meaning obviously that, inasmuch as they had not jurisdiction, that point was not before them. Mr. Justice Daniel cites with approbation a case in which this court said: "Any proceeding without the limits prescribed" (that is, without the jurisdiction) "is *coram non judice*, and its action a nullity. And whether the want or excess of power is objected by the party, or is apparent to the court, it must surcease its action or proceed extrajudicially." Again he says: "The questions subsequently raised upon the several pleas in bar might be passed by, as requiring neither examination nor adjudication." Nevertheless, under the circumstances, he says: "To me it seems proper that they should here be fully considered," &c. Mr. Justice Curtis says: "To examine the merits of the case," of which "the Circuit Court had not jurisdiction, and . . . . to which the judicial power of the United States does not extend, ... transcends the limits of the authority of the court, as described by its repeated decisions, and, as I understand, acknowledged in this opinion of the majority of the court." For any court to attempt to decide cases not legally within their jurisdiction, is against law. It is a violation of the rights of parties; and when the attempt is made in reference to great national questions, affecting the political or civil rights of the body of the people, it is in every just sense of the word *usurpation*, and should be treated as such by the community whose rights are thus outraged.

The whole authority of the case hinges on this point. If the judgment of the court below, on the plea in abatement, is reversed, and that plea adjudged sufficient, then that court had no jurisdiction, and all subsequent proceedings on the pleas in bar, in both courts, are extrajudicial and void. If that judgment is affirmed, or allowed to stand in force and not reversed, then that court had jurisdiction, and all legal proceedings on the pleas in bar, in both courts, so far as they were necessary to enable them to determine the rights of the parties, on the merits, are valid. If it cannot be determined, from the official report, whether the judgment on the plea in abatement was

reversed or not, then the case is of no authority on any point.

This point not only affects the authority of the case, but it involves the character of the court, the personal credit of the judges, and the honor of the nation. It is known to the public, that this opinion of the Chief Justice, or certain parts of it, and particularly the long argument and decision on the second question, now under consideration, was read by him from the bench, as the opinion of the court, in the presence of all the judges, on the 6th of March last. On that day and the following, opinions were read by other members of the court, some of which were soon after printed and given to the public. Subsequently all the opinions we now have were given to the official reporter, and more recently, between two and three months after the original promulgation, they are all printed for the use of the public, in the form now before us. That they are not a mere transcript of what took place in court, is sufficiently manifest from internal evidence, without resort to the information of those who heard them. The Chief Justice's opinion has sustained material interpolations; one or more of the others have been reproduced entire, since that time; and others still have undergone alterations more or less material. But which of their honors have been guilty of beguiling the Chief Justice into the awkward position of promulgating, as the opinion of the court, a decision which only two of them will now back up and sustain? Did he not previously read the opinion to all the judges in private free consultation? Did not a majority of them then agree to it and adopt it, and request him to read it publicly as their opinion? How then will they justify themselves? Is it anything short of absolute perfidy in them, now to abandon him, and repudiate the decision? What obligations can he be under to screen them from the consequences of such conduct, by concealing their names? Or will they say that they never did agree to it, and that he acted without their authority in promulgating such opinions in their names? If so, there can be no difficulty in asserting that he is placed in a false position, and under an imputation beneath which he ought not to rest.

The dispute must probably lie within a very narrow compass. Justices McLean and Curtis will certainly not be suspected of having assented to the doctrine, that a negro cannot be a citizen, and that the plea in abatement was sufficient. Justice Nelson probably will not, for he is in favor of affirming the judgment below. Nor Justice Catron, for he says the plea is not before them, and they have no right even to consider it. Of course he never could have consented to reverse the judgment on it. Justices Grier and Campbell only remain. What say you, Mr. Chief Justice, did Justices Grier and Campbell, or either of them, authorize you to deliver that opinion for them, and agree to stand by it, and afterwards write and publish opinions of their own repudiating it, leaving you in a minority of three against six? What say you, Justices Grier and Campbell, did Mr. Chief Justice Taney assume to deliver an opinion for you, without your consent, and then accuse you of bad faith, because you repudiated it, and publicly refused to confirm it?

The issue is to the country. But whatever may be the result of this difference, how stands the fact? Is it as stated by the Chief Justice, that the judgment below on the plea in abatement is actually adjudged erroneous, and reversed; or is it left in full force, not reversed or vacated? It would seem that this question is now to be treated as of no manner of consequence. The publication of the opinion having promulgated its doctrines as the doctrines of the court, the truth in regard to the actual decision is of no importance. Accordingly the Chief Justice says, in his interpolated opinion, as now printed by authority: "If that plea is regarded as waived, or out of the case upon any other ground,"— as, for instance, on the ground that it is bad and insufficient, as the court below decided, — "yet the question as to the jurisdiction of the Circuit Court is presented" by the merits, so it makes no difference. He therefore goes on, with the other judges, to examine and decide the case, on the merits, as they appeared in evidence, and on the verdict given on the trial of the pleas in bar, without regarding whether that trial was illegal and extrajudicial or not. We shall hereafter see with what success.

In the mean time let us see what are the principles in-

tended to be established, if a vote of the majority had sanctioned the sufficiency of the plea in abatement. The broad question presented by the plea was whether any descendant of imported African slaves, however remote, and however minute the remaining portion of African blood, could be a citizen. The negative was monstrous ; and it was not sustained even in the Circuit Court of Missouri. Yet three judges of the Supreme Court of the United States were found ready to sustain it, in all its length and breadth ; and more of them probably would, if it had not been thought expedient to evade it, after the *exposé* made by the dissenting opinions, in order to come at ulterior questions. The Chief Justice and Judge Daniel have devoted thirty-five pages of argument to the labor of sustaining it.

The argument starts with the identity in constitutional language of the terms "citizens and people," which "describe the political body who form the sovereignty, hold the power, and conduct the government," — "the sovereign people";* and with the admission that any State, both before and since the adoption of the Constitution, may make whom it may please, even aliens, citizens, so far as the State itself is concerned.† "Every person, and every class and description of persons, who were at that time recognized as citizens in the several

* This definition would hardly include women and minors.

† Persons made citizens by State laws vote, by virtue of those laws, in the election of all the elective officers of the general government, and of course hold a part of the sovereignty of the country, rightfully and constitutionally, and are directly within the Chief Justice's definition of citizens. Besides, if they are not general citizens, it would follow that we may have a President and members of Congress, legally elected, and the whole government controlled by the authority, legitimate and lawful, of those who are not citizens of the United States. It is repeatedly asserted in the course of these opinions, and not directly denied by any of the judges, that there is a citizenship of the United States independent of, and not arising from, or connected with, a citizenship of any of the States. If this be so, what are the rights and privileges of such citizenship ? They certainly do not include a participation in the government of the country ; for the right of suffrage, in regard to officers of the general government, is granted and controlled exclusively by State laws. They do not include any rights of general citizenship in all the States ; for these are conferred by the Constitution only on "the citizens of each State." And they do not include the right particularly in question in this case, the right to sue in the United States courts ; for this too is conferred only on a citizen of a State. This court have decided that an inhabitant of the District of Columbia cannot be a party to a suit with an inhabitant of one of the States, in virtue of this clause of the Constitution.

States, became also citizens of this new political body." But the privileges of citizens in this new sovereignty were limited to "those only who were *then* members of the several State communities, or who should afterwards, by birthright or otherwise, become members,* according to the provisions of the Constitution, and the principles on which it was founded. Imported slaves and their descendants, though they had become free, "were not acknowledged as a part of the people." They were considered as an inferior and degraded race, who "had no rights which the white man was bound to respect." They were "bought, and sold, and treated as an ordinary article of merchandise and traffic," among all nations, and nowhere more so than among the English and their American Colonies. "The general words" in the Declaration of Independence and in the Constitution, though broad enough "to embrace the whole human family, and if they were used in a similar instrument at this day would be so understood," do not include them. Two clauses only of the Constitution point to them specifically. "One of these clauses reserves to each of the thirteen States the right to import slaves, until the year 1808." "By the other, the States pledge themselves to maintain the right of property of the master." "These two provisions show, conclusively, that neither the persons therein referred to, nor their descendants, were embraced in any of the other provisions of the Constitution." The number of those emancipated was comparatively small, and they were identified with the race. They were not in the minds of the framers of the Constitution, when they were conferring rights and privileges on citizens of the United States. The power of naturalization is given exclusively to Congress, and restricted to foreigners, and the more dangerous power of raising the degraded class to the rank of citizens never could have been left to the States.

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* What provision does the Constitution of the United States make for persons becoming "members" of "the new political body," by "birthright or otherwise," (except by naturalization, which extends only to foreigners,) unless it be through and by means of a citizenship of a State acquired by descent or otherwise in virtue of State laws? If the Constitution of the United States recognizes a general citizenship acquired in the States by birth, otherwise than this, it must extend equally to *all* the children of the "sovereign people," which would ill comport with the object of the Chief Justice's argument.

The rights secured by the Constitution to citizens of one State in all the others, are for temporary sojourners only. If a person migrates, he becomes an inhabitant of the State he goes to, and his *status* there must be fixed by its own laws.* Judge Daniel on some of these points is a little more explicit than the Chief Justice. He says expressly: "The African was not deemed politically a person. He was regarded and owned, *in every State*, as property merely." After the adoption of the Constitution, "State power would be incompetent to bestow a character or *status* created by the Constitution." From such groundless assumptions, false premises, and sophistical conclusions, it is some relief to turn to the dissenting opinions.

Mr. Justice Curtis sustains the decision of the court below, on this point, in an argument, full, thorough, and unanswerable. "A citizen of the United States at the time of the adoption of the Constitution," in constitutional language, means a citizen under the Confederation, and applied to all who were citizens of the States. Five States, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey, and North Carolina, then recognized as citizens, and admitted to the rights of citizens, including the right of suffrage, all their free inhabitants, without regard to color or descent. They were a part of the people, by whom the Constitution was made, for themselves and their posterity. It recognizes citizenship by birth, — "a natural-born citizen." The States originally possessed the power of determining what persons should or should not be citizens. This power they have not delegated to the general government, except in the case of aliens. The disabilities of alienage, Congress alone can remove; but of the native-born inhabitants, such are citizens as their own State laws make so, and no others.† They are the people, consti-

* So that, although a State cannot make any person a citizen of the United States by conferring on him any or all of the rights of a citizenship of the State, which it has a perfect right to do, yet if a person, who is a citizen of the United States, migrates from one State to another, the State to which he goes may degrade him to any *status* it may please. Thus the Constitution authorizes levelling down, but does not permit any levelling up.

† If any of the native-born inhabitants of the country are aliens in any of the States, their alienage is not such as the people have granted to Congress the power

tute the body politic, and carry on the government. They, and they only, by virtue of State laws, elect the President, Vice-President, and members of Congress, and the general government cannot enfranchise or disfranchise a single individual. By virtue of State citizenship, they are made by the Constitution general citizens. Besides all who were originally citizens, their descendants, and others who have been made citizens under State laws, multitudes have been added by treaty, of all shades of color and all mixtures of blood,— Mexicans, Indians, and the free colored inhabitants of Louisiana and Florida. For aught appearing in the plea, the plaintiff may have belonged to any one of these classes, though the descendant of a slave, and may consequently have been a citizen. Mr. Justice McLean also speaks out boldly, and says: "A slave is not a mere chattel. He bears the impress of his Maker, and is amenable to the laws of God and man; and he is destined to an endless existence."

But the majority of the court agreed to nothing positively on this part of the case, and to nothing negatively, except not to sustain the plea. The decision, therefore, is authority for nothing, but a simple negation, or rather want of affirmation, of the broad and monstrous proposition on which the plea was founded.

After pronouncing the decision of the court on the plea in abatement, as already quoted, the Chief Justice has inserted in the official report a long episode in reply to the dissenting opinions, as to the right of examining questions subsequently arising on the trial of the merits; and Mr. Justice Wayne has favored us with a reproduction of the same matter. There is, however, little that is intelligible, and less that is reasonable, in either. They prove, to be sure, the futility (to use the language of Mr. Justice Wayne) of "any attempt to control the court from doing so by the technical, common-law rules of pleading," or anything else; and show that, notwithstanding what Mr. Chief Justice Taney has elsewhere said, they will, if they please, "write opinions for the newspapers and debating

to remove. The only alienage over which Congress has any power is that of foreign birth, to be removed by naturalization laws. The power to remove the disabilities of any other alienage, if such exists, is among the reserved powers of the States.

clubs." Mr. Justice Daniel has the whole of it in shorter terms, when he says, "To me it seems proper" so to do, — *sic volo.*

But the common sense of the country is not to be imposed upon in this manner. If the plea in abatement is adjudged sufficient, as the Chief Justice says it is, the suit is, *ipso facto*, abated, and at an end. There is nothing afterwards before the court to be judicially adjudicated or considered. The parties are out of court. What is jurisdiction, but a right to hear and try the case? And what is the want of jurisdiction but the negative of that, — the right to let it alone? When this negative is settled, nothing remains but to conform to it. Anything else done afterwards is extrajudicial. It cannot affect the parties or their rights, and is of no consequence to any one, unless it be to the newspapers and debating clubs.

Here the court proceed to take up the case on the merits. By the pleas in bar, the defendant confessed, and justified the imprisonment complained of, by alleging that the plaintiff and his family were his slaves, and on the truth of this justification issue was joined. The only evidence laid before the jury on this issue was certain facts agreed to by the parties, on which, by the direction of the court, they found their verdict for the defendant, affirming the truth of the justification, and on which the court below rendered a judgment in his favor. To reverse that judgment, the plaintiff brought this writ of error. The general question was, whether the jury were rightly directed, or, in other words, whether the agreed facts showed the parties to be slaves. On this question a majority of the court, seven to two, have no difficulty in agreeing at once, that the plaintiff and family are slaves, and have no merits and no rights whatever. This is the first point on which the court have found themselves able to make a majority for or against anything.

What does this decision involve? The first fact on which the plaintiff relies to sustain his freedom is his residence in Illinois. In 1834 he was a slave in Missouri, and was carried by his master to the State of Illinois, where he remained, in the service of his master, two years. He was some time afterwards carried back to Missouri, having remained during the

intermediate time in the same service. The decision, therefore, involves, first, the effect of a residence where slavery is prohibited by law; and, secondly, the effect of a subsequent return to a place where slavery is sanctioned by law.

As to the first point, the effect of residence in a free State, the seven Democratic judges, constituting the majority in this case, are all but entirely silent. It were well that they had been totally so. But Mr. Justice Catron remarks, "Unless the master becomes an inhabitant of that State," that is, permanently domiciled there, "the slaves he takes there do not acquire their freedom." And Mr. Justice Nelson, for himself and the rest, threatens, as soon as they can find a case,* to decide that a slaveholder has a right to carry his slaves into any of the free States, for temporary purposes, and to withdraw them when he pleases, in contempt of all their laws. This would seem to be perfectly in character. The Chief Justice does not hesitate to assert, and to repeat, that "the right of property in a slave is *distinctly and expressly affirmed* in the Constitution."† And six of them, at least, hold that Congress have no power to establish liberty or restrain slavery in any of the States or Territories of this Union. Nothing, therefore, remains, but to break down the efficacy of State constitutions and laws in favor of liberty, and slavery stalks unrebuked universally over the land. If neither the Constitution of the United States nor the constitutions of the States can protect personal freedom, no man, whether white or black, (for the Constitution makes no difference,) has any guaranty of protection by the strong arm of the law, for himself or his posterity, against the superior strength and intelligence of his more powerful neighbor. Verily, it is the opinion of these men, that this free government was established on purpose to extend the blessings of the glorious institution of slavery. The preamble should be altered.

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* Thus invited, a case is not likely to be long withheld. Indeed, it is understood that one is already in progress.

† What can be done for a man capable of such utterances? One, too, who has actually read the Constitution? Judge Daniel expresses a similar sentiment: "The Constitution guarantees to the slaveholder the title to his property, — the only private property which the Constitution has *specifically recognized*."

But the opinions of the other two judges give us a little light upon this subject. Mr. Justice McLean says: "The civil law throughout the Continent of Europe is, that slavery can exist only within the territory where it is established." "It is of a nature that nothing can be suffered to support it but positive law." This was the law of England, as promulgated by the Court of King's Bench in Somersett's case, before our Revolution, and was, of course, the law of this country. The same principle was held by this court in Prigg's case, where it was declared unanimously, "that slavery is limited to the range of the laws under which it is sanctioned." Mr. Justice Curtis says: "Slavery, being contrary to natural right, is created only by municipal law. This is not only plain in itself, and agreed by all writers on the subject, but is inferable from the Constitution, and has been explicitly declared by this court. The Constitution refers to slaves as 'persons held to service in one State, under the laws thereof.' Nothing can more clearly describe a *status* created by municipal law." The inference from these principles is direct and conclusive, that, at the boundary of the State, where the law ceases, the *status* created by it ceases also.

But though the majority of the court have little to say on this point, they are abundantly clear on the second, to wit, the effect of a return to a slave State. On this the Chief Justice says: "His *status*, as free or slave, depended on the laws of Missouri, and not of Illinois"; "it is now firmly settled,* by the highest court in the State, that Scott and his family, upon their return, were not free, but were, by the laws of Missouri, the property of the defendant"; "and this court had no jurisdiction to revise the judgment of a State court upon its own laws." In these positions he is sustained by a majority of the court, and by some of them in elaborate arguments. The principal authority, however, in justification of

* "Firmly settled," by two judges against one. It would seem to be a useless labor to attempt to find out what the law of Missouri is, if two men can make it what they please, *ex tempore*, as they did in this case, reversing a uniform series of decisions from the foundation of their government, because "times are not as they were when the former decisions on this subject were made." See 15 Missouri Reports, 682, Scott *vs.* Emerson.

the result, is the opinion of Lord Stowell in the case of the slave Grace. She had been carried from Antigua to England, and returned to Antigua, without having claimed her freedom. Lord Stowell held that, when she resumed her domicile, she resumed her *status*. But in the application of this authority, the obvious distinction between different local laws made and administered by one king and parliament, and the different laws of the independent States of our Union, is not much discussed.

These three positions are all denied by the dissenting Justices, McLean and Curtis. Mr. Justice McLean says: "This is far from being a Missouri question." Mr. Justice Curtis, after admitting that it is competent for any civilized state, if it pleases, by "positive law," to refuse "to allow such effect to foreign laws as is in accordance with the settled rules of international law," — and denying that it is "within the province of any judicial tribunal to refuse such recognition," — says, that on this subject the "law of Missouri is the common law, introduced by statute in 1816," and that "the common law adopts, in its full extent, the law of nations, and holds it to be a part of the law of the land"; that the opinion of the majority of the Missouri court in this case "is in conflict with its previous decisions, with a great weight of judicial authority in other slaveholding States, and with fundamental principles of private international law"; and that, "sitting here to administer the law between these parties, I do not feel at liberty to surrender my own convictions of what the law requires, to the authority of that decision." Nevertheless, a majority of the court hold that the plaintiff is a slave. Two years' residence in a free State, with the consent of his master, did not make him a free man, on his return to Missouri. This was the whole principle in dispute, on the merits, and the court have now decided it. The plaintiff is not entitled to the freedom he sued for. What more is to be done?

If the suit was abated, as the Chief Justice said it was, it was of no consequence; they had still a right, as he said, to go on, and decide the merits. They have now decided the merits. Do they stop here? or is other work to be done? Does deciding the merits end the case? By no means. "There is still much land to be possessed."

After having resided two years in Illinois, where slavery was prohibited by the Constitution, the plaintiff went with his master to the territory north of Missouri and west of the Mississippi, now Minnesota, where slavery was prohibited by what has been called the Missouri Compromise Act of 1820, and resided there two years more, under precisely the same circumstances. This act was made for the purpose of introducing Missouri into the Union as a slave State. Having answered this purpose, and this only, the restricting clause or proviso was repealed in 1854. There were political reasons, however, for desiring a judicial condemnation of the restriction as unconstitutional. The pressure upon the judges, as political men, was no doubt severe. There are precedents, unfortunately, for such pressure being found too severe for judicial virtue. How was it sustained in this case? Was it of any consequence to Dred Scott, or his master, whether the Missouri Compromise was constitutional or unconstitutional? Not the least. He had resided in a State where the restriction of slavery was certainly constitutional, and on his return finds himself a slave, by the decision of this court. He has now lived in another place, where there is a similar restriction, — valid or invalid. Does it make any difference to him which? Not at all.* If the restriction is valid, on his return he is still a slave. If it is invalid, he is certainly no worse off. But the question must be decided. How can it be got at? When can it be reached, if not now? So, though it does not concern the rights of the parties a particle, and has no influence on the merits of the case in any way, yet the occasion must be seized to settle that question; and, as Mr. Justice Daniel says, "so far † as it is practicable for this court to accomplish such an end, finally put (it) to rest."

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* This is expressly admitted by Mr. Justice Daniel, who says: "Conceding to that provision the validity of a legitimate exercise of power, still this concession could by no rational interpretation imply the slightest authority for its operation beyond the territorial limits."

† This cannot be very far, unless their successors, and others, should treat their opinions with more respect than they treat their own, or those of their predecessors, and the practical decisions of the other branches of the government. The Chief Justice himself, in this very case, gives as a sufficient reason why a particular question brought before the court was not decided, that "it was not required by

In meeting this question, the Chief Justice, with whom agree Justices Wayne and Grier, admits that the power to make "all needful rules and regulations respecting the territory and other property belonging to the United States," where they have the sovereignty as well as the ownership, includes the power of general legislation; but says that the grant extends only to the territory which belonged to the government at the time the Constitution was adopted. All the power they have to legislate for territories since acquired, is inferred from the power to admit new States. This includes the power to acquire territory for that purpose, and the power to acquire it necessarily includes the power to govern it, and its inhabitants, till they are duly fitted to be made States, and introduced into the Union.

Thus a direct grant of adequate power, conferred by plain and apt words, must first be construed away; and then the same power reclaimed, by remote inference from another power, granted for a distinct and specific purpose, and not intended or supposed to contain a power of acquisition at all, nor so construed till certain exigencies were thought to require its extension to that object, which construction is now sustained in deference to the practice of the government, while such practice is good for nothing in settling the meaning of other parts of the Constitution. Why all this is done, it is difficult to imagine, unless it be to show that the Constitution is a mere nose of wax, and may be made to mean anything or nothing, in the hands of power, precisely as the political exigencies of the day may require.

But the plenary right to govern the Territories is conceded to Congress. This agrees with the practice of the government from its origin, and the Supreme Court sanctioned it by a direct adjudication, long ago, pronouncing the "possession of it unquestionable," — "and in this," the Chief Justice says, "we entirely concur." Justices Daniel, Campbell, and

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the case before the court." Mr. Justice Wayne asserts the same principle, when he says: "Nor has any point been discussed and decided, which was not called for by the record, or which was not necessary for the judicial disposition of it." If this assertion is not justified by the fact, it at least shows his opinion as to what the fact ought to have been.

Catron, with more or less distinctness, seem to find this power in the direct grant to Congress of power to make "all needful rules and regulations respecting the territory belonging to the United States." Judge Nelson, having decided the whole case on the other point, very properly abstains from giving any opinion on subsequent questions.

Their great difficulty is, to find some limitation or qualification of the admitted general legislative power over the Territories, which will exclude Congress from the power of restricting slavery therein. All agree that "no powers can be exercised which are prohibited by the Constitution, or which are contrary to its spirit." But which of these prohibitions protect slavery? The Chief Justice pitches upon the clause from *Magna Charta* which says: "No person shall be deprived of his property, without due process of law"; and he says the Constitution affirms slaves to be property. Mr. Justice Campbell says that anything is property which any of the States choose to consider such, and the federal government is bound to recognize it. Mr. Justice Catron finds the much desired limitation in the third article of the treaty of cession of Louisiana. And Mr. Justice Daniel finds it in an infringement of the equal "rights of purchase, settlement, occupation," &c., which he says "every citizen would have, if," as he very discreetly adds, "any *one* could claim it." Indeed this last idea seems to be more or less resorted to by them all.

Mr. Justice Curtis answers each of these positions separately and conclusively. As to *Magna Charta*, it was a part of the law of England before the settlement of this country, — was brought here "by our ancestors, as part of their inherited liberties," — was the law of every State in the Union when it was transferred to the Constitution of the United States, and is now probably, in some form, embodied in the constitutions of all the individual States. Under it the slave-trade has been prohibited in England; by all or nearly all the original States of this Union; and by the United States, for fifty years. The violation of these prohibitions involves a forfeiture of the property. If all this does not show that slavery is not protected by *Magna Charta*, it will be difficult to ascertain when or how the meaning of any law is ever to be known. As to the Louisi-

ana treaty, the third article, concerning the enjoyment of property, was not adapted or intended to have the effect claimed for it; if it had been, it could not have controlled the action of Congress. And lastly, whatever effect it could have had, the "stipulation ceased to operate when Louisiana became a member of the Union.". And as to "equal rights," the territory was acquired for the benefit of the people collectively, not individually; and the equality of individuals respecting its settlement, occupation, &c. consists in an equal destitution of all right, except such as may be allowed on the terms and conditions contained and prescribed in duly authorized laws.

But though Congress may restrict slavery in the Territories, it by no means follows that they have power to establish it. The general legislative power of Congress over the Territories, though extended to a great variety of subjects which are not embraced in its jurisdiction over the States, is nevertheless limited by the general principles of our government, and the express prohibitions of the Constitution. It will hardly be pretended that they could establish an hereditary monarchy or aristocracy there. As little can they create privileged orders of any sort. If they can appoint one class or order of men to rule and another to serve, one for masters and another for slaves, this power is not necessarily to be limited or confined to any difference of color or blood; for the Constitution recognizes none. They may as well distinguish between the English and the other European races, as between the European and the African; or between the Carolinian and the New-Yorker, or the Pennsylvanian and the Virginian, as either. If they can make slaves at all, they may as well make white ones as black. If they can deprive one man of his liberty without due process of law, they may so deprive any number, or all, and thereby have an entire colony of slaves. If any part of this can be done, under the principles of our free government, all the prohibitions of our Constitution are not worth a rush. What is the freedom of speech, or of the press, or even a promise of the free exercise of religion, worth, to men who are liable to be deprived of all right to their own bodies, and all care for their own souls? And what is a Constitution

worth, which affects to secure certain particular rights only, and leaves the great aggregate of all rights exposed to depredation? Besides, if Congress can introduce and establish slavery anywhere, under the authority of our Constitution, they can and ought to regulate, protect, and enforce it; and the time is not distant when they, or those acting under them, will be called upon to enact a whole code of slavery laws,* which would be as congruous with the spirit and principles of our Constitution, as a code regulating and enforcing the relative rights and duties of hereditary kings, lords, commons, and villains.

Three points were intended to be decided in this case: that a negro cannot be a citizen; that a slave, after residing in a free State, with the consent of his master, and returning to a slave State, continues a slave; and that the Missouri Compromise, or any other restriction of slavery in the Territories, is unconstitutional. By grasping at too much, the court have lost the whole. As a judicial decision, the case can have no legal authority on either point. Not on the first, because the position is sustained by only three judges. Not on the second, because five judges,† a majority of the court, say the suit was abated by the plea to the jurisdiction, and judgment was so ordered, which legally put an end to the cause. Not on the third, for the same reason, and for the additional one that the question did not affect the rights of the parties, and so its decision "was not required by the case."

This is the character of the case, considered in a legal point of view, and as a judicial act of the court. But as a political manual or text-book, an authorized registration of the political heresies of the dominant party of the day, it will be all it was intended to be. It will form a rallying-point and ear-mark for political partisans, till some other absurd dogma shall be called for, and created to stand in its place.

As to the practical influence of the decision, the case will

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* Has not this been already attempted in Kanzas, under the authority of the United States?

† Mr. Chief Justice Taney, Mr. Justice McLean, Mr. Justice Wayne, Mr. Justice Daniel, and Mr. Justice Curtis.

probably disappoint both parties, those who approve and those who disapprove its principles. A Missouri Compromise restriction of slavery, under the authority of Congress, is little likely to be again enacted, or to be asked or desired by any portion of the people; and as little before as since this decision. Slaveholders will not be apt to trust their slaves, voluntarily, in the free States, where no law can restrain their departure for an hour, or reclaim them when they depart, from any expectation they may indulge of holding them again in slavery when they get them back. Such States as may choose to invest their free colored inhabitants with any or all of the rights of citizenship, will not be likely to desist therefrom, on account of any of the considerations presented by the court in this case. Thus, but for its effect on the character of the court, the world will probably move on very much as it did before. The country will feel the consequences of the decision more deeply and more permanently, in the loss of confidence in the sound judicial integrity and strictly legal character of their tribunals, than in anything beside; and this perhaps may well be accounted the greatest political calamity which this country, under our forms of government, could sustain.

ART. V. — 1. *Poems by* ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING. New York: C. S. Francis & Co. 1857. 3 vols. 32mo. (Blue and gold.) pp. 378, 385, 354.

2. *Poems by* ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING. New York: C. S. Francis & Co. 1857. 3 vols. 16mo. pp. 396, 434, 366.

MRS. BROWNING is sometimes spoken of as ranking among the first female poets. To many this would not seem great commendation. There is much in the education of women, in the present state of society, that unfits them for the highest success in literature, or in any of the creative arts. It is not impossible that there is something also in their very nature,

which would tend to produce the same result. There is perhaps no more general distinction between the mind of man and that of woman, than that, where the former requires something to mediate between itself and the object of its contemplation, the latter approaches this object directly, without any such mediation. Thus, while man requires that his religion rest upon a solid basis of argument and philosophy, that of woman is more often the immediate apprehension of a loving faith. In the same manner, in the ordinary concerns of life, her instinct leads her safely through intricacies where the cooler and more reflecting judgment of man would be at fault. The same tendency not unfrequently makes itself felt in her artistic creations. The work of the artist is to free himself from the direct influence of the objects about him. He is to represent them, not as they are, but as they seem. We go into the forest; the moss is soft beneath our feet; the cool stream and the shaded bank invite us to refreshing rest; we find it difficult to conceive of all these objects as existing for the eye alone; but the artist — the painter, for instance — must so regard them. Before they can be transferred to his canvas, they must be to him transmuted into color only. This effect is sometimes produced in the case of those of us who are not artists, after we have been contemplating a gallery of paintings. We go out into the world, and all things assume a picturesque aspect to us; the colors separate themselves from the material to which they are attached, and the world seems to exist for us in appearance merely. Goethe has remarked the same tendency. He tells us that, after he had been studying the works of Ostade in the gallery at Dresden, he used to go into the shop of the cobbler, with whom, from some freak of fancy, he was lodging, and he could hardly believe, sometimes, that he was not gazing upon another painting; all things exhibiting to him the effects of light and shade peculiar to that master.

But not only is it required by the highest art that outward objects shall not be exhibited in their direct connection with ourselves; the feelings also must be represented as something without the mind, which can be contemplated by it. The direct utterance of a feeling is not poetry, or at least not the

highest; just as a cry, whether of joy or of sorrow, is not music. Thus the artist must hold himself aloof, in some degree, from the objects by which he is surrounded. Like the mystic lady of Shalott, he weaves into his web scenes that he sees reflected in the magic mirror of his fancy; but when he becomes weary of this seclusion, and will take part in that which was before a varied play of forms and colors, the charm is broken. The artist must feel deeply; but he must not be under the dominion of his feelings.

The tendency in woman, of which we have spoken, as inclining her to approach without mediation the object of her thoughts, is not favorable to this artistic freedom. Her affections and emotions are more powerful than those of man, and can thus be less easily untwined from the objects to which they cling. Her poetry is therefore very often only the direct utterance, in a measured form, of those feelings which are so sweet or touching when breathed into the ear of one, but which lose their greatest charm when uttered to the world. Thus Mrs. Hemans and L. E. L. brood over their sorrows with plaintive song, as

> "Over his own sweet note the stock-dove broods."

We would not have the remarks that have been made taken in too general a sense. The very element in the female mind which renders it more difficult for woman to take a high rank as a creative artist, would, if overcome, become a help instead of a hinderance. The intellect which would analyze all things, which would mediate all things, is very hostile to the genius of poetry, or of art. The artist takes things as they are, or rather as they appear to be. So far as anything is beautiful, it exists for itself, and not merely through and for another. Thus, if this very directness, this independence of all mediation, which has been spoken of as one great peculiarity of the female mind, could be so far overcome as to render the mind free from outward objects, and even from the too powerful dominion of its own emotions, it would contribute much to produce that simple and *naïve* manner of representation, which is so charming in the earlier poets. This, of course, must be to a great degree the work of education.

One shut out from contact with the actual world, excepting when it is glittering in its festal garments, or as it is depicted in the romance, cannot represent it in its truth. The only true world such a one has known, is that of his own breast, and even that has not been laid open to him in its fullest depths. Schiller tells us, in regard to one of his earlier works, that the defect was, that he tried to paint men years before he had seen one. Such is the case with many of our female writers. For their material they have their own feelings, the deepest of which have perhaps never been aroused; they have the world of romance, and of polite society; and they have their own ideals of good and evil. These last they draw upon most gladly. The fault is, however, that, while they are depicting their ideal hero, they are too apt, like Miss Porter, to fall in love with him, and after that the reader and the other characters have little to hope for.

It is not our intention to multiply examples in which the reverse of all this is true. The novels of Mrs. Stowe, which are in the hands of all, and which, while they have no claims to anything like artistic unity, yet display a power of conceiving and representing characters which would do credit to our first novelists, at once suggest themselves. The poems of Mrs. Browning furnish an example of the same kind. Her place is not merely in the front rank of our female poets, but of our poets. When we think of the first living British poets, the names that occur to us are those of Tennyson and the Brownings, and we should not know where to seek a fourth to place beside them. In considering, then, the poems of Mrs. Browning, we shall not be content with the praise,

> "Which men give women when they judge of work
> Not as mere work, but as mere women's work,
> Expressing the comparative respect,
> Which means the absolute scorn."

Mrs. Browning's strength requires us to speak of her freely and sincerely.

When we transfer Mrs. Browning from the ranks of the female poets to those of the poets of England, we would not be understood to separate her from the first class. Mrs. Browning's poems are, in all respects, the utterances of a

woman, — of a woman of great learning, rich experience, and powerful genius, uniting to her woman's nature the strength which is sometimes thought peculiar to man. She is like the Amazon in the midst of battle, hiding not her sex, but demanding no favor for her beardless lip.

The fact that Mrs. Browning has attained to such a height of poetic excellence, not in spite of her woman's nature, but by means of it, shows that the difference which has been hitherto supposed to exist between poets and poetesses is not, so far as relates to the matter of power, founded upon the nature of things. It explains also, in some degree, the ardor of admiration with which she is regarded by many of the most cultivated of her sex. She speaks what is struggling for utterance in their own hearts, and they find in her poems the revelation of themselves.

In considering the poems of Mrs. Browning, we shall first examine their outward form and expression; afterward, their *content*, that which is expressed; and, finally, we shall study them as a whole, made up of these two elements.

There are few poets who have greater power of expression than Mrs. Browning. By the side, however, of much that is strong and beautiful, there is much that is harsh and forced. Her meaning is often obscure, and her verses unfinished. Her occasional lack of clearness has kept her works closed to many, who would otherwise have received much enjoyment from them. This harshness and lack of finish are most strongly marked in her earlier poems. As an example, we will take a verse from the poem of "The Lost Bower."

> "If it *were* a bird! — ah, sceptic,
> Give me 'Yea' or give me 'Nay,' —
> Though my soul were nympholeptic,
> As I heard that virëlay,
> You may stoop your pride to pardon, for my sin is far away."

This occurs directly by the side of the following perfect picture from Nature: —

> "Never blackbirds, never thrushes,
> Nor small finches sing as sweet,
> When the sun strikes through the bushes,
> To their crimson clinging feet,
> And their pretty eyes look sideways to the summer heavens complete."

Even in this last stanza, however, doubt might arise as to the force of the word "complete."

The following stanzas show much power; but the effect is injured by the manner in which they run together.

"Lucretius — nobler than his mood!
Who dropped his plummet down the broad
Deep universe, and said, 'No God,'

"Finding no bottom! he denied
Divinely the Divine, and died
Chief poet on the Tiber side,

"By grace of God! his face is stern,
As one compelled, in spite of scorn,
To teach a truth he could not learn."

Her verses are sometimes marred, also, by a harsh use of the adjective; as,

"Lo! in the depth of God's Divine,"

and,

"And the full sense of your mortal";

and also by forced rhymes of two syllables; as, for instance, the following stanza in a beautiful poem entitled "A Portrait":

"And if reader read the poem,
He would whisper — 'You have done a
Consecrated little Una.'"

Her learning also frequently obscures the sense of her poems; though the following example will show how gracefully this learning hangs about her when it is required:

"Soon ye read in solemn stories
Of the men of long ago —
Of the pale bewildering glories
Shining farther than we know, —
Of the heroes with the laurel,
Of the poets with the bay,
Of the two worlds' earnest quarrel
For their beauteous Helena, —
How Achilles at the portal
Of the tent, heard footsteps nigh,
And his strong heart, half immortal,
Met the *keitai* with a cry, —
How Ulysses left the sunlight
For the pale eidola race,

Blank and passive through the dun light,
Staring blindly on his face!
How that true wife said to Pœtus,
With calm smile and wounded heart,—
'Sweet, it hurts not!'—how Admetus
Saw his blessed one depart!—
How king Arthur proved his mission,—
And Sir Rowland wound his horn,—
And at Sangreal's moony vision
Swords did bristle round like corn."

The faults that have been spoken of are found mostly among Mrs. Browning's earlier poems, yet even among these are some of high perfectness; as, for instance, "The Lay of the Brown Rosary." Her later poems are in a great measure free from the same kind of blemishes. The versification of the "Casa Guidi Windows" is very clear and finished. Her last poem, "Aurora Leigh," contains some faults of a very different description; which appear to be caused, to a great degree, by carelessness. The style is at times diffuse; a fault, to which the freedom of blank verse can easily entice one of Mrs. Browning's ardent temperament. It is difficult to conjecture at what epoch of the story the book purports to have been written. It does not seem to have been written in the form of a journal, while the events were taking place; nor yet after the story was completed. It opens, indeed, as if this latter were the case. The heroine begins by saying,

"I . . . . . .
Will write my story for my better self";

and the reader supposes that she had it all in her mind at that moment. When she says, therefore, in regard to Romney Leigh,

"I attest
The conscious skies and all their daily suns,
I think I loved him not . . nor then, nor since . .
Nor ever,"

the reader believes it.

In the third book we find her sitting, a maiden lady and an authoress, reading letters and commenting upon them, in a manner that puts us very much in mind of Ruth Hall; and the reader thinks that that is where the story must have left

her; and though it looks very much as if she were in love with her cousin, yet he must be mistaken about it. Notwithstanding all this, she says in the last book:

> "I love you, loved you . . loved you first and last,
> And love you on for ever. Now I know
> I loved you always, Romney."

This contradiction confuses the reader, and he feels almost as if he were trifled with.

Besides this confusion in the point of view from which the heroine regards the story she is telling, we find the same figures repeated, in a manner scarcely to be accounted for, except on the ground of carelessness. It is related that, when the works of Jean Paul were revised, it was found that, notwithstanding the abundance, we might almost say the superabundance, of figures with which they are crowded, scarcely one had been repeated. A similar examination of the "Aurora Leigh" would furnish a very different result; thus we read:

> "Sweet heaven, she takes me up
> As if she had fingered me and *dog-eared* me
> And spelled me by the fireside, half a life!"

This Aurora says of Lady Waldemar. We afterwards find Romney saying to Aurora:

> "You thought to have shut a tedious book
> And farewell. Ah, you *dog-eared* such a page,
> And here you find me."

Other examples might be adduced of the same kind. So long as these are gathered from pleasing objects, or at least from objects that are not unpleasing, they simply mar the artistic beauty of the work; but when they are taken from objects which excite our repugnance, this repetition becomes almost offensive. Thus one of Mrs. Browning's favorite figures is taken from the "*chin band.*" This expression suggests, not the repose of death, but its powerlessness and its ghastliness, and, if used at all, should be employed only when the strongest effects are to be produced.

Another peculiarity of the "Aurora Leigh" is suggested by the example just cited. Mrs. Browning seems, as some one has said, to have adopted some realistic theory in regard to art.

Thus she compares Romney, devoting his life to purposes of philanthropy, after his disappointment in love, to a man drowning a dog. Through the whole poem, truth of description is never yielded to taste, even though this truth may excite our loathing. Examples of this might be given, but it would be a thankless task to select from a work so full of beauty that which is fitted only to excite feelings of repulsion.

In the "Aurora Leigh," we find comparatively little of that obscurity which has prevented so many from enjoying the earlier poems of Mrs. Browning. The following lines, however, look as if she had studied Festus, to good or ill purpose, as the reader may decide.

> "Shall I hope
> To speak my poems in mysterious tune
> With man and nature, — with the lava-lymph
> That trickles from successive galaxies
> Still drop by drop adown the finger of God,
> In still new worlds?"

Directly after this occurs the following exquisite passage, made more beautiful by the contrast, like a flower on the edge of an Alpine glacier.

> "With spring's delicious trouble in the ground
> Tormented by the quickened blood of roots,
> And softly pricked by golden crocus-sheaves
> In token of the harvest-time of flowers."

While Mrs. Browning's poems, in spite, or in consequence, of her power of expression, are occasionally marred by harshness, obscurity, or carelessness, their internal structure is almost always perfect. The parts are so arranged, that the impression is deepened, and the interest increased, as we approach the close of each. Few, if any of them, close as if the writer stopped where she did out of mere caprice. We feel that the poem is finished, and that nothing can be added without marring it. The same peculiarity extends to the different stanzas of the same piece, when these are of any length. The whole thought bursts upon us in the last line, or else is re-stated in the last line, with a force and beauty which cannot be heightened. The following is a good example of this: —

"We pray together at the kirk
For mercy, mercy, solely —
Hands weary with the evil work,
We lift them to the Holy!
The corpse is calm below our knee —
Its spirit, bright before thee —
Between them, worse than either, we —
Without the rest or glory!"

As further examples of the same, we select the following:—

"We sit together, with the skies,
The steadfast skies, above us:
We look into each other's eyes, —
'And how long will you love us?'
The eyes grew dim with prophecy,
The voices, low and breathless —
'Till death us part!' — O words, to be
Our *best* for love the deathless!

"We tremble by the harmless bed
Of one loved and departed —
Our tears drop on the lips that said
Last night, 'Be stronger hearted!'
O God, — to clasp those fingers close,
And yet to feel so lonely! —
To see a light on dearest brows,
Which is the daylight only!"

"We sit on hills our childhood wist,
Woods, hamlets, streams, beholding!
The sun strikes, through the farthest mist,
The city's spire to golden.
The city's golden spire it was,
When hope and health were strongest,
But now it is the churchyard grass,
We look upon the longest."

We would not at all depreciate the value of verbal finish and perfectness in poetry. Compared, however, with perfection of internal structure, it must be admitted to be of far less importance. The latter shows the grasp and comprehension of the true artist, and is as much superior to the former, as a marred *torso* among the antiques in the Vatican is to the most polished piece of marble that ever left the chisel of Canova.

From the examples last given the transition to the sonnet

is easy; for these specimens, except in the measure, possess the peculiarity and the beauty of the sonnet. This last-named species of composition, in which so many suffering writers and readers have toiled, appears to us to be Mrs. Browning's appropriate element. The limits, which repress the genius of others, only make her strength the more apparent. The care needful to the production prevents the faults of style into which she is apt to fall, and the nature of the sonnet displays to the fullest advantage that constructive power which we have seen to be her great excellence, so far as the outward form of her poetry is concerned. Indeed, we call to mind very few sonnets, written since the time of Milton, that may be compared with hers. The beauty of the sonnet is found in precisely her gradual evolution of the thought, which bursts upon us in its completeness, or in the fulness of its beauty, only in the last line. We will give two of Mrs. Browning's sonnets as specimens.

"PATIENCE TAUGHT BY NATURE.

"'O dreary life!' we cry, 'O dreary life!'
And still the generations of the birds
Sing through our sighing, and the flocks and herds
Serenely live while we are keeping strife
With Heaven's true purpose in us, as a knife
Against which we may struggle. Ocean girds
Unslackened the dry land, savannah-swards
Unweary sweep, hills watch, unworn; and rife
Meek leaves drop yearly from the forest-trees,
To show above the unwasted stars that pass
In their old glory. O thou God of old!
Grant me some smaller grace than comes to *these*, —
But so much patience, as a blade of grass
Grows by contented through the heat and cold."

"CHEERFULNESS TAUGHT BY REASON.

"I think we are too ready with complaint
In this fair world of God's. Had we no hope
Indeed beyond the zenith and the slope
Of yon grey blank of sky, we might be faint
To muse upon eternity's constraint
Round our aspirant souls. But since the scope
Must widen early, is it well to droop,
For a few days consumed in loss and taint?

O pusillanimous Heart, be comforted, —
And, like a cheerful traveller, take the road,
Singing beside the hedge. What if the bread
Be bitter in thy inn, and thou unshod
To meet the flints? — at least it may be said,
'Because the way is *short*, I thank thee, God!' "

From these remarks upon the outward form of Mrs. Browning's poems, we turn to consider that which forms their substance, that which is expressed, their *content*. This we shall find to be essentially different at the different periods of her life. In her earlier poems, that which seems to pervade them most intimately is the feeling of sorrow. We need scarcely introduce any examples of this. Either of those which have been cited already would answer the purpose; indeed, it would be scarcely possible to select any passage which does not bear more or less distinctly this impress. There are smiles, but they have a sadness about them, and cannot dry away suddenly the marks of tears. There are calls to cheerfulness and joy, but they are like the words of comfort which one weeping mourner breathes into the ear of another. But this sorrow is without weakness. The thought and learning which are united with the feeling, and made the medium of its expression, together with the self-command which pervades all, give, as has been well remarked, a certain statuesque beauty to her grief. Her mind, however, does not rest in this sorrow. It looks beyond, and longs for rest and joy, and amid its longings it sometimes half forgets to weep. This longing for rest is beautifully expressed in the poem entitled " The Sleep."

" For me, my heart that erst did go
Most like a tired child at a show,
That sees through tears the jugglers leap, —
Would now its wearied vision close,
Would childlike on *His* love repose,
Who giveth *His* belovèd, sleep! "

Her longing for the joy which she feels the earth cannot afford, is strikingly expressed in the following words, which the mother seems to hear from the lips of her infant child, for whose life she has been ardently praying.

" O mother, mother! loose thy prayer!
Christ's name hath made it strong!
It bindeth me, it holdeth me
With its most loving cruelty,
From floating my new soul along
The blessèd heavenly air!
It bindeth me, it holdeth me
In all this dark, upon this dull
Low earth, by only weepers trod! —
It bindeth me, it holdeth me! —
Mine angel looketh sorrowful
Upon the face of God."

This longing has its source in a deep and living faith. The writer appears always so surrounded by visions from the spiritual world, that they seem more real to her than the objects of sense. Thus she sings:

" As the moths around a taper,
As the bees around a rose,
As at sunset, many a vapor, —
So the spirits group and close
Round about a holy childhood, as if drinking its repose."

Above all, the consciousness of the Divine presence seems continually with her; and, with earnest faith, she looks forward to the moment when this spiritual consciousness shall become actual vision, — to that moment of ecstasy called death. This feeling is nowhere more beautifully uttered than in the poem entitled " Cowper's Grave."

" Like a sick child that knoweth not his mother while she blesses,
And drops upon his burning brow the coolness of her kisses;
That turns his fevered eyes around — ' My mother! where 's my mother? '—
As if such tender words and looks could come from any other!

" The fever gone, with leaps of heart he sees her bending o'er him;
Her face all pale from watchful love, th' unweary love she bore him!
Thus 'woke the poet from the dream his life's long fever gave him,
Beneath those deep pathetic eyes which closed in death, to save him!

" Thus? Oh, not *thus!* No type of earth could image that awaking,
Wherein he scarcely heard the chant of seraphs 'round him breaking —
Or felt the new immortal throb of soul from body parted;
But felt *those eyes alone*, and knew ' *My* Saviour! *not* deserted! ' "

This faith not only gives a firm foundation for her longing, but also glorifies even her sorrows.

" Because my portion was assigned
Wholesome and bitter — Thou art kind,
And I am blessed to my mind.

" Gifted for giving, I receive
The maythorn, and its scent outgive !
I grieve not that I once did grieve.

" In my large joy of sight and touch
Beyond what others count for such,
I am content to suffer much.

" I *know* — is all the mourner saith, —
Knowledge by suffering entereth ;
And life is perfected by Death ! "

From this height of faith she utters oracles of consolation and good cheer.

" Pray, pray, *thou* who also weepest,
And the drops will slacken so ; —
Weep, weep ! — and the watch thou keepest,
With a quicker count will go.
Think ! — the shadow on the dial
For the nature most undone,
Marks the passing of the trial,
Proves the presence of the sun !
Look, look up, in starry passion,
To the throne above the spheres, —
Learn ! the spirit's gravitation
Still must differ from the tear's.
Hope ! with all the strength thou usest
In embracing thy despair !
Love ! the earthly love thou losest
Shall return to thee more fair.
Work ! make clear the forest-tangles
Of the wildest stranger-land ;
Trust ! the blessed deathly angels
Whisper, ' Sabbath hours at hand !' "

Such is the substance of Mrs. Browning's earlier poems, — sorrow and longing, mediated by faith ; her sorrows becoming, through faith, the stepping-stones to that joy for which she longs. In the series entitled " Casa Guidi Windows," we find ourselves at a very different stage of experience. In the leading poems of this series, we have no more the utterances of sorrow and longing, nor even the clear voice of faith giving assurance of future joy. The joy is no longer

future, but has become present; instead of struggle, there is attainment. This difference is especially marked in the sonnets "From the Portuguese." There are, indeed, in the same series other poems which belong to the earlier period. Such is the one entitled "Human Life's Misery." These, if not all written during the earlier period, yet are the results of it; as the ocean casts up fragments of wrecks for days after the storm has ended. From the "Aurora Leigh" we learn indirectly that much of the restlessness and sadness expressed in the earlier poems was the result of that loneliness, which a woman feels when she has to meet unaided the storms of life. Her spirit needs some stronger spirit upon which to lean. A prose version of this we have in the life of Margaret Fuller Ossoli. The greater her genius, the more does she feel this need; for her very genius separates her from the common relations of life, and the more intense, therefore, is the demand for some one to walk with her through her lonely path, and the less is the likelihood that it will be satisfied. She must have one loftier and stronger than herself. A companion without companionship only increases the feeling of loneliness. If she have to stoop to the level of him who should aid her upward flight, the craving remains unfilled. She must have a spirit strong-winged as her own, that shall soar with her towards the sun, and support her when she is ready to sink back again to the earth. Such a feeling, as we may gather from Mrs. Browning's self-revelations, was, perhaps unconsciously, coloring her earlier poems, and, from the characteristics of her genius, it might have been supposed that it would remain unsatisfied. With her strength of intellect, her soaring imagination, her delicate spiritual perceptions, where could she find one whose strength should be greater, whose imagination loftier, and whose spirituality, if less delicate, should yet be no less strongly marked, and sturdier than her own? We know of but one poet of the present age whose character would correspond to the ideal which we have sketched, and that poet it was her good fortune to meet and to become united with. The genius of Robert and that of Elizabeth Barrett Browning stand, we might almost say, in the contrast of

male and female to each other. His is the stronger, the sterner, the more comprehensive; hers the more delicate, the more tender. Thus did Mrs. Browning's life become rounded to its completion. The sorrows had given way to gladness; the future joys for which she longed had become present; earth no longer served merely as a sad and dark passage to heaven, but was itself radiant with heaven's glorious light, and penetrated with the sweetness of its love. Thus she sings:

> "I lived with visions for my company
> Instead of men and women, years ago,
> And found them gentle mates, nor thought to know
> A sweeter music than they played to me.
> But soon their trailing purple was not free
> Of this world's dust, — their lutes did silent grow,
> And I myself grew faint and blind below
> Their vanishing eyes. Then THOU didst come . . to *be*,
> Beloved, what they *seemed*. Their shining fronts,
> Their songs, their splendors . . (better, yet the same, . .
> As river-water hallowed into fonts . .)
> Met in thee, and from out thee overcame
> My soul with satisfaction of all wants, —
> Because God's gifts put man's best dreams to shame."

And again:

> "As brighter ladies do not count it strange
> For love to give up acres and degree,
> I yield the grave for thy sake, and exchange
> My near, sweet view of heaven for earth with thee."

Having thus escaped from the struggles and darkness by which she had been surrounded, she looks upon the world as it really is. She sings of Italy as it lies before her, and describes in clear, ringing rhymes her hopes for it, and their disappointment.

Mrs. Browning has, however, not yet attained in these poems to her complete artistic development. Thus far she has sung of sorrow when she was sad, and of joy in her hours of happiness. She has not yet acquired that command of her material, by which, these emotions already passed, the days of weeping over, and the flush of joy faded into the common daylight, they may still be represented by her as truthfully as ever; — no longer in their antagonism

to each other, but united in a single work of art. As yet she

> "Cannot teach
> Her hand to hold her spirit so far off
> From herself."

This is accomplished in the "Aurora Leigh." Here her whole past life, with its many griefs and disappointments, with its aspirations and its failures, and with its final crown of love and joy, is placed before us. In it we have the substance of the earlier and that of the later poems, each of which had been before incomplete without the other, made the elements of a new and more perfect work, their union mediated by deeper views of art and of life than she had before expressed. We do not mean that it is, in the common sense of the word, an autobiography, like the earlier and the later sonnets. That which before had gushed directly from her heart is now treated as something entirely outside of herself. Yet so far as the spiritual development is concerned, it may be called an autobiography. It appears to express the complete development of the life of a woman and of an artist. The child of English and Italian birth begins her life in Italy. The lonely father does the best he can for her, and cradles her among the mountains, that the gentle influences of nature may supply, as far as possible, the want of a mother's care. She says, he taught her what he had learned the best, "Grief and Love," and we see that he cared for her with more than a mother's tenderness, though without a mother's gladness. So the unconscious childhood passed, and the child awoke

> "To full life and its needs and agonies.
> . . . . . His last word was 'Love,'
> And none was left to love in all the world."

Now comes the transition from the poetry of childhood to the prose of life, from Italy to England. Torn from every influence which had lent its aid to her earlier years, she was committed to the care of her father's sister, who lived

> "A harmless life, she called a virtuous life,
> A quiet life, which was not life at all,
> (But that she had not lived enough to know)."

This well-meaning kinswoman made the utmost effort to en-

graft her own prosaic nature upon the child, and to fashion her according to her own notion of a woman; that is, she taught her to sit with her back to the window, that she might not see the trees, to read nice books upon womanhood, to brush "with extreme flounce the sciences," and if ever she caught her "soul agaze in her eyes," she knew how to bring it back to crochet, cross-stitch, or some other stupid task. Aurora seems to have been docile and compliant; yet she found a way to let the sunshine and the lime-tree in; she read the poets too when "the time was ripe," and while "the patient needle spilt the thread," she says she was not sad.

> "My soul was singing at a work apart
> Behind the wall of sense."

So her girlhood was fashioned, and the crisis came, on that June morning when she stood .

> "Woman and artist, — either incomplete."

She laid the poet's crown from off her brow to receive from her cousin Romney that offering of love, which we find afterwards she did not take too coldly. There was a conflict for her then, a sacrifice to be made; she had the strength to choose the sterner part, and replaced the crown of ivy. So the two separated, and were left alone with their ideals. We follow their respective courses, and see how nobly they pursued them, how faithfully they always kept them pure above the dust, in all things striving for their fulfilment. We never have to tremble lest either will stoop too low; we trust them through all perplexities, sure that each carries a consecrated aim. But when all is done, when each has found the desired success, disappointment comes with it. The work has been accomplished, the ideal has been embodied; but the very success of their plans involves the most terrible failure of them. They do not gain satisfaction; they only have opened before them a larger vision.

With this self-depression comes the true mutual recognition, when each beholds the other's purpose pure and high, when each sees the imperfection of the aim which has been pursued; and though the June morning lost nothing of its nobleness, another morning rose to crown that day.

Let us now examine more closely the objects they sought, and the cause of their failure.

Romney was a mere reformer of the outward evils of society. He says of himself:

> "My soul is gray
> With poring over the long sum of ill;
> So much for vice, so much for discontent,
> So much for the necessities of power,
> So much for the connivances of fear, —
> Coherent in statistical despairs,
> With such a total of distracted life, . .
> To see it down in figures on a page,
> Plain, silent, clear . . as God sees through the earth
> The sense of all the graves! . . that 's terrible
> For one who is not God, and cannot right
> The wrong he looks on."

That there was hope in the future did not satisfy him.

> "Observe, — it had not much
> Consoled the race of mastodons to know
> Before they went to fossil, that anon
> Their place should quicken with the elephant;
> They were not elephants but mastodons."

He saw only the physical evils of life, and attempted to remedy them by physical means.

> "I beheld the world
> As one great famishing carnivorous mouth, —
> A huge, deserted, callow, black, bird Thing,
> With piteous open beak, that hurt my heart,
> Till down upon the filthy ground I dropped,
> And tore the violets up to get the worms.
> Worms, worms, was all my cry: an open mouth,
> A gross want, bread to fill it to the lips,
> No more!"

Romney established a phalanstery in his paternal hall on socialistic principles. Society tends more and more to become a mere machine; the reformers seek too often to complete the process. But the individual makes himself felt more strongly for the constraint. It is too often thought, that men have naturally only the principle of love within them; it is forgotten that the principle of hate is no less one of the original elements of the soul; or rather, that principle of opposition and negation which, when stimulated, grows to hate. Thus every atom contains the twofold ele-

ment of attraction and repulsion; let the power of attraction have undue force for one moment, that of repulsion will make itself felt more powerfully in the next. Love and hate thus sleep together in the human breast; hate has the quicker senses of the two, and he who would make love must be careful not to move too harshly, or the sterner brother will start up before the gentler. Attraction or love is the principle which binds society together; the principle of repulsion is that by which the individual preserves his identity. Neither of these principles is to be sacrificed to the other. The surrender of our will must be a *voluntary* surrender; thus does the individual preserve his rights by the very act of yielding them. In the words of Tennyson, in the hymn with which the "In Memoriam" opens,

> "Our wills are ours, we know not how;
> Our wills are ours, to make them thine."

This fact was overlooked by our reformer. He won the hate instead of the love of those he sought to save. With jeering shouts they burned his hall, and he himself was made blind among its ruins. Not only did he seek to distort the nature of others, but his own. Even his love he attempted to make merely a co-worker. He even endeavored to force it into still greater opposition to its true nature. He saw his error later, and exclaims:

> "Distort our nature never, for our work,
> Nor count our right hands stronger for being hoofs.
> The man most man, with tenderest human hands,
> Works best for men, — as God in Nazareth.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Fewer programmes; we who have no prescience.
> Fewer systems; we who are held and do not hold.
> Less mapping out of masses, to be saved,
> By nations or by sexes. Fourier 's void,
> And Compte is dwarfed, — and Cabet, puerile.
> Subsists no law of life outside of life;
> No perfect manners, without Christian souls.
> The Christ himself had been no Lawgiver,
> Unless He had given the life, too, with the law."

He had felt that the world was to be renewed by his own labors alone, and, failing in his plans, he doubts of all things.

"I was wrong,
I 've sorely failed; I 've slipped the ends of life,
I yield; you have conquered."

This he says sadly to Aurora; but she answers:

"Stay, ...
I 've something for your hearing also. I
Have failed too. ' . . . . .
I 've surely failed, I know; if failure means
To look back sadly on work gladly done."

She sees more clearly than he the great fault in all their plans. She says:

"We both were wrong that June-day, — both as wrong
As an east wind had been. I who talked of art,
And you who grieved for all men's griefs. . . what then?
We surely made too small a part for God
In these things."

In alternating speech they paint the true life. It is Aurora who speaks first:

"'The man, most man,
Works best for men: and, if most man indeed,
He gets his manhood plainest from his soul:
While, obviously, this stringent soul itself
Obeys our old rules of development;
The Spirit ever witnessing in ours,
And Love, the soul of soul, within the soul,
Evolving it sublimely. First, God's love.'

"'And next,' he smiled, 'the love of wedded souls,
Which still presents that mystery's counterpart.
Sweet shadow-rose, upon the water of life,
Of such a mystic substance, Sharon gave
A name to! human, vital, fructuous rose,
Whose calyx holds the multitude of leaves. —
Loves filial, loves fraternal, neighbor-loves,
And civic, . . all fair petals, all good scents,
All reddened, sweetened from one central Heart!'"

We cannot follow further this closing scene, which glows with love and promise. They sit talking of the past and of the future, looking forward with a joyous faith, until the night has passed and the redness of the dawn gleams upon them. In the flaming jasper clouds is imaged the glory of which they speak. They stand together, hand in hand, their faces

turned towards the brightness of the morning; she, the singer, the representative of the spiritual life, gazing with her clear vision into the heavens, yet no longer spurning the worker by her side; he blinded in his struggle with vice and suffering, and wearied with his labors upon the earth, yet his face catching something of the glory of the coming day: the two, in their loving union, imaging the time when the singer and the worker, the spiritual and the blind material, having accomplished their separate missions, shall be blended into one. Thus they stand, and see the new heaven descending amid the clouds.

> "My Romney! — Lifting up my hand in his,
> As wheeled by Seeing spirits towards the east,
> He turned instinctively, — where, faint and fair,
> Along the tingling desert of the sky,
> Beyond the circle of the conscious hills,
> Were laid in jasper-stone as clear as glass
> The first foundations of that new, near Day
> Which should be builded out of heaven, to God.
> He stood a moment with erected brows,
> In silence, as a creature might, who gazed:
> Stood calm, and fed his blind, majestic eyes
> Upon the thought of perfect noon. And when
> I saw his soul saw, — 'Jasper first,' I said,
> 'And second, sapphire; third, chalcedony;
> The rest in order, . . last, an amethyst.'"

Besides the relation in which the "Aurora Leigh" stands to the great question of life in general, it has a particular application to the questions which have been started in regard to the nature and position of woman. It is often thought that a large mental culture tends to unfit her for the more tender and domestic relations of life. Here is illustrated the reverse of this. Aurora and Romney could not meet in the highest union of love until they had each attained to the highest development of which they were separately capable. When this was accomplished, they became united in a love as much more noble than that of common lovers, as their individual development was more perfect than that of ordinary individuals. This view is entitled to great consideration, as coming from one who has herself passed through both stages, that of the lonely struggle and of the reward.

We perhaps owe some apology for having made reference occasionally in this article to matters entirely personal. They have had, however, too great an influence upon the poems themselves to be left out of the account. They are also alluded to freely in the works of both Mr. and Mrs. Browning, and all that has been said has been gathered from the works themselves.

We have thus considered Mrs. Browning's poems as consisting of Form and of Substance or *Content;* of Expression, and of that which is expressed. It remains very briefly to consider them as a whole, in which the opposition between these two elements is lost, and neither exists except in and through the other.

It is interesting to see the processes of history repeated in the individual, as to a certain extent they must be. The embryonic man passes through all the forms of lower life to attain to the higher. To our childhood the sun rose and sank, and the stars revolved about the seeming plane of the world, as they did to the ancients. Thus the development of the individual artist exhibits very often the three periods by which art attained to its present position. At first, when he awakes to spiritual truths, they loom about him, vast and shadowy. His mind cannot completely grasp them. It has itself no fixed stand-point from which to survey them. All is vague and unsettled. His life and the structure of his works will partake of this same character. They will be to a degree formless, and, so far as they seek to represent the higher spiritual truths, *symbolical.* This is the wild ferment that is seen, for instance, in the Robbers of Schiller, where we meet gigantic shadows instead of men. We find the same in the view of life exhibited in the Sorrows of Werther. This period, however, passes; the poet obtains a clearer view of truth, and consequently a more perfect command over the expression of it. The rudeness of the material yields to his labor, and answers to the beauty of his thought. The era thus reached is that corresponding to the one in which the classic art of the Greeks flourished. It would be easy to show, for instance, how the Iphigenia of Goethe differs from the Grecian drama; it would be no less easy to show that it resembles it

more nearly than most of his other writings. When the artist has acquired this perfect command of the material with which he has to work, if his intellectual and spiritual development continue, this latter begins to influence his productions more and more. The difficulties that he had met in the matter of outward form being subdued, this retires more and more into the background. He demands simply a medium for the communication of his thought, and no longer requires that this should reflect its beauty. The Faust of Goethe furnishes a fine example of the last-named class of works, in which the principle of modern or romantic art is first fully exhibited.

It is not our intention at present to examine the limits within which the foregoing remarks may be considered as applicable to the case in hand. They furnish at least the best point of view from which the works of Mrs. Browning can be regarded. Thus far we have studied the development of the external and internal elements of these poems, as if they were entirely distinct from each other. By uniting them, it will be seen how perfectly the three stages just described are exhibited in them. In the first period we found that the subject-matter was for the most part made up of sorrow, longing, and faith. The highest truths of religion and of the spiritual consciousness gathered about her, and these she strove to express. A yearning filled her soul to penetrate into those shadowy regions, which she felt were stretching around her. This very yearning implied that she had not yet reached the true centre of things, — the height from which one

> "Sees the world as one vast plain,
> And one boundless reach of sky."

These undefined longings, this restless yearning for something as yet unrealized, and consequently not yet understood, and this striving to image forth the spiritual phantasms which loom up dimly and loftily about her, mould the outward form of her poems. She has power enough over language to exhibit her thought clearly and gracefully; but so far as this thought is vague and shadowy, so far do her expressions become harsh and obscure. As the Egyptians reared the mighty

Pyramids, or hewed in rude proportions the gigantic Sphinx, with its twofold nature, so she piles together Greek and Hebrew, Grecisms, Hebraisms, and Germanisms, and the lore of all ages, to utter that which she feels the common modes of speech would fail to express. As the Hindoo twisted the ordinary forms of things into strange and uncouth shapes, to make them body forth that for which he and they had no adequate utterance, so she twists the forms of speech into unwonted expressions, and new relations, to satisfy a similar need. But in addition to this she adopts sometimes, for the same purpose, a wild and lofty symbolism, in whose mazes we are almost lost. Examples of this may be found in the "Drama of Exile" and in the "Vision of Poets." Even in her sonnets, which we have classed among her most nearly perfect works, she is careful to state how imperfectly that which she would say is uttered: —

> "With stammering lips and insufficient sound,
> I strive and struggle to deliver right
> That music of my nature, day and night,
> With dream and thought and feeling, interwound
> And inly answering all the senses round
> With octaves of a mystic depth and height,
> Which step out grandly to the infinite
> From the dark edges of the sensual ground!
> This song of soul I struggle to outbear
> Through portals of the sense, sublime and whole,
> And utter all myself into the air:
> But if I did it, — as the thunder-roll
> Breaks its own cloud, — my flesh would perish there,
> Before that dread apocalypse of soul."

And again: —

> "O, the world is weak —
> The effluence of each is false to all;
> And what we best conceive, we fail to speak.
> Wait, soul, until thine ashen garments fall!
> And then resume thy broken strains, and seek
> Fit peroration, without let or thrall."

At last the "ashen garments" do fall; these vague yearnings become satisfied; the sorrow that had striven for utterance passes away; the realities of earth replace the "visions" in which she has thus far lived; the inward conflict has be-

come changed to a joyous peace. Her poems exhibit this change in their outward form. What she has to say is distinctly before her, and is clearly and gracefully spoken. She has learned

> "The whole of life
> In a new rhythm,"

as she herself informs us. She sings her song of love. She gazes from the Windows of Casa Guidi, and describes the world as it is. At this period she seems herself to feel that she is nearer the Grecian stand-point than she has been before or is to be afterward; and she gives us a translation of the Prometheus of Æschylus full of strength and beauty.

Her spiritual growth, however, is not yet completed. Under genial influences it advances rapidly and healthfully. She has acquired a command of her own resources; her thought arises before her, grand and clear. She demands only a medium for its representation. She does not wander, as before, among symbols and types. She does not seek, on the other hand, that beauty of expression which marks her later sonnets and her Casa Guidi. It is enough for her that her thought is understood. If a figure suits her turn, no matter how often she may have used it before, it will serve just as well again. If an expression means just what she wants to say, no matter how revolting it may be. She cares as little about mere outward beauty, as did the early Christian painters. We thus understand the carelessness and the realism which we found to mark the "Aurora Leigh."

We have considered the poems of Mrs. Browning as forming a connected whole. In our citations we have confined ourselves to those passages which have a bearing upon this general result. Had we stopped to gather flowers, we know not when our journey would have been ended. We have therefore hurried past much that is beautiful. Above all, the large eyes of Marian Earle, at once Madonna and Magdalene, look back sadly and half reproachfully upon us.

It remains to inquire what we have still to expect from a writer whose development has been hitherto so regular. Mrs. Browning's genius is lyric rather than dramatic. Her material is gathered principally from within. She tells us, in the

Preface to "Aurora Leigh," that the work contains her "highest convictions upon Life and Art." She has passed through the three periods which represent those of the development of Art. She has embodied the results of this process in a noble work which we think will continue to be her finest. That she will still refresh and inspire us with her song, we cannot doubt. As the art of the present age can at will make use of all the forms which originally answered to a particular epoch of history; so Mrs. Browning can reproduce for us, to a certain degree, the various stages through which she has thus far passed. These results will, however, probably stand in the same relation to the "Aurora Leigh," which Tennyson's "Maud" bears to his "In Memoriam."

Although, as we have said, Mrs. Browning's "Aurora Leigh" is her finest work, there are many among her admirers whom her earlier poems will still move the most deeply. Comparatively few can follow, with full sympathy, her entire course. Perhaps most of those whose spiritual life has actually begun, stand yet upon the stage of sorrow and longing. While such gaze with admiration on the shining path of their poet, they will yet feel the deepest sympathy with her, as she is still walking among the shadows, and cheering them with her songs. It appears to us, also, that the "Aurora Leigh" is not to be reckoned among the works destined for immortality. The universal element in it is too much mingled with the peculiarities of our time, to admit of its becoming naturalized in another age. This need not, however, lessen our enjoyment of it; as we should not find the blossom of the century-plant less beautiful for the thought that the entire age had been needed for its production, and that it yet would wither, very shortly, before our eyes.

ART. VI. — 1. *Memoirs of* SIR ROBERT PEEL. By M. GUIZOT. London: Richard Bentley. 1857. 8vo. pp. 398.

2. *Memoirs of the* RIGHT HONORABLE SIR ROBERT PEEL, BART., M. P., &c. Published by the Trustees of his Papers, LORD MAHON (now EARL STANHOPE) and the RIGHT HON. EDWARD CARDWELL, M. P. Part I. *The Roman Catholic Question.* 1828 – 9. Part II. *The New Government.* 1834 – 5. Part III. *Repeal of the Corn Laws.* 1845 – 6. London: John Murray. 1856 – 7. 12mo. pp. xii. and 366, 357.

3. *The Speeches of the late* RIGHT HONORABLE SIR ROBERT PEEL, BART., *delivered in the House of Commons. With a General Explanatory Index, and a Brief Chronological Summary of the various Subjects on which the Speeches were delivered.* London: George Routledge & Co. 1853. 8vo. 4 vols. pp. xxxi. and 768, 864, 887, 856.

THE life of the late Sir Robert Peel is identified with the history of party in England for the last forty years. From his first entrance into Parliament, he was one of the most prominent of the rising men among the Tories, then at the zenith of their power. At the close of his career, he witnessed the waning fortunes and final disruption of that party. He came into notice as a disciple and follower of the younger Pitt. He lived to be the acknowledged leader of a party with entirely different views of public policy. He held office under the crown for a greater length of time than any of his contemporaries, except Lord Palmerston; and in the discussion of every question which was agitated during his Parliamentary life he took an active part. He was alternately the idol of his party, and the object of their most bitter invective. Though he originated no great measure, he left a deeper mark upon the legislation of England than any other statesman of modern times, with the single exception of Earl Grey. In considering his life, therefore, we have to deal with almost every question of any importance in the foreign and domestic policy of England since the commencement of the Liverpool Administration. Some of these questions have now lost

their interest. The secret history of others still remains to be unfolded. But enough light is thrown upon some of the most important of them by the two works first named at the commencement of this article, to dispel whatever obscurity may have attached to Sir Robert Peel's connection with those measures.

M. Guizot approaches the discussion of several of these topics under peculiarly advantageous circumstances. During the whole of Sir Robert Peel's second ministry he was at the head of the French government. He was therefore in a position to observe all Sir Robert's measures from an entirely independent point of view. To this duty he brought a singularly calm and impartial temper of mind, an intimate acquaintance with English history and politics, and liberal and comprehensive views in regard to all questions of international policy. His remarks upon the question of the right of search, the Tahiti question, the repeal of the Corn Laws, and the Spanish marriages, are especially full, candid, and judicious. In other respects his volume presents a calm and manly estimate of Sir Robert Peel's character and public services, — in its whole tone and structure worthy of the author's reputation as a statesman and an historian. It is a striking illustration of the temper of our times and of the *entente cordiale* which these great men upheld, that the life of a prime minister of England should thus be written by a contemporary prime minister of France, with such remarkable candor and impartiality.

The two volumes of Memoirs, published in accordance with a codicil to Sir Robert Peel's will, comprise a series of letters, with explanatory narratives, designed to elucidate his course at three of the most important periods in his life, — in regard to the removal of the Catholic Disabilities, the formation and overthrow of his first ministry, and the repeal of the Corn Laws. Doubtless, thinking that the course which he adopted on these occasions would continue to be discussed after his death, he selected from his private papers such of the confidential letters relating to these subjects as he thought necessary for his vindication, and arranged them for posthumous publication, with a commentary designed to pre-

serve the continuity of events and to illustrate the obscure points. These narratives and letters have been published by his literary executors with only a few omissions, — those chiefly in the last of the three memoirs, — and with a few additional documents which had been preserved by him to be published at their discretion. The whole collection is a valuable contribution to recent history, and we shall have occasion to refer to it repeatedly.

The four large and closely printed volumes of Sir Robert's Speeches furnish a remarkable proof of the extent and variety of his Parliamentary services. They cover a period of more than forty years, from January, 1810, to June, 1850, and relate to nearly every important question which was discussed in the House of Commons during that time. He was always a skilful debater, a prudent and well-informed leader, a close reasoner, and an impressive speaker; and in many of his speeches we recall passages of lofty eloquence. Yet it is rather for their remarkable adaptation to the time and circumstances in which they were delivered, than for their brilliancy or their luminous exposition of general principles, that these speeches will be read. In other words, Sir Robert Peel was a practical, rather than a theoretical, statesman. Content with persuading or overruling his audience, he always spent his strength on the matter actually in hand.

The elder Sir Robert Peel was a respectable Tory in Lancashire, where he rose to wealth and influence by his successful prosecution of the business of cotton-spinning. At the age of forty he entered Parliament as member for the borough of Tamworth, and in 1801 he was knighted. In Parliament he was a sturdy supporter of the ministerial measures; and in the country he upheld the same cause by his money, and in all the various ways in which a wealthy country gentleman could then support the cause which he had espoused. He was a man of strong, clear sense, and much energy, but with the limited views and thoroughly aristocratic opinions which were generally held by the Tories fifty years ago. Entering Parliament when the French Revolution was just beginning to alarm the higher classes in England, he naturally adopted the political dogmas current among those with whom he

associated, and he held them with great tenacity through life. He died at Drayton Manor, in 1830, at the advanced age of eighty years.

His more famous son was born at Bury, on the 5th of February, 1788. The boy was early instructed in the principles of his father, with a view to fitting him for public life; and we are told, that, when he was a mere child, his father was in the habit of placing him upon a table to repeat the sermon which he had just heard from some High-Churchman fresh from the banks of the Isis. To his father's early influence we are disposed to ascribe that narrowness of mind from which he never wholly recovered, and which Sydney Smith once pleasantly referred to travelling in dangerous company. "Mr Peel and his chaplain," said the great wit, in 1826, "have been travelling together, and some of the parson's notions have been put up in Mr. Peel's head by mistake." When he was old enough to leave the paternal roof, he was sent to the great public school at Harrow, where he distinguished himself by his progress in solid learning, and his faithful use of all the advantages which such a school offers to an ambitious and pains-taking youth. Lord Byron, who sat in the same form with him, bore testimony to his youthful integrity and his devotion to his studies, and declared that there were always great hopes of him among both masters and scholars. At the age of sixteen he entered Christ Church College, Oxford, as a gentleman commoner; and in 1808 he took his degree of Bachelor of Arts with the highest honors, being first in the classics and in mathematics, — a double distinction which no one had ever before achieved.

In 1809, when he was only twenty-one years of age, he entered Parliament as member for Cashel, in the county of Tipperary, Ireland. Like the elder and the younger Pitt, Burke, Fox, Canning, and Brougham, he owed his entrance into public life to that close-borough system which was happily overthrown by the Reform Bill of 1832; and his first constituency numbered only twelve persons. Though Fox, Burke, and Pitt were dead, and Grey had been called to the Upper House two years before, young Peel found on the future theatre of his fame many eminent men to kindle his

ambition, and to set before him models of Parliamentary eloquence. Grattan was there, as were Canning, Brougham, Palmerston, and Castlereagh. Nor must we forget such men as Windham, Tierney, Sir Samuel Romilly, Wilberforce, and Spencer Perceval, the head of the government and leader of the House of Commons. If the future statesman was fortunate in finding such men in public life to excite him to the use of all his powers, he was scarcely less so in regard to the time of entering Parliament. His party was in power, and with the prospect of a long continuance in office. Yet the position of the Tories was by no means such as to leave the supporters of the government idle. They were waging war upon the Continent with a powerful enemy; the Walcheren expedition had miserably failed, and was to be defended in Parliament; and the relations of Great Britain with this country were in an embittered and dangerous state. At home there was a strong opposition, particularly in the city of London, which was soon after greatly exasperated by the imprisonment of Sir Francis Burdett; and already the king was again showing indications of the approach of that malady from which he never afterwards recovered. In Ireland, O'Connell was agitating for Catholic Emancipation, and talking about a repeal of the Union. Everywhere the fruits of that great struggle which had drawn so much vitality from the French Revolution were manifest in the restless state of the public mind, kept from frequent outbreaks only by the strong arm of government.

Upon entering Parliament, Peel did not push himself forward by frequent and elaborate orations. His first remarks were merely brief statements, or explanations of questions about which he could furnish the House some information. His first set speech was delivered at the opening of Parliament in January, 1810, on seconding the address. This was followed, the next year, by a defence of the Duke of Wellington as to the policy pursued by him in the Peninsular war. Though these speeches are in no way remarkable, they found favor in the eyes of Tories like Lord Eldon and Mr. Perceval, to whose principles the new aspirant for political fame was then entirely committed. He was appointed Under Secretary

for the Colonies, and was regarded as likely to succeed to the leadership of the High Church and Tory party, whose cause he had unmistakably espoused. Nor were his prospects of speedy and rapid advancement diminished by the reconstruction of the ministry after the assassination of Mr. Perceval, in 1812. Lord Liverpool, the new prime minister, was always anxious to strengthen his party by attaching to it the rising young men in the House of Commons, and soon after his accession he appointed Peel Chief Secretary for Ireland. This office he held for six years, during a period when Irish affairs engaged much of the attention of Parliament, and afforded frequent opportunities for attacks upon the ministry. Every speech which Peel delivered during this period, with only two or three unimportant exceptions, relates to some Irish question, or is in opposition to the claims of the Roman Catholics. Thus early and constantly were his opposition to Catholic Emancipation, and his attention to the details of his official duties, exhibited. The principles avowed in these debates were greatly modified in subsequent years; but his business habits he retained through life.

Whilst he held the Irish Secretaryship, and in consequence of the stringency of the measures he advocated, he was constantly pursued with all that bitterness of invective, vituperation, and ridicule, of which Irish patriots are such consummate masters. Stung by the sarcasms levelled at him by O'Connell, he lost that calm and imperturbable temper which a statesman ought to preserve when assailed by personal obloquy, and challenged the Agitator. The circumstances became known, and O'Connell was arrested and bound over to keep the peace towards all his Majesty's subjects in Ireland. The affair, however, did not end here. Peel and his second went over to England, and then proceeded to the Continent to arrange a hostile meeting beyond the British dominions. O'Connell followed them to London, where he was again arrested, and was brought before Lord Chief Justice Ellenborough, who placed him under new bonds. The duel was thus happily prevented. But from this period dates that bitter personal enmity, far more rancorous than mere party animosity, with which O'Connell regarded Peel

through the rest of his life. From that time he was a thorn in the side of the English statesman; and under his influence Ireland was always the chief difficulty with which Peel had to contend as a minister. "I believe," said Mr. Macaulay, in the great debate in 1840, upon a motion of want of confidence in the Melbourne ministry, "that if, with the best and purest intentions, the right honorable baronet were to undertake the government of this country, he would find that it was very easy to lose the confidence of the party which raised him to power, but very difficult to gain that which the present government happily possesses, — the confidence of the people of Ireland." The remark was as true as it was severe. Peel never possessed the confidence of Ireland.

In 1818 he resigned the Irish Secretaryship; but he did not withdraw his attention from public affairs because he was relieved from official duties. He was still busy and energetic; and he was soon appointed to the important post of Chairman of the Bullion Committee, which had been raised on motion of the government to inquire into the state of the Bank of England. Great care had been taken in the formation of the committee to secure a preponderance of ministerial members. Of the twenty-one selected from the House of Commons, it was declared in debate that fourteen were supporters of the existing government. Probably as large a proportion entered upon the inquiry with opinions upon the general subject similar to those which Mr. Peel admitted that he then held, and opposed to those which he afterwards embodied in his famous Report. The result of his thorough investigation of the subject was an entire and radical change of his views in regard to it. Upon the general question of the resumption of specie payments there was great unanimity in Parliament and throughout the country. But in reference to the time and manner in which this object should be effected, there was a great divergence of opinion. By many persons, particularly the merchants of Bristol and London and the Bank Directors, an immediate resumption was strongly deprecated. On the other hand, the political economists generally favored such a course. Early in April a preliminary Report was presented,

authorizing a continuance of the Bank Restriction Act for a limited period. In the mean time Mr. Peel became convinced of the importance of an early resumption. Though he did not originate the government plan, it was understood that he arranged its details and drew up the Report recommending it.

This Report was finally adopted in committee, and was presented to Parliament on the 24th of May. On the evening of that day the elder Peel rose in his place to present a remonstrance against the proposed measure from the London merchants. "To-night," he said, "I shall have to oppose a very near and dear relation." And he went on to speak of his regard for the memory of Mr. Pitt, adding: "I well remember, when the near and dear relation to whom I have alluded was a child, I observed to some friends, that the man who discharged his duty to his country in the manner in which Mr. Pitt had was most to be admired, and most to be imitated; and I thought at that moment, if my own life and that of my dear relation were spared, I would one day present him to his country, to follow in the same path." It must, indeed, have been a grievous disappointment to the old man, when the son, upon whose political orthodoxy he had set his fondest hopes, thus fell away from the financial policy of the guide, philosopher, and friend, whose praises, as "the heaven-born Chancellor of the Exchequer," the Tories had so often shouted forth at the Carlton Club. But Mr. Peel was always ready to forsake the traditional policy of his party, whenever in his judgment the exigencies of the country demanded such a course. The time he thought had now come for a change, and he met the issue with a modest firmness which challenges our respect and admiration.

"Many difficulties," he said, "have presented themselves to me in discussing this question. Among them is one which it pains me to observe; and that is the necessity I feel of opposing myself to an authority to which I have always bowed, and I hope always shall bow with deference. But here I have a great public duty imposed on me, and from that duty I may not shrink, whatever may be my private feelings."

This speech, by far the ablest that Peel had yet delivered,

exerted a great influence, and at the close of the debate the resolutions introduced by him were carried without a division. The wisdom of the course adopted in the settlement of this question has often been impugned; and Peel was repeatedly assailed for the part which he took in it. But without entering upon a discussion that would carry us far beyond the proper limits of this article, it is sufficient for our present purpose to say, that every candid person who carefully examines the subject must acquit Peel from the charge of acting from interested motives.

For the next two or three years he took a much less active part in public affairs than at any other period of his life. In 1820 he did not speak once in Parliament. In June of that year he was married. His wife was a daughter of General Floyd, a distinguished officer in the English army. During a great part of this period of comparative inactivity in Peel's life, the public mind was kept in a disturbed and harassed state by a series of memorable events, showing the temper of the men who then ruled England. In the summer of 1819 occurred the great reform meeting at Manchester, and the dispersion of the reformers by the magistrates under circumstances of cruelty and bloodshed which gave to it the name of the Battle of Peterloo, or the Manchester Massacre. Then came the death of George III. in January, 1820, followed in a few months by the ridiculous farce of the Cato Street Conspiracy, and all the disgusting details of the queen's trial. From any immediate connection with the measures adopted by the ministers as these various questions came up, Peel was relieved, happily, indeed, for his own reputation. But in February, 1821, he spoke in the House of Commons in opposition to the Marquis of Tavistock's motion in censure of the course pursued by the ministers in the proceedings against the queen. That Mr. Peel approved of the ministerial policy upon this and the other questions of the day, was likewise shown by his being selected to succeed Lord Sidmouth as Secretary of the Home Department, upon the retirement of that venerable nobleman in 1822, and by his adoption of a similar policy in his own early measures as Secretary.

This office he held for five years, until the disruption of the Liverpool Cabinet in 1827. No measure of much historical importance marked the course of his administration. As a member of the government, he constantly opposed the Catholic claims, and was regarded as one of the leaders of the ultra-Protestant party. He was also thought to look with but little favor upon the more liberal diplomatic and commercial policy of Canning and Huskisson. Indeed, when Lord Sidmouth resigned, there had been a strong feeling in favor of the appointment of Canning as his successor, from a widely diffused belief that the opinions of that great statesman were more liberal than those of his rival. But Canning lay under the king's displeasure on account of his former relations with the queen; and it was not until the suicide of the Marquis of Londonderry, some months later, that the ministry was reinforced by the accession of his splendid talents. A few months afterward Mr. Huskisson was appointed to the Presidency of the Board of Trade; and it soon became apparent that a new order of things had begun, extending even to the Home Department. Mr. Canning's foreign policy was based on entirely different principles from that of his predecessor, and marked the commencement of a new era in English politics. Thus matters went on until the illness of Lord Liverpool rendered a reconstruction of the Cabinet imperatively necessary. Then all the secret jealousies which had weakened the ministry appeared; and it became necessary to settle definitely questions which had long remained open. Canning and Peel had acted together under Lord Liverpool; but neither was willing to see the other raised to the premiership, and the choice virtually lay between them. This circumstance rendered it necessary to form a cabinet which should be either favorable to Catholic emancipation or strongly opposed to it. Placed in this position, the king, after much hesitation, yielded to the necessity of the case, and appointed Canning First Lord of the Treasury. Eldon, Peel, Wellington, Melville, and the other anti-Catholic members, at once resigned. These resignations were communicated under circumstances which gave to them all the appearance of a factious combination to harass the new

minister, though it was afterwards denied that there had been any concerted action among the members who retired.

The new ministry was composed chiefly of the political friends of Mr. Canning; but it was cordially supported by the great body of the Whigs. Mr. Canning united in his own person the offices of First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer, in order that the financial measures of the government might be more efficiently carried out in conjunction with his friend, Mr. Huskisson, who retained the Presidency of the Board of Trade. Sir John Copley, created Lord Lyndhurst, succeeded Lord Eldon as Lord High Chancellor. Mr. Robinson, who had been Chancellor of the Exchequer under Lord Liverpool, was also raised to the Upper House under the title of Viscount Goderich, and was intrusted with the seals of the Colonial Department. Lord Dudley succeeded Mr. Canning as Secretary for Foreign Affairs; and Mr. Sturges Bourne took Peel's old place as Home Secretary. Lord Palmerston was Secretary at War. The ministry thus embodied within itself much available talent. But it was subjected to fiercer assaults than any ministry which had held office for many years. In Parliament it was attacked by the retiring ministers and their immediate supporters, — particularly by Mr. George Dawson, a relative of Mr. Peel. Peel also spoke in explanation of his resignation, and placed his withdrawal from office distinctly upon the ground that he could not act under any minister who was favorable to the Catholic claims, and to these Canning was strongly committed.

"For a space of eighteen years," he said, on the 1st of May, 1827, "I have pursued one undeviating course of conduct, offering during the whole of that time an uncompromising, but a temperate, a fair, and, as I believe, a constitutional resistance to the making of any further concessions to the Roman Catholics. During fourteen out of those eighteen years I have held office; and during eleven of those fourteen years I have been closely connected in office with that country most interested in the decision of those claims. The opinions which I held during that time I still retain."

Two days later he made a more direct attack upon the ministry, in reply to a brilliant and sarcastic speech by Mr.

Brougham in its defence. Out of Parliament the ministry was assailed with the most vindictive fury by all the hack writers in the interest of the new opposition. But the stoutest blow was struck in the House of Lords by Earl Grey, the most eminent of the friends and followers of Mr. Fox, and an orator who recalled the memory of those days when Parliament was adorned by the matchless eloquence of Pitt, Fox, and Sheridan. Having opposed Canning through his whole life, and still retaining a bitter recollection of the obloquy which he had heaped upon Fox, the noble Lord was not ready to give his confidence to the new ministry, and he attacked the premier in a speech not less remarkable for its brilliancy and power, than for its extreme bitterness. Worn out by these incessant attacks, Canning withdrew at the close of the session to the villa of the Duke of Devonshire at Chiswick, to seek the needed rest and relaxation. But his battle was over; and he rapidly sank under the weight of disease. He died on the morning of the 8th of August, 1827, in the very room which Fox had occupied when he too sought rest for his weary body in the same beautiful spot, twenty-one years before.

In calmly surveying the history of Mr. Canning's ministry, and of the events immediately preceding his death, the conviction must be forced upon every unprejudiced mind, that all the rules of honorable party warfare were violated in the attacks made upon him. We may not indeed be quite willing to agree with Lady Canning's opinion, when she wrote to Huskisson, reproaching him for "joining her husband's murderers," because he had accepted office in the Wellington ministry with Mr. Peel, nor with Lord George Bentinck, when he exclaimed, in one of his fierce diatribes against Peel, twenty years later, "They hounded my illustrious relative to death." Still it must be admitted that Canning's administration was not allowed a fair trial, that he was assailed with a malignity which nothing could justify, and that his death was hastened by the anxiety and hard and constant toil occasioned by these attacks. And to this censure it is impossible not to consider Peel as in some degree amenable. It is true that his own language was dignified

and decorous; but certainly it was incumbent on him as a party leader to repress the asperity of his followers. Though he did not himself indulge in the low personalities which were levelled at Canning, he suffered his kinsman, Mr. Dawson, to lead on the attack.

Upon the death of Canning it became necessary to reconstruct the ministry, and Lord Goderich, a feeble and inefficient statesman, was raised to the premiership. But he was utterly incompetent to the task which he had undertaken; and alarmed by the threatening aspect of public affairs, he eagerly availed himself of the plea of ill health to resign before the close of the year. The Cabinet at once fell to pieces from its own weakness. The Duke of Wellington, who had declared in the House of Lords, a few months earlier, that he should be mad to think of assuming the duties of head of the Treasury Department, was intrusted with the charge of forming a new administration. This trust he readily accepted; and five of the Canningites consented to take office under him, — Lords Lyndhurst, Dudley, and Palmerston, Mr. Huskisson, and Mr. Charles Grant. The first three retained the offices which they had held under Mr. Canning; Mr. Huskisson was appointed Colonial Secretary; and Mr. Grant, President of the Board of Trade. Mr. Peel was once more placed at the head of the Home Department, with the leadership of the House of Commons. Mr. Goulburn was made Chancellor of the Exchequer; Lord Bathurst returned to office again as President of the Council, — a position which it is said that Lord Eldon was not unwilling to accept if offered; Lord Ellenborough, one of the most brilliant orators in his party, was Lord Privy Seal, an office which he subsequently exchanged for the Presidency of the Board of Control. The ministry thus embodied nearly the same elements that had composed the Liverpool administration at the time of its downfall; and its accession to power was hailed with delight by the Tories. But, alas for the vanity of human wishes and human expectations! the Tories were soon to find that their own leaders were more dangerous persons than even their political enemies.

In the communication which the king made to the Duke

of Wellington relative to the formation of a new administration, his Majesty had said, that "he thought the government must be composed of persons of both opinions with respect to the Roman Catholic question; that he approved of all his late and former servants; and that he had no objection to anybody excepting to Lord Grey." With this view Mr. Peel entirely concurred; for it was clear to his prudent and sagacious mind, that upon no other basis could a strong government be constituted.

"What," he wrote to his friend, Mr. Gregory, in a letter marked *most private*, "must have been the inevitable fate of a government composed of Goulburn, Sir John Beckett, Wetherell, and myself? Supported by very warm friends, no doubt, but those warm friends being prosperous country gentlemen, fox-hunters, &c., &c., most excellent men, who will attend one night, but who will not leave their favorite pursuits to sit up till two or three o'clock fighting questions of detail, on which, however, a government must have a majority, we could not have stood creditably a fortnight."

The administration which was thus formed was strong in itself, and strong in the confidence of the nation. But it also possessed elements of weakness which became apparent even before the final test was applied. An administration which allows a difference of opinion among its members upon important questions, however powerful it may be at first, is sure to become feeble. Men of fixed opinions and rooted principles upon the one side, and upon the other men of no opinions and no principles, cannot long act together in harmony. This was the difficulty in the present case. The ministers were men of liberal tendencies, watchful of the signs of the future. The men who supported them by their votes in Parliament and by their votes at the hustings were bigots and fanatics, swayed only by hereditary feelings and prejudices. Consequently the government, which was universally admitted to be very strong when it took office, found itself at the end of two years so weak as to be contemptible; and such must always be the issue of similar endeavors to construct an administration or a party. There must be harmony of opinion upon every important subject, or the attempt will inevitably fail.

The ministry had been in office but a few weeks when it sustained its first defeat upon a motion of Lord John Russell for a repeal of the Corporation and Test Acts, which was carried by a majority of forty-four, "although," as Peel admits, "it was opposed with all the influence and authority of the government." Perceiving all the embarrassments which must ensue from this defeat, and yet unwilling to resign, the ministers, at the suggestion of Mr. Peel, and after consultation with some of the most influential prelates of the Church of England, determined to make a virtue of necessity, and to take up the repeal as a government measure. With this new support, and with some amendments proposed by Mr. Sturges Bourne, in accordance with the arrangements between the government and the Bishops, the bill was carried triumphantly through the Lower House, and also passed the House of Lords, in spite of the unwearied opposition of Lord Eldon. Though the bill, as it finally passed, is open to criticism in some of its parts, its passage was an important point gained for the friends of liberal principles, and smoothed the way for the removal of the Catholic disabilities.

Following soon upon this defeat came Sir Francis Burdett's celebrated motion, "that it is expedient to consider the state of the laws affecting his Majesty's Roman Catholic subjects in Great Britain and Ireland," with a view to their final and conciliatory adjustment. The debate lasted for three evenings, and engaged nearly all the principal speakers upon both sides. Among those who spoke in favor of the motion were Sir F. Burdett, Sir James Mackintosh, Mr. Lamb, Mr. Grant, Mr. Huskisson, and Mr. Brougham. Among the opponents were Sir Charles Wetherell, Sir R. H. Inglis, and Mr. Peel, the last of whom delivered an elaborate speech upon the subject, closing with the declaration, that "he had always been the steady and consistent opponent of the measure, but not without deeply considering it. Retaining his opinions, he should sit down as he had begun, with stating, notwithstanding the high authorities which were cited in opposition to him, that, in the present balanced state of the government and of the Parliament, it was not just nor expedient that the Roman Catholics and the Protestants of Ireland should stand, in

respect of civil offices, on precisely the same footing." Upon a division, there was a majority of six in favor of the motion. In the Upper House the consideration of the subject was postponed until the 9th of June, when the motion was negatived.

In the mean time two circumstances occurred, which largely contributed to determine the subsequent course of the ministry upon this question. A week after the debate in the House of Commons Mr. Huskisson resigned, or was dismissed; and his withdrawal was followed by the resignation of all the Canningites. The circumstances of the case were peculiar, and deserve a passing notice. Upon a motion to disfranchise the corrupt borough of East Retford, and to transfer its franchise to Birmingham, which was opposed by Mr. Peel, Mr. Huskisson had taken ground against his colleagues and voted with the advocates of Parliamentary reform. Alarmed at the probable consequences of his vote, and sick in body and mind, he went home from the House at two in the morning, and wrote a private and confidential letter to the Duke of Wellington. The language of this letter is ambiguous; though it is certain that Mr. Huskisson only intended to make the tender of a resignation, and not to present a formal resignation. But the premier, who was glad of the opportunity to get rid of Mr. Huskisson, chose to put the least favorable interpretation upon the letter, and no explanations or intercessions would satisfy him that it was incorrect. Accordingly Mr. Huskisson went out of office, with all his liberal colleagues. Their resignations rendered some changes in the ministry necessary; and among the new members introduced was Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald, member for the county of Clare, and one of the most popular Tories in the Irish representation. But when he sought a re-election he was opposed by Mr. O'Connell, and was defeated after a bitter and protracted contest. The election of Mr. O'Connell caused an immense excitement throughout the country, and filled the ultra Tories with the most serious alarm. From that moment Catholic emancipation became a necessity.

Even before these occurrences had increased the difficulties of his position, Mr. Peel had begun to receive the most

alarming intelligence from Ireland, showing how widely diffused was the discontent of the lower classes of the community, and suggesting a doubt whether the troops could be relied on in the event of an outbreak. Acting upon this information, and convinced that some concessions must be made, he advised the Duke of Wellington and his colleagues in the Upper House not to commit themselves too strongly against the Catholic claims. This advice they very wisely followed; and though they spoke and voted against the Marquis of Lansdowne's motion that the Lords should concur in the resolution passed by the Commons, their language was so guarded, that it was at once inferred they did not intend to close the door to the further discussion of the subject. "I have collected encouragement," said Lord Lansdowne, in his closing speech, "from that most important admission from the noble Lord on the Woolsack, that he was aware of a great difficulty existing, and out of which he at present saw no outlet. This admission has been confirmed by the noble Duke, so that it will not now be denied that the Catholic question has reduced this country to a state of great difficulty." And he added: "This statement having been made by two noblemen so high in the confidence of the sovereign, it almost necessarily follows that it is accompanied with their intention of looking at this question with a view to its final arrangement." As the summer advanced, the threatening aspect of affairs continued to increase. Frequent communications passed between the Lord Lieutenant and the Chief Secretary for Ireland and Mr. Peel, and between the Duke of Wellington and Mr. Peel; and on the 11th of August the latter wrote to the prime minister, expressing the opinion that it would not conduce to the satisfactory adjustment of the question, if any measure for that purpose should be brought forward by him, and tendering his resignation. At the same time he declared: —

"I am ready, at the hazard of any sacrifice, to maintain the opinion which I now deliberately give, — that there is upon the whole less of evil in making a decided effort to settle the Catholic question, than in leaving it, as it has been left, an open question, — the government being undecided in respect to it, and paralyzed in consequence of that

indecision upon many occasions peculiarly requiring promptitude of action."

But the year closed without any decision in regard to the course to be pursued upon the opening of Parliament; and on the 12th of January, 1829, Mr. Peel wrote to the Duke of Wellington, reiterating the opinion, that he could lend a more efficient aid in the settlement of the question by resigning than by continuing in office. Accompanying this letter was a memorandum covering his views upon the subject, which he desired should be shown to the king. Five days afterwards the premier replied, entreating him not to press his resignation, but to endeavor to obtain the king's consent to a revision of the laws bearing upon the situation of Ireland. This determination was immediately announced in a Cabinet meeting; and on the day after Mr. Peel's paper was submitted to the king, each of the six members of the government who had uniformly opposed Catholic emancipation had a separate interview with his Majesty, and expressed similar views with those embodied in the memorandum already submitted. In the end, the king's consent to the consideration of the subject was obtained; and a paragraph was inserted in the speech at the opening of the session of 1829, recommending that Parliament should take into "deliberate consideration the whole condition of Ireland," and that they "should review the laws which impose civil disabilities on his Majesty's Roman Catholic subjects." The first difficulty in the way of an adjustment of the question was thus removed. But there were other and unforeseen obstacles to be encountered before the measure could be carried to a triumphant issue.

Upon the day before the king's speech was delivered, Mr. Peel intimated his intention to vacate his seat as one of the members for the University of Oxford, from a belief that the course which he was about to take was not in accordance with the views of his constituents. By the request of his friends in the University, however, he consented to stand for a re-election. But he was defeated by a large majority, and the candidate of the anti-Catholics, Sir R. H. Inglis, was chosen after an angry struggle. He narrowly escaped a simi-

lar defeat at Westbury, where a few hours' delay would have given the election to his opponent.

In the mean time a new and formidable difficulty arose, from an unexpected quarter, threatening to put an end to all attempts at concession. Two days before the time appointed for the introduction of the ministerial measure into the House of Commons, the king summoned the Duke of Wellington, Lord Lyndhurst, and Mr. Peel, to wait on him at an early hour the next morning. In this interview his Majesty asked for a complete and detailed explanation of the manner in which they proposed to effect the object they had in view. To a part of the plan as unfolded to him he strongly objected, declaring that "he could not possibly consent to any alteration of the ancient oath of supremacy," and that, as his sanction to their proceedings had been given under a misapprehension in regard to an important particular, he had no alternative but to retract his consent. After a short interval he added: "But after this explanation of my feelings, what course do you propose to take as my ministers?" Each of them respectfully tendered his resignation, which was accepted; and after five hours of unintermitted conversation the interview ended. At a late hour in the evening of the same day, however, the king wrote to the Duke of Wellington, informing him that he anticipated so much difficulty in the formation of a new ministry, that he desired the ministers to withdraw their resignations, at the same time giving them liberty to proceed with their proposed measures. It was in view of this remarkable episode, as Sir Robert Peel tells us in the Posthumous Memoirs, that he employed the peculiar phraseology with which he opened his speech in Parliament the next evening.

"I rise as a minister of the king," he said, "and sustained by the just authority which belongs to that character, to vindicate the advice given to his Majesty by a united Cabinet, to insert in his gracious speech the recommendation which has just been read respecting the propriety of taking into consideration the condition of Ireland, and the removal of the civil disabilities affecting our Roman Catholic fellow-subjects." *

* In the above account of the interview between the king and his three principal ministers, we have followed Sir R. Peel's own narrative in the Posthumous Memoirs.

His speech upon this occasion occupied four hours in the delivery, and was an able and lucid exposition of his views upon the whole subject of the Catholic Disabilities. After stating that he had for years attempted to maintain the exclusion of the Catholics from Parliament and from all high offices in the government; that he did not think it was an unnatural or unreasonable struggle; that he resigned it from a conviction that it could be no longer advantageously maintained; and that he yielded to a moral necessity which he could not control, — he went on to show the evils which had resulted from allowing this subject to be an open question in the ministry, maintaining that this principle of a neutral government must be abandoned; and that, in the existing state of parties and of public opinion, it would be impossible to form a united government on the basis of permanent and unqualified resistance to concession, with any prospect that such a government could hold its ground and administer the affairs of Ireland with satisfaction and success. He then explained at great length the details of the proposed measure of relief, answered some of the objections which might be brought against it, and concluded by moving that the House should resolve itself into a committee to consider the laws imposing civil disabilities on his Majesty's Roman Catholic subjects. The motion was strenuously opposed, but was finally adopted by a majority of one hundred and eighty-eight. Every step in the progress of the bill was resisted with the utmost strenuousness by the High-Church party, headed by Sir R. H. Inglis, Sir Charles Wetherell, and others; the most violent abuse was heaped upon the head of Peel, and, as if the English language were not rich enough in vituperative epi-

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which differs in some important particulars from the account given by Lord Eldon on the authority of the king, and printed in Mr. Twiss's Life of Lord Eldon, and in Lord Campbell's Lives of the Chancellors. But it is much more probable that the venerable ex-Chancellor misunderstood the king, than that Sir Robert should have misrepresented the facts, — especially as he wrote with Lord Eldon's memoranda before him. Lord Eldon says there were two interviews. Mr. Peel says there was but one. Lord Eldon says, that after the ministers "threatened to resign," the king told them to "go on." Mr. Peel says, that their resignations were accepted, and announced at a meeting of the Cabinet, and that it was late in the evening when they were requested to resume office.

thets, the classics were ransacked to furnish additional insults; petitions and remonstrances poured into Parliament from all parts of the country; and the waters of party strife were stirred to their lowest depths. But it was all to no purpose. The third reading was carried on the 30th of March by a majority of one hundred and seventy-eight. In the Upper House there was also an active but unsuccessful opposition; and on the 10th of April the bill finally passed by a majority of one hundred and four. Three days afterwards it was signed by the king; and thus this long and bitter struggle was at length terminated.

For no part of his public career was Mr. Peel ever more bitterly assailed than he was for his course upon this great question. Nor need we feel surprised that such should have been the case. The change in his policy had been so sudden and thorough, that men could not easily explain it, and were ready therefore to ascribe it to the most disreputable motives, — to declare that without justifiable cause he had betrayed the party which had supported him thus far through life, — that he had sacrificed his principles to his fears or his ambition. From all such charges Sir Robert Peel must stand acquitted. The course which he now took involved too great a sacrifice of his consistency to have been adopted without much hesitation, and a thorough conviction that it was the only course which he could take. In truth, under the circumstances in which he was placed, no other course could be justified or defended on any tenable ground. The country was in a position of extreme peril. The government of Ireland by coercion had been thoroughly tried, and had miserably failed. There was no other resource left, but to try concession; and this alternative Mr. Peel boldly met. For this decision he must be held in honor. But there is another part of his conduct which is justly open to animadversion. That he finally relinquished his narrow principles and bigoted notions is creditable to him; it is not creditable to him that he should so long have resisted the force of argument and of public sentiment. He had clung to the policy of the disabling laws till he was compelled to give it up by a stern necessity. His was a compulsory, and not a voluntary con-

cession. And that his course was open to this objection he seems to have been aware; for at the close of his Memoir on the Roman Catholic Question, in speaking of the charges brought against him, he says: —

"If it had been alleged against me that the sudden adoption of a different policy had proved the want of early sagacity and foresight on my part, — if the charge had been, that I had adhered with too much pertinacity to a hopeless cause, — that I had permitted for too long a period the engagements of party or undue deference to the wishes of constituents to outweigh the accumulating evidence of an approaching necessity, — if this had been the accusation against me, I might find it more difficult to give it a complete and decisive refutation."

The passage of the Catholic Relief Bill had opened a dangerous schism in the ranks of the Tory party, and had greatly weakened the ministry. But they were to encounter other difficulties scarcely less formidable. Ireland still continued to be agitated; throughout England commercial distress everywhere prevailed; and no sooner had Catholic emancipation been carried, than new life was infused into the demand for Parliamentary reform. Added to all these causes of weakness, the death of George IV., in June, 1830, was another blow upon the Wellington ministry. But a declaration of the new king, William IV., that he did not intend to make an immediate change in the government, relieved them from any present feeling of insecurity. A month later, however, all England was thrown into a new excitement by the overthrow of the government of Charles X. of France, and the elevation of the Duke of Orleans to the throne. In a few days the general election took place for the first Parliament of the new reign, and resulted disastrously for the ministry. No cabinet minister, it was said, obtained a seat in any open and popular election; and many of the Tory members who were chosen were hostile to the existing government. Another, and not the least significant, indication of the popular feeling, was the election of Mr. Brougham as one of the members for the great county of Yorkshire, after an explicit declaration of his intention to bring forward a motion for a reform of Parliament. Every man in public life saw that agitation for Parliamentary reform would succeed that for Catholic emancipation.

It was while the country was in this feverish and excited state that the new Parliament met, and the Duke of Wellington made that memorable declaration in the House of Lords which sealed the fate of his ministry, and inaugurated a new era in the history of English politics. "I am fully convinced," he said in the debate upon the address, "that the country possesses a legislature which answers all the good purposes of legislation, and this to a greater degree than any legislature ever has done in any country whatever. I will go further, and say that the legislature and the system of representation possess, and deservedly possess, the full and entire confidence of the country." And, as if this language was not sufficiently explicit, the old warrior added, in reply to Earl Grey: "Under these circumstances, I am not prepared to bring forward any measures of the description alluded to by the noble Lord. And I am not only not prepared to bring forward any measure of this nature, but I will at once declare that, as far as I am concerned, as long as I hold any station in the government of the country, I shall always feel it my duty to resist such measures when proposed by others." Nothing could have been more untimely than this uncompromising language, at a moment when the French and Belgian Revolutions were perceptibly weakening the power of the ministers, and the advocates of reform felt strong enough to attempt to free the representative system from some of the anomalies by which it was disfigured. It aroused a feeling of indignation throughout the country, which was still further exasperated by another indiscreet step of the ministry a few days later. The king, the queen, and the ministers had accepted an invitation to dine with the Lord Mayor at Guildhall on the 9th of November, a week after the opening of Parliament. Suddenly it was announced that his Majesty would not visit the city, and that the banquet was postponed; and it was stated, in explanation of this change of purpose, that the ministry had received information that the king would be insulted, and the prime minister's life would be endangered, if they attended the proposed dinner. Doubtless the fears were wholly unfounded; but the Duke had been hooted through Piccadilly, and he thought it prudent to pro-

tect his residence by iron window-shutters. Consols fell rapidly as the panic increased; and for a time the public seemed as much alarmed as if the cry of an invasion by the French had sounded in their ears. They had scarcely recovered from their alarm, when the ministry was defeated in the House of Commons by a majority of twenty-nine votes, on a motion for a committee to examine the accounts connected with the civil list. The next evening, just a fortnight from the commencement of the session, the Duke of Wellington and Mr. Peel, now become Sir Robert Peel by the death of his father, announced in the two Houses that their resignations had been accepted, and that they held office only until their successors were appointed.

Earl Grey was immediately invited to form an administration, which he agreed to do upon condition that Parliamentary reform should be made a Cabinet measure. The condition was accepted; and this eminent statesman, who had been excluded from office through so many years on account of his unalterable devotion to liberal principles, at length became the head of an administration formed to carry forward the work which he had so much at heart. He had stood by the side of Burke, Fox, and Sheridan, at the impeachment of Warren Hastings; he had kept his integrity unblemished through forty years of Parliamentary life; he had been found faithful among the faithless; and now he was in a position to do what even the great men at whose feet he had learned his first lessons in statesmanship had failed to accomplish. The men whom he called to his ministry were scarcely less distinguished for their talents and their zeal in the cause which they had espoused. Lord Althorp, a man of pure and lofty character, and possessing in large measure the confidence of his party and the country, was Chancellor of the Exchequer, and leader of the House of Commons. Mr. Brougham was raised to the Woolsack, and brought to the support of the ministry indefatigable energy, great oratorical powers, and an unrivalled versatility of talent. The Marquis of Lansdowne was made President of the Council, and Lord Durham, the son-in-law of the premier, was Lord Privy Seal. Four of the Canningites also held office, Lord Palmerston as

Foreign Secretary, Lord Melbourne (Mr. Lamb) as Home Secretary, Lord Goderich as Colonial Secretary, and Mr. Charles Grant as President of the Board of Control. Sir James Graham, afterwards one of Peel's most intimate friends and chief supporters, was at the head of the Admiralty. In subordinate stations were Mr. Stanley, better known as the Earl of Derby, and Lord John Russell, to the latter of whom was intrusted the care of the government measure, — a duty which it must be admitted that he discharged with consummate ability.

On the 1st of March, 1831, he brought forward the proposed plan, in a speech of remarkable clearness and force. The measure was at once violently opposed by the members of the late government and their adherents. The debate lasted seven nights, and between seventy and eighty members spoke. On the third night Sir Robert Peel delivered an able and ingenious speech against the contemplated reform, basing his objections, however, on the details of the measure, rather than on the principle on which it was founded. The first reading was carried without a division, notwithstanding the violent opposition which had been made to the bill. But on the second reading the battle was renewed with even greater ardor, and it was carried only by a majority of one, in the largest House which was ever known to have divided upon any question. After so narrow an escape from defeat, it was universally expected that the ministers would resign. This they decided not to do, and went on with the bill. On the 19th of April they were left in a minority of eight upon a motion of General Gascoyne, ably supported by Sir Robert Peel, that the number of representatives for England and Wales ought not to be reduced. Two days later they sustained a second and still more disastrous defeat upon a motion of Lord Althorp, that the House should go into a consideration of the supplies. After this defeat, there was no alternative but for the ministers to resign, or to take the sense of the country. They resolved to adopt the latter course, although it was less than a year since the last general election. The dissolution took place immediately, and amidst the greatest confusion and excitement in both Houses.

In truth, the scenes which occurred on that day, especially in the Upper House, have never been exceeded in disgraceful extravagance by any similar exhibitions of which we have ever read.

The result of the elections was a complete ministerial triumph; and on the 24th of June the second Reform Bill was introduced. The debate upon the second reading commenced on the 4th of July, and lasted for three nights. On the last evening Sir Robert Peel, in answer to repeated calls, spoke at length against the bill, in a cautious and moderate speech, quite in contrast with the general tone of most of the opponents of reform. Yet he indulged in some personalities in reply to the attacks of Mr. Macaulay, who had spoken with great effect on the preceding night; and it must be acknowledged that he argued in the spirit of an advocate seeking to gain his cause, rather than as a statesman desirous to promote the welfare of the country. Upon a division, the second reading was carried by a majority of one hundred and thirty-six, in a very full House. A few days later, the House went into committee, and so persistent was the opposition, that the bill did not pass its third reading until the 21st of September. During this long interval the subject was under discussion nearly every night, and every expedient which the most adroit Parliamentary tacticians could devise was tried, in order to protract the debate and defeat the measure. Every borough was contested, even though it was apparent that nothing could be gained by so factious a course. Sir Robert Peel spoke more than forty times upon these petty details, and two or three times at considerable length upon the general principles of the measure. The third reading, however, was carried by a majority of one hundred and nine.

The debate in the House of Lords commenced on the 3d of October, and lasted for five nights. It was scarcely less animated and ably conducted than was that in the Lower House; and the opening speech of Earl Grey was one of the most vigorous and splendid arguments in favor of Parliamentary reform ever delivered. But the Lords were not yet ready to yield, and the bill was thrown out by a majority of forty-one, including every one of the Bishops excepting the

Bishop of Norwich. Undismayed by this result, the ministers recommended an early prorogation, with a view of renewing the struggle in the next session. In order to facilitate this course and give some countenance to it, a vote of confidence in the ministry was passed in the House of Commons; and on the 20th of October Parliament was prorogued, to meet again in December. In the mean time occurred the Bristol riot, upon occasion of the public entry into that city of the Recorder, Sir Charles Wetherell, one of the most violent and bigoted opponents of Catholic emancipation and of the Reform Bill. Elsewhere also there were riots and disturbances, which justified the fears of those who thought that nothing but the passage of the bill could save the country from civil war.

On the 12th of December, Lord John Russell asked and obtained leave to bring in a third Reform Bill, differing but little from its immediate predecessor. Four days later, the debate on the second reading began, and lasted two nights, on the second of which Sir Robert Peel spoke briefly in opposition to the bill, and in defence of his course upon the Catholic question, in answer to a spirited and able attack by Mr. Macaulay. At the close of the debate, the second reading was carried by a majority of one hundred and sixty-two; and the further consideration of the subject was postponed until the termination of the recess for the Christmas holidays. On the 20th of January, 1832, the House went into committee on the bill, where the opposition again managed to protract the discussion for nearly two months; but in this factious course they were no longer countenanced by Sir Robert Peel, who yielded the doubtful honor to Mr. Croker, a man of great industry, of much experience, of no liberality in his political opinions, except upon the Catholic question, and of an implacable temper. On the last night he spoke once more in opposition to the bill, but less ably than before, and evidently with the feeling of one who knows that he is in a hopeless minority. The third reading was carried by a majority of one hundred and sixteen; and the battle was once more transferred to the Upper House.

There the debate commenced on the 9th of April, and

was continued for five nights. Indeed, it was after seven o'clock on the morning of the 14th when the House adjourned. The second reading had been carried by a majority of nine; but still the bill had to pass the ordeal of a discussion in committee. Before that struggle began, Parliament adjourned for the Easter recess, and did not meet again until the 7th of May. The Lords went immediately into committee; and on the first division the ministers were left in a minority of thirty-five. For a moment they hesitated in regard to the step they should next take. But the hesitation was only momentary. They determined to ask the king to create such a number of peers as would secure the passage of the bill. The request was made by Earl Grey and Lord Brougham after a Cabinet meeting, and was refused. Nothing was left for the ministers to do, but to give up the bill or to resign. They resigned. Their resignations were at once accepted; and the Duke of Wellington was empowered to form a ministry. But all his negotiations for that purpose failed; and he was compelled to return his commission to the king. The result was the recall of the Whigs, in connection with some agreement the nature of which has never been divulged. It seems probable, however, that his Majesty undertook to secure the absence of a sufficient number of peers to render the passage of the bill certain, and that, if this endeavor should fail, he agreed to create new peers as requested. The plan was tried, and had the desired effect. A circular letter was addressed to the opponents of the bill, and, in acquiescence with its suggestions, the Duke of Wellington and about one hundred other peers absented themselves from Parliament during the remaining discussions. The bill then passed by a large majority, and on the 7th of June received the royal sanction and became a law.

Sir Robert Peel's opposition to this important measure was characterized by great acuteness of intellect, and adroitness in detecting minor defects and inconsistencies in the bill, rather than by enlarged views and liberal principles. He brought to the discussion a far less candid temper than he exhibited in dealing with the Catholic claims, and though he often spoke with moderation and calmness, it was too

evident that he sought rather to place obstacles in the way of the ministers than to aid in perfecting a necessary reform. In general his language was dignified; but occasionally he stooped to acrimonious remarks, particularly in repelling the frequent attacks of Mr. Macaulay, whose brilliant arguments contributed so much to the final success of the bill. It must be admitted that his opposition in committee to the second bill was factious and unworthy of a statesman; but it is due to his memory to add, that, when he perceived that nothing could be gained by such proceedings, he withdrew from the contest, and, yielding to the unmistakable will of the people, honestly accepted the new order of things. The change which was effected by the passage of the bill was, indeed, very great; but it was a necessary change, and no reform less thorough and sweeping would have satisfied the just demands of the great manufacturing towns and of the people at large. Nor can we doubt that much of the security which England has since enjoyed is owing to the passage of the Reform Bill of 1832.

In the first election under the new system, the Whigs carried a large majority of the House of Commons; and Sir Robert Peel found himself at the head of a party numbering little more than a hundred members. For the next two years he was the acknowledged leader of the Opposition. The duties which devolved upon him in this capacity he discharged for the most part in a temperate and judicious manner, aiming especially to consolidate a party that should become strong enough in Parliament and in the country to take advantage of any mistake which the Whigs might make. Among the more important measures which engaged the attention of Parliament during this period, and in the discussion of which he took part, were the renewal of the Bank Charter, with a clause making the notes of the Bank and its branches a legal tender; the renewal and essential modification of the East India Company's Charter; the abolition of slavery in the British West Indies; the enactment of a new Poor Law, introducing important changes in the previous laws; the passage of a Factory Bill limiting the number of hours during which children could

be employed in manufacturing establishments; and several bills designed for the pacification of Ireland. Differences of opinion upon this last-named subject existed in the Cabinet, and contributed to the early overthrow of a ministry which seemed to be so strong, and had accomplished so much to perpetuate its memory. First came the secession of Mr. Stanley and Sir James Graham, in consequence of their objections to a measure affecting the Irish Church. A few weeks later Lord Althorp resigned, on account of his unwillingness to take charge in Parliament of a stringent Coercion Bill which he had condemned in the Cabinet. Feeling that it would be impracticable to carry on the government without the efficient support of which he was thus deprived, Earl Grey also resigned, full of years and full of honors, and retired from public life, with an imperishable renown as the reward of his long and faithful services.

In this emergency, the king, desirous of forming a coalition ministry, requested Lord Melbourne to "communicate with the Duke of Wellington, with Sir Robert Peel, with Mr. Stanley, and with others of their respective parties, as well as with those who have hitherto acted with himself and have otherwise supported the administration," and "endeavor to bring them together, and to establish a community of purpose." But it was obviously impossible to carry such a scheme into successful execution. Differences of opinion had broken up the Whig ministry. Even greater differences of opinion separated the statesmen whom it was now proposed to unite. Every one of the new members who were to be introduced into the ministry from the old Tory party had "recently expressed, not only general want of confidence" in the government, "but the strongest objection, founded upon principle, to measures of great importance," which Lord Melbourne professed to consider "vital and essential." His Lordship therefore declined to unite in the formation of such a ministry; and the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel, who acted in concert, were equally unwilling to take office with their political opponents, though they "were resolved, if invited, not to decline the responsibility" of attempting to form a ministry of their own partisans. The

endeavor to form a coalition ministry was therefore given up as impracticable.

In consequence of the failure of this notable scheme, Lord Althorp was induced to return to office, and Lord Melbourne became head of the government. But the ministry was not permitted to last long. By the death of his father, which occurred soon after the ministerial crisis, Lord Althorp was called to the Upper House; and when Lord Melbourne waited upon the king to confer with him in regard to the new arrangements rendered necessary by this event, his Majesty very politely informed him that he had no further occasion for his services. The secret history of this transaction has never been published, and will probably always remain obscure. But it was universally believed at the time that the dismissal of the ministers was owing to the queen's influence. After reading Sir Robert Peel's Memoir upon the subject we see no reason to doubt the correctness of the opinion. One thing, however, is certain,— that the retiring ministers were very badly treated.

Upon applying to the Duke of Wellington to form a new ministry, the king was advised to offer the first place in the government to Sir Robert Peel, who was then travelling in Italy. In the mean time his Grace consented to take the offices of First Lord of the Treasury and Home Secretary, in order to carry on the government until an answer could be received to the message sent to Peel.* Immediately upon the receipt of this message Peel set out upon his return. He arrived in London on the 9th of December; and on the same day he wrote to Lord Stanley, who had been raised to

* By virtue of his appointment as Home Secretary the Duke of Wellington could also exercise the functions of the Foreign and Colonial Secretaries. This monopolizing of the government was stigmatized by the Whigs as unconstitutional, and furnished a subject for much angry comment and many humorous allusions. "The Irish," said Albany Fonblanque in the Examiner, "hold it impossible for a man to be in two places at once, 'like a bird.' The Duke has proved this no joke, — he is in five places at once. At last, then, we have a united government. The Cabinet Council sits in the Duke's head, and the ministers are all of one mind." To the Countess Grey, Sydney Smith wrote: "It is supposed that the messenger who is gone to fetch Sir Robert Peel will not catch him before he is at Pæstum; in the mean time the Duke of Wellington holds all offices, civil, military, and ecclesiastical, and is to be Bishop of Ely (if Ely dies) till Peel arrives."

the peerage by the death of his grandfather, and to Sir James Graham, inviting them to take office in the new ministry. The former declined, in a very admirable letter, in which he set forth with much clearness and force the insuperable objections to taking office with those who had so recently been his strenuous political opponents, and whose views upon many points were irreconcilable with his own. "If any beneficial moral effect," he justly observed, "were produced by my separation from Lord Grey and my former colleagues, and my abandonment of office for the sake of conscience and principle, that effect would be wholly destroyed by my speedy return to office with their political opponents; the motives of my former conduct would be suspected, whereas now they cannot be impugned; and any reasons which might be urged in vindication of the present junction would be powerless as opposed to the public sentiment, which revolts against all political coalitions, especially when they are made the immediate stepping-stone to power." Sir James Graham, in a private interview, also declined to join the new ministry; and Sir Robert Peel was thus thrown back entirely upon his old political adherents. He became First Lord of the Treasury; the Duke of Wellington was made Foreign Secretary; and Lord Lyndhurst was restored to the Woolsack. Among the most important of their associates were Lord Rosslyn, President of the Council; Lord Wharncliffe, Lord Privy Seal; Mr. Goulburn, Home Secretary; Lord Aberdeen, Colonial Secretary; Lord Ellenborough, President of the Board of Control; and Sir Henry Hardinge, Chief Secretary for Ireland. As soon as the ministry was arranged, a dissolution of Parliament took place.

The elections resulted unfavorably to the new ministry. They elected only a minority of the House of Commons; and even one of the members of the Cabinet, Sir George Murray, failed to obtain a seat. Nor were the Whigs, who felt justly indignant at the treatment they had received, disposed to show their successors any unnecessary favors. Upon the very first vote in the House, that upon the choice of a Speaker, the Opposition obtained a majority of ten; and this was only the first in a series of defeats, which in six weeks

from the opening of Parliament drove the ministers from office. In the Upper House they were able to carry the Address without amendment. But in the Commons the amendment proposed by Lord Morpeth was adopted by a majority of seven. Upon the 26th of March they sustained another defeat upon a motion that the king be requested to grant a royal charter of incorporation to the University of London. Still the ministers did not resign; and the contest between the two parties was renewed and kept up with spirit. On the 2d of April they were left in a minority of thirty-three upon a motion of Lord John Russell that the House resolve itself into a committee to consider the Temporalities of the Irish Church. This defeat was followed by another on the 7th of April, when the House by a majority of twenty-seven adopted a motion, likewise offered by Lord John Russell, that no measure upon the subject of tithes in Ireland could lead to a final and satisfactory adjustment of the question, which did not embody the application of the surplus revenues of the Irish Church to the general education of all classes of Christians. After this defeat it was clear that the ministers could no longer hold office with credit to themselves or advantage to the country; and the next evening their resignation was announced in Parliament. The ministry had failed; but it had failed through no fault of the premier. The struggle had been short, but it had been severe; and it was only when further resistance was impossible, — when the last blow had been struck, — that he retired from the contest. The battle had been waged with great tact and judgment upon both sides; but the majority against the ministers was far too great to admit of any other result than that which was actually witnessed.

After a short delay the Whigs were recalled to power under the premiership of Lord Melbourne, and with some modifications in the arrangement of the principal offices. Lord John Russell was made Home Secretary in place of Lord Duncannon, to whom the Privy Seal was intrusted. Charles Grant (now become Lord Glenelg) was placed at the head of the Colonial Department, and was succeded in the Presidency of the Board of Control by Sir John Cam Hobhouse. Mr.

Spring Rice was made Chancellor of the Exchequer, in place of Lord Althorp. The Great Seal was put into commission, and the next year it was given to Sir Charles Pepys, who was raised to the peerage with the title of Lord Cottenham. The Marquis of Lansdowne, and Lords Palmerston and Holland, resumed their old offices. This ministry, with some alterations by the introduction of new members and the exchange of places, continued in office for more than six years. During the whole of this period, Sir Robert Peel was at the head of the Opposition, which he conducted with great ability and upon the same general principles that he had adopted after the passage of the Reform Bill. But it is aside from our present purpose to trace in detail the history of the stormy debates in which he was engaged as leader of the Opposition. For the first two years after their return to power, the Whigs possessed a sufficient majority to enable them to carry most of their measures, to effect some needed reforms, and in general to conduct the government in a useful and creditable manner. Yet it was evident that their tenure of office was gradually growing weaker, when the death of William IV. in June, 1837, and the accession of Queen Victoria with all the *éclat* attending the commencement of a reign, gave them new vigor and popularity. This, however, did not last long; and in the elections they gained nothing. The Tories at once set about driving them from office. In this attempt they were ultimately successful, though only at the close of a bitter and protracted struggle. The troubles in Canada, the spread of Chartism, the financial difficulties of 1837 and 1838, the failure of the crops in 1838, the discontent in the West Indies, — all tended to weaken the ministry; and their defeat on a motion to go into committee upon the Jamaica Bill was immediately followed by their resignation. Upon the resignation of the ministry, the queen sent for the Duke of Wellington, who advised her to place Sir Robert Peel at the head of the new government, as the chief difficulties of her administration would have to be encountered in the House of Commons. But here an insuperable obstacle arose. Sir Robert demanded, as essential to the success of his arrangements, that the principal places in the queen's household should be

put at his disposal. This her Majesty declined to grant, alleging that the demand was "contrary to usage," and "repugnant to her feelings"; and in the refusal she was sustained by her late ministers. In consequence of this difficulty, Sir Robert Peel declined to undertake the formation of a new government, and the Whigs returned to office, reinforced soon afterwards by the accession to places in the Cabinet, of the Marquis of Normanby, Lord Morpeth, Mr. Macaulay, Mr. Labouchere, and Mr. F. T. Baring. In reviewing the history of this ministerial crisis, it must be observed that neither the Whigs nor the Tories were entirely free from blame. The demand of Sir Robert Peel was strictly constitutional and legitimate, but under the circumstances it was harsh and impolitic, and such as he would scarcely have made if he had felt greater confidence in his own strength. On the other hand, the Whigs, in advising the queen not to yield to this demand, certainly recommended a dangerous stretch of her prerogative. The excitement and ill-feeling which were engendered by it, however, gradually died away, and left few, if any, permanent traces.*

With the return of the Whigs began one of the most severely contested Parliamentary struggles in the recent history of England. Every opportunity of embarrassing and weakening the ministry was eagerly seized upon and turned to the best advantage by Sir Robert Peel and his party; and as often as a new attack was made upon them, the ministers, while they skilfully and vigorously defended themselves, took care to damage their opponents by sarcastic references to Sir Robert's previous inconsistencies, and by darkly colored pictures of the difficulties which he was sure to encounter in the government of Ireland. Upon no occasion, however, was the struggle conducted with more ability or with more determined energy, upon both sides, than in the two debates in January, 1840, and May, 1841, upon motions that the ministers did not possess the confidence of the House. In both of these

* For some reason Sir Robert Peel's explanations in the House of Commons, in regard to this ministerial crisis, are omitted in the collection of his Speeches mentioned at the commencement of this article. His remarks, however, are given in Hansard's Parliamentary Debates, third series, Vol. XLVII.

debates, Sir Robert spoke at great length, and with even more than his accustomed caution and ability. The ministers, however, on the first occasion obtained a majority of twenty-one. But on the second occasion they were left in a minority of one; and, after consultation, they determined, in view of the defeats which they had already experienced, to dissolve Parliament, and take the sense of the country. The result of the elections was far more disastrous for them than could have been anticipated by any one; and when Parliament met, they were in a decided minority in both Houses. In the division on the amendments to the Address, the Opposition prevailed by a majority of ninety-one. Satisfied by this result that it would be impossible for them to continue the unequal struggle any longer, the ministers resigned, having retained office through many harassing difficulties, and for a greater length of time than any ministry since the death of Lord Liverpool.

Sir Robert Peel was once more invited to form an administration, and again resumed office. The circumstances in which he was now placed promised well for his continuance in the ministry, and for his success in carrying the measures which he might bring forward. The Whigs had been completely overthrown, and were in no condition for a speedy resumption of office; he was at the head of a strong party flushed with recent success; and the country was disposed to give his administration a fair trial. But he had many difficulties to contend with; and the retiring ministers took care that he should be fully aware of the nature and extent of those difficulties, and of the strict responsibility to which they meant to hold him. In the mean time his ministry was wisely constituted, and gave general satisfaction. Lord Aberdeen, an honest and skilful diplomatist, was made Foreign Secretary, and soon proved the wisdom of the choice by the success with which he settled the difficult and delicate questions then open with France and the United States. Mr. Goulburn was made Chancellor of the Exchequer; but his selection was certainly less fortunate than that of Mr. Gladstone as Vice-President of the Board of Trade, from which place he was subsequently raised to a seat in the

Cabinet. Lord Stanley and Sir James Graham consented to take office as chiefs of the Colonial and Home Departments, and added much strength to the ministry. Lord Lyndhurst was again made Lord Chancellor; and the Duke of Wellington was once more in the Cabinet, but without office.

The new ministers wisely determined to gain time for arranging their measures, and after passing a few necessary bills, they prorogued Parliament until February, 1842. One step of great importance, however, was taken at the close of the year, from which the best results flowed. This was the appointment of Lord Ashburton as Ambassador Extraordinary to the United States, for the purpose of negotiating a settlement of the boundary line between the State of Maine and the Province of New Brunswick. Early in the next session, Sir Robert brought forward the ministerial plans. His first measure embraced a revision of the Corn Laws, with the adoption of a moderate sliding scale, and was opposed by the Whigs, who strenuously advocated a fixed duty, and by the Free-Trade party, who demanded a total repeal of the Corn Laws. To both of these plans, the minister avowed his entire opposition; and, after a prolonged discussion, his plan was adopted and became law. He next took into consideration the deficit in the revenue, which had been increasing for several years, and it was estimated would amount to between two and three millions of pounds sterling in 1842. To remedy this growing evil, he proposed the adoption of an Income Tax, limited in its operation to three years, which was also carried, but not without a strong resistance. His third financial measure provided for a reduction of the import duties upon many important articles, and their entire repeal in regard to others. This measure was likewise adopted with some amendments; and the commercial policy of the new ministry might now be considered as fairly before the country for trial, though there were still some of its details to be arranged. A remark of Mr. Huskisson, in 1825, in proposing a modification of the then existing commercial and colonial policy, which was referred to by Sir Robert Peel in his speech upon bringing forward this third measure, may be cited here, as it furnishes a key to the policy of the latter upon this

whole class of subjects, and also in regard to many other questions. "I am not anxious," said Mr. Huskisson, "to give effect to new principles where circumstances do not call for their application; feeling as I do, from no small experience in public business, — and every day confirms that feeling, — how much, in the vast and complex interests of the country, all general theories, however incontrovertible in the abstract, require to be weighed with a calm circumspection, to be directed by a temperate discretion, and to be adapted to all the existing relations of society with a careful hand, and a due regard to the establishments and institutions which have grown up under those relations." Applying this doctrine of a wise and far-sighted expediency to the measures which Sir Robert Peel brought forward as a minister, we shall readily understand the changes through which he passed in the course of his political career.

No other legislative measure, of much importance, was introduced or carried in the remainder of 1842, or in the following year. But much progress was made in adjusting the numerous disputes with other nations in which the country was involved. The Opium War was brought to a close, and in August a treaty of peace and commerce was signed by the British and Chinese Commissioners. In the same month the negotiations between Mr. Webster and Lord Ashburton were brought to a happy termination by the signature of the Treaty of Washington. It is a curious and striking illustration of the blindness of party animosity, that in both countries the negotiators of this treaty should have been assailed with equal virulence. In England, Lord Palmerston called it "the Ashburton Capitulation." Our party hacks called it "the Webster Capitulation." Mr. Macaulay thought that the correspondence on the part of Lord Ashburton "had been conducted in such a manner as to lower the character of England," and that it was pervaded "with a certain humble, caressing, wheedling tone utterly inconsistent with the dignity of the office which Lord Ashburton occupied," while "the whole tone of the correspondence on the part of the United States was firm, resolute, vigilant, and unyielding." On the other hand, Mr. Benton was satisfied that "the concessions

from Great Britain to the United States were few in number, small in value, nothing for her to yield, injurious to her to retain, and already as effectually ours without the treaty as with it," and that "our grants to her were large and valuable, material for her to receive, dangerous and injurious for us to yield, and involving not only territory, but natural boundaries." But time has silenced all this invidious clamor; and it is now the universal sentiment of both countries, that this memorable treaty effected a fair and just settlement of the disputed points, that it was honorable to both parties, and a noble monument to the ability and integrity of its negotiators. Some progress was also made during this period towards a restoration of friendly relations with France, which had been interrupted by the expedition against St. Jean d'Acre in 1840, and by a divergence of interests in regard to some other subjects of international polity.

It was in the government of Ireland, however, as had been foreseen, that the chief difficulty of the ministers existed. No sooner had Sir Robert returned to power, than O'Connell, rankling with the recollections of personal grievances and distrustful of Tory rule, renewed his agitation for the Repeal of the Union. He at once organized the Repeal Association, which soon spread its branches over the greater part of the island, and attained immense power, and he set on foot a series of monster meetings, which were frequently attended by more than a hundred thousand persons, and were addressed with the most inflammatory appeals. Perhaps the most remarkable of these assemblages was that in August, 1843, upon the hill of Tara, a spot famous in Irish history and song. There the ancient kings of Ireland had been elected; there a battle had been fought in the rebellion of 1798; and there, if anywhere, the foundations of a new kingdom might be laid. Amidst these historical associations, so well suited to kindle their excitable imaginations, the multitude, variously estimated at from five hundred thousand to two million persons, was addressed with more than his wonted boldness by O'Connell. Among other flaming exhortations, he besought them to "die freemen rather than live as slaves," prophesied that, "before twelve months were over, an Irish Parliament

would sit in College Green," and announced that within that period "he would himself be free or in his grave." Worthless as was all this fustian oratory, it yet alarmed and endangered the government, and they determined to put a stop to the monster meetings. An opportunity for doing so soon occurred. Another monster meeting had been appointed to be held on the 8th of October, on the battle-field of Clontarf, where Brian Borouch had crushed the Danes more than eight centuries before, and only three miles from Dublin. Great preparations, much resembling those for a military campaign, had been made, when the Lord Lieutenant, the day before the appointed time, issued a proclamation forbidding the meeting, warning all well-disposed persons to abstain from attending it, and commanding all persons who were in any way connected with the government to aid in suppressing it. On the 14th, O'Connell, his son, and eight of their principal associates, were arrested on a charge of conspiracy, sedition, and unlawful assembling. From various causes, the trial was postponed until the 15th of January, 1844, when it began and lasted for twenty-four days, terminating in a verdict of Guilty upon all the counts in the indictment against O'Connell, and upon most of the counts in the indictments against his fellow-prisoners. Though a majority of the counts in the indictments were subsequently pronounced to be bad and informal by the twelve judges, and the verdict was reversed by the House of Lords sitting as a Court of Appeal, the power of O'Connell was finally broken. Tranquillity was once more restored to Ireland; and within three years, the great Agitator died, broken in body and mind, whilst on his way to Rome that his last hours might be soothed by the papal benediction.

Among the subjects which engaged the attention of Sir Robert in the next two years were the passage of the Dissenters' Chapels Bill, a just and generous measure, to which he gave an able and cordial support;* the renewal and revision

* His speeches on this question are not comprised in the collected edition of his Speeches. But they may be found in Hansard, and in the "Debates on the Dissenters' Chapels Bill."

of the Bank Charter; the renewal of the Income Tax for a further period of three years; the grant of an additional allowance to the Roman Catholic College at Maynooth; and the establishment of three new academical institutions in Ireland, under the title of the Queen's Colleges. The relations with France also occupied much of the attention of the government, — particularly the two exciting subjects of the Tahiti question and the Spanish marriages. But by the wisdom and moderation of Lord Aberdeen and M. Guizot these questions were adjusted, and war between the two countries was averted. A little later, the dispute with the United States about the Oregon boundary rose into importance, and threatened to involve the two governments in hostility; and this too was averted. Thus did the government of Sir Robert Peel suppress sedition and restore tranquillity in Ireland, encourage education, protect the rights of conscience, and maintain peace with other countries, overcoming the various difficulties which it had been thought could not be surmounted by them.

But a still more formidable and a fatal difficulty was now to be encountered. The season of 1845 had been unusually cold, wet, and stormy, and it became certain that the harvest would be a very small one, and that consequently the prices of grain would rule high. Men were anxiously looking for the result, when a new and unknown disease appeared, spread with fearful rapidity among the unharvested potatoes, and soon extended to those which were gathered. In Ireland, especially, the potato rot prevailed to an alarming extent. All through the autumn, tidings adapted to awaken the most gloomy apprehensions reached the ministry. A scientific commission, which was sent to Ireland to examine into the nature and extent of the evil, failed to effect anything, and reported that not more than three eighths of the crop could be relied upon as fit for the food of man, and it was even feared that not enough would be saved for seed in the following year. Famine was imminent. As early as the 13th of October, Sir James Graham, the Home Secretary, had begun to consider what the remedy should be. "Could we with propriety," he wrote to the premier on that day, "remit duties in November by Order in Council, when Parliament might so easily be called to-

gether? Can these duties, once remitted by act of Parliament, be ever again re-imposed? Ought they to be maintained with their present stringency, if the people of Ireland be reduced to the last extremity for want of food?" Sir Robert saw the dilemma, and perceived that "there was little prospect of a common accord as to the measures to be adopted." On the 6th of November, he proposed to the Cabinet to reduce the duty on grain in bond to one shilling, to open the ports by an Order in Council, to summon Parliament immediately for the passage of an act of indemnity, and early in the following year to propose a modification of the Corn Laws. Only three of the members of the Cabinet, however, Lord Aberdeen, Sir James Graham, and Mr. Sidney Herbert, supported these proposals, and they were rejected. The Cabinet met again on the 25th of November, and continued in session until the 5th of December, engaged in the discussion of this subject. Sir Robert brought forward a new plan for the revision of the Corn Laws, which was finally acquiesced in by all his colleagues with the exception of the Duke of Buccleuch and Lord Stanley, who announced their inability to support any measure involving an ultimate repeal of the Corn Laws, and their intention to resign if such a measure should be brought forward. In view of these resignations and of the reluctant consent which others had given, Sir Robert tendered his own resignation to the queen on the 5th of December.

While the ministry was discussing the subject, a letter appeared from Lord John Russell to his constituents, the electors of the city of London, which undoubtedly had some influence in determining Sir Robert's course. In this letter the Whig leader accused the ministers of inactivity, declared his own opinion to be in favor of the repeal of the Corn Laws, intimated that the ministers were merely waiting for an excuse to give up the obnoxious laws, and advised the people "by petition, by address, by remonstrance, to afford them the excuse they seek." Nor did he neglect the opportunity to smooth his own way to office. "I have for several years," he said, "endeavored to obtain a compromise on this subject. In 1839 I voted for a committee of the whole House, with the view of supporting the substitution of a moderate fixed duty

for the sliding scale. In 1841 I announced the intention of the then government of proposing a fixed duty of 8*s.* a quarter. In the past session I proposed the imposition of some lower duty. These propositions were successively rejected. The present First Lord of the Treasury met them in 1839, 1840, and 1841 by eloquent panegyrics of the existing system, — the plenty it had caused, the moral happiness it had diffused. He met the propositions for diminished protection in the same way in which he had met the offer of securities for Protestant interests in 1817 and 1825, — in the same way in which he had met the proposal to allow Manchester, Leeds, and Birmingham to send members to Parliament in 1830." Lord John was accordingly sent for to form a new ministry. But after a long negotiation with Sir Robert Peel with a view to ascertain how far the latter would support the government in an attempt to modify the Corn Laws, his Lordship was obliged to relinquish the endeavor to form a government, in consequence of the refusal of one of his political friends, Earl Grey, son of the former prime minister, to concur in the proposed arrangements. Sir Robert Peel at once resumed office, with all his late colleagues excepting Lord Stanley, and with the promise on the part of Lord John Russell that he would not obstruct the government measure.

Parliament met on the 19th of January, and on the 27th, Sir Robert brought forward his proposed measure of relief. His plan involved the entire repeal of the Corn Laws at the expiration of three years. In the mean time, Indian corn, buckwheat, and other grains used principally as food for cattle, were to be admitted free of duty, and upon wheat there was to be a reduction of duty, though the sliding scale was to be retained. The measure was violently opposed by the landed interest, under the leadership of Lord George Bentinck, who gave proof of an ability which it had not been supposed that he possessed; and it was not until the 16th of May that the bill finally passed the House by a majority of ninety-eight, composed of Whigs, Free-Traders, and personal adherents of the ministers. In the Upper House the bill also encountered strong opposition, and did not pass until the 26th of June. The passage of this bill was the last and dearly bought triumph of the Peel

ministry. The Protectionists, angry at what they called treachery and duplicity on the part of Sir Robert, were eager for the first opportunity to punish the minister. Such an opportunity they soon found. Early in the session the ministers had introduced a bill for the Protection of Life in Ireland, which had passed the Lords with but little resistance, and was now under discussion in the Lower House. Taking advantage of the Whig opposition to this measure, the Protectionists joined their old enemies, and by a majority of seventy-three threw out the bill on the same day on which the Corn-Law Bill passed the Lords. That day witnessed a double triumph for Sir Robert Peel, in the repeal of the Corn Laws and in the announcement that the dispute about Oregon was settled. But it witnessed the final overthrow of his ministry. On the 29th, he announced that he had ceased to hold office.

Lord John Russell was once more summoned by the queen to place himself at the head of the government. His attempt to form an administration was successful; and by persuading some of those statesmen who had been his colleagues under Lord Melbourne to return to office, and by calling in also such new talent as was available, he formed an able and efficient ministry. Lords Cottenham, Lansdowne, and Palmerston resumed their old offices. Earl Grey consented to take the seals of the Colonial Department; and his cousin, Sir George Grey, was placed in the Home Department. Mr. Wood, soon afterwards raised to a baronetcy, as Sir Charles Wood, was made Chancellor of the Exchequer. Mr. Labouchere was transferred to the Chief Secretaryship for Ireland. Mr. Macaulay was appointed Paymaster of the Forces; but having been rejected by the Presbyterians of Edinburgh on account of his speech and vote in favor of the increased grant to Maynooth College, he soon after resigned his office and retired to private life. This ministry, with a few internal changes, continued to carry on the government during the remainder of Sir Robert Peel's life.

By the accession of the Whigs, Sir Robert found himself in the position of an independent member of Parliament, and at the head of a small body of devoted adherents. Though he was no longer responsible for the measures of government, the

closing years of his life constituted not the least honorable and praiseworthy part of his long and checkered career. Unseduced by the solicitings of an eager ambition, he seemed anxious to forget the animosities of his earlier years, and gave to many of the measures of Lord John Russell's administration an honest and manly support. He continued to be assailed with bitter sarcasms and stinging invective by Lord George Bentinck, Mr. D'Israeli, and the other leaders of the Protectionist party in Parliament, and by partisan writers in the Quarterly Review and other Tory journals. But he steadily rose in the estimation of those who had no recent grievances to avenge. "After his fall from power," says Mr. Macaulay, one of the most active, as he was certainly the most brilliant of his antagonists, "a cordial reconciliation took place between us: I admired the wisdom, the moderation, the disinterested patriotism, which he invariably showed during the last and best years of his life; I lamented his untimely death, as both a public and a private calamity; and I earnestly wished that the sharp words which had been exchanged between us might be forgotten." His last speech in Parliament was delivered on the 28th of June, 1850, in opposition to Mr. Roebuck's famous motion approving of the foreign policy of Lord Palmerston. It is certain that Sir Robert did not desire the overthrow of the government; but thinking that Lord Aberdeen had been unjustly assailed, he felt bound to defend him and to oppose the motion.

The debate lasted all night; and it was once more by the light of the rising sun that Sir Robert Peel walked home from the scene of his earlier and his later triumphs for the last time. He took a few hours of needed rest, and then went forth to the discharge of new duties, as one of the commissioners intrusted with making the preliminary arrangements for the Great Exhibition of 1851. In the latter part of the day, he rode out on horseback for his accustomed exercise, and whilst proceeding slowly up Constitution Hill, his horse suddenly shied, and threw him violently over his head. He fell with his face downward, and when raised from the ground, he fainted before a carriage could be procured. When he reached his residence, he walked into the house

alone, but fainted again in the hall. He was carried into the nearest apartment; and it was only with the greatest difficulty that he was removed from the sofa where he was first placed to an hydraulic bed in the same room, — the dining-room where he had so often welcomed his friends. There he breathed his last, after three days of intense suffering, but little alleviated by the watchful care of the attending physicians and surgeons. For it must be observed that this great statesman, who had stood undismayed in the midst of the fiercest political strife, when friends and followers were forsaking him, charging him with treachery and duplicity, and ascribing to him the vilest of motives, was keenly sensitive to physical pain. He would not permit his attendants to make a thorough examination of his injuries; an attempt to reduce a fracture of the collar-bone had to be given up, in consequence of the suffering which it occasioned; and it was only after his death that it was ascertained that one of his ribs was broken, causing a congestion of the lungs.

During his sufferings he was frequently delirious, and the presence of his wife and children increased his excitement so much, that they were not allowed to remain in the room. On Tuesday, the 2d of July, it became apparent that his sufferings must soon terminate. His old friend, the Bishop of Gibraltar, was sent for, and his family were again admitted to the bedside of the dying man. A faintly breathed "God bless you!" showed that he recognized them, as he sank into unconsciousness. Shortly after, two other friends, Lord Hardinge and Sir James Graham, whose names had often been on his lips in his moments of delirium, arrived, and remained with him until his death. At nine minutes after eleven at night, he breathed his last, in presence of these two friends, his son-in-law, three of his brothers, three of his sons, and his physicians. Lady Peel's emotion was so great that she had been led from the room some time before his last hour came.

His death caused a deep sense of loss in Parliament and throughout the country. In the House of Commons, Lord John Russell offered, on behalf of the government, a public funeral, such as had been given to the younger Pitt. The offer was declined, in accordance with the often repeated

wishes of the deceased statesman; and on the 9th of July, in a drenching rain and a thick fog, his mortal remains were borne across the fields from Drayton Manor to the parish church, followed by his family, his principal political friends, his servants, and his tenants. The funeral service was read by the Bishop of Gibraltar, in the presence of a numerous multitude, who had gathered from Tamworth and the neighboring towns to pay the last tribute of respect to one of the greatest statesmen of the nineteenth century. Three days later, Lord John Russell proposed that a monument should be erected to his memory in Westminster Abbey, and the motion was immediately adopted. One other mark of respect the government were desirous of showing for his memory by raising Lady Peel to the peerage, as had been done in the case of Mr. Canning's widow. But the honor was declined, in consequence of a special request of Sir Robert Peel, that no member of his family should accept any title or public reward for the services which he might have rendered to the state. Other testimonies of respect were shown elsewhere. In London, Edinburgh, and the great manufacturing towns, public meetings were held, and measures were taken for the erection of monuments and statues. The most remarkable demonstration of gratitude and respect, however, was a penny subscription for the erection of a Poor Man's National Monument, which it was proposed should bear these words from his speech on retiring from office in June, 1846: —

"It may be, that I shall leave a name sometimes remembered with expressions of good-will in the abodes of those whose lot it is to labor and to earn their daily bread by the sweat of their brow, when they shall recruit their exhausted strength with abundant and untaxed food, the sweeter because it is no longer leavened by a sense of injustice."

The character of Sir Robert Peel has been drawn by various writers and speakers, and from entirely different points of view. But by no one has it been more justly appreciated than it has been by M. Guizot. Brought into frequent intercourse and contact with him, both in public and in private relations, and unbiassed on the one hand by party fellowship, or on the other hand by party hostility, he has sketched the great outlines of his character with a few masterly touches.

"He was a great and honest servant of the state," the French historian remarks, "proud with a sort of humility, and desiring to shine with no brilliancy extrinsic to his natural sphere; devoted to his country without any craving for reward, heedless of fixed principles or long-standing political combinations, anxious at all times to ascertain what was demanded by the public interest, and ready to carry it into effect without caring either for parties and their rules of conduct, or for his own acts and words; severing himself from the past without cynical indifference, braving the future without adventurous boldness, solely swayed by the desire to meet the necessities of the present, and to do himself honor by delivering his country from peril or embarrassment. He was thus in turn a Conservative and Reformer, a Tory, a Whig, and almost a Radical; popular and unpopular; using his strength with equal ardor, sometimes in making an obstinate resistance, sometimes in yielding concessions which were perhaps excessive; more wise than provident, more courageous than firm, but always sincere, patriotic, and marvellously adapted, in a period of transition like ours, to conduct the government of modern society as it has become."

There is, indeed, much that is strangely inconsistent in the character of this remarkable man, and that demands a large charity in judging of his life. He had opposed Mr. Horner's resolutions for the resumption of specie payments by the Bank of England; yet, in 1819, he introduced and carried a similar measure. He had steadfastly opposed Catholic emancipation, and so violent had been his opposition to this measure as to merit for him the designation of "spokesman to the intolerant faction," which Sir James Mackintosh once gave him. Yet, in 1829, he brought forward and advocated the Roman Catholic Relief Bill as a government measure. He had been the constant and ardent supporter of the Corn Laws; yet, in 1846, he headed a successful movement for their entire abolition. He had been a Tory of the strictest sect; yet his last votes in Parliament were given in support of Whig measures. Such and so marvellous were the changes in his political career. But, through the whole of it, we recognize an honest purpose and a resolute will, gradually overcoming the pernicious influences of his education and his early associations.

Though he had attained the highest honors at the University, he afterwards aspired to no literary distinction. Conscious

that the true bent of his mind was towards a political life, he gave to the prompt and efficient discharge of its various duties all his intellectual strength and ability. Still he was not unmindful of the claims of literature upon a statesman and a politician. As a minister, he was a liberal patron of men of letters, both among his political friends and his opponents. When he took office in 1834, one of his first acts was to propose the elevation of Southey to a baronetcy, and to proffer his services in promoting the ecclesiastical preferment of the poet's son-in-law. And the same wise and liberal policy in the encouragement of literary men guided him in his second administration. He possessed a large and well-selected library; and his acquaintance with general literature was extensive, though it was overshadowed by his marvellous familiarity with political history and social economy. He was a lover of painting and sculpture; but he had little knowledge of music, and apparently little pleasure in listening to it. In a word, he had the cultivated tastes of a well-educated English gentleman, without ostentation and without pedantry. His habits were temperate and regular; and his private character was stained by no vices. Cold and reserved in his manners, he did not make many personal friends; but the few with whom he was intimate were devotedly attached to him, and allowed no change in his opinions to weaken their regard for him.

Art. VII. — 1. *Shakespeare.* Von G. G. Gervinus. 4 Bde. Zweite Auflage. Leipzig: Verlag von Wilhelm Engelman. 1850.

2. *Shakespeare als Protestant, Politiker, Psycholg, und Dichter.* Von Dr. Edward Vehse. 2 Bde. Hamburg. 1851.

3. *Shakespeare. Sein Geist und seine Werke. Ein Führer für die Leser und Freunde des Dichters.* Von Edward Hülsemann. Zweite Auflage. Leipzig. 1856.

4. *Hamlet. Zwei Vorträge, gehalten im Verein für Kunst und Literatur zu Mainz.* Von Dr. Louis Noiré. Mainz. 1856.

5. *The Philosophy of the Plays of Shakespeare unfolded.* By Delia Bacon. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1857.

The appreciation of Shakespeare seems to be a test of the genius of an age or a people. Each, according to its state, uncovers, in time, some particular stratum of thought and life. He is first an amusing playwright, then a dramatic poet, then a universal moralist, psychologist, philosopher, and then the scientific unfolder of social laws, the great statesman of to-day. At length, so magnified has been his office, that his works have been pronounced the secret production of an Elizabethan school of philosophers, scholars, and statesmen, who made the popular theatre the mask for their deepest lessons of political and social wisdom. For once the start has been gained upon Germany, and she has been *out-Germaned* by one who speaks Shakespeare's native tongue.

The progress in Shakespearian criticism is worthy of consideration. From Gottsched, who affirmed that "a certain Mrs. Lennox had annihilated Shakespeare by exposing the errors of his most celebrated pieces," to the present attempt to annihilate him while pressing his claims to be studied as a poet, an artist, and a philosophic statesman, what a stride! Since that period about a hundred years have elapsed, and each year almost has given birth to some attempt to interpret his intellect, unfold his meaning, describe his characters, and state his relation to the old and the new, to the present and the past, to the whole realm of literature and life. Each has, as it passed along, contributed its stone, pebble, or grain of sand, as it might be, to that monumental cairn. In Germany, perhaps, there have been the most significant statements, the deepest insight, and the most reverential study. There the greatest names in literature have been arrested by this problem of Shakespeare's genius, and have written upon it, endeavoring to penetrate the mystery of his poetic power and artistic worth, and so to offer some adequate exposition of the universality of his thought and mode of representation; or, at least, to give due weight and fitting interpretation to his subtile and pregnant individualities of character and expression.

There has been, heretofore, a marked difference between the

German and the Anglo-Saxon mode of viewing Shakespeare. We have read, while they have studied him; we have been content to receive him as canonically and authoritatively the greatest, while they have sought for the basis of his reputation, inquired into the reality of his claims, investigated the relation he sustains to literature, and to national history and development, and especially his position as a dramatic artist, the representative and portrayer of the universal laws of humanity and life. The Germans have criticised him; the English have described his superficial characteristics. The former have studied him as a classic, with laborious diligence and enthusiastic zeal, and have thus appreciated him; while the latter have panegyrized him indeed, yet read him in a desultory and fragmentary way, as the occupation of a leisure hour. The necessity of studying Shakespeare in a foreign language, in addition to the quality of the German mind, has contributed to the German method of viewing Shakespeare. He has been regarded as a whole, and in his comprehensive relations as an artist, rather than analyzed as to independent beauties of expression, and separate excellences in descriptive detail, and particular scenes.

In the books which we have now under consideration there seems to be indicated another and a different phase of criticism. The German has become popular, while the English or Anglo-American has become recondite and exceedingly learned. The latter seeks to unfold an esoteric sense, to build up a wholly novel theory, and to sink the personality of Shakespeare in some mysterious school of consociated philosophers; while the former treats him in an earnest, natural, common-sense way, striving to bring home his instructions to the needs and condition of the great mass of his countrymen. In the German expositions named at the head of this article, the peculiar German element of extravagant theory and exclusive statement of some moral, psychological, or æsthetic principle, to which all particulars are made subservient, seems almost wholly wanting. Except for the thoroughness of the method of treatment, and the patient fidelity with which everything adapted to throw light upon the author is considered, we might pronounce the work of Gervinus to be the product of the English

mind, while the other more cursory and superficial lectures and introductions might have been delivered before our own lyceums, or been published as the result of our own popular views.

There is, on the other hand, in Miss Bacon's work, a spirit of subtile analysis, a deep moral insight, and a penetrating research, which, separated from the monomania of her particular theory, enlists our admiration, is adapted to throw much light upon Shakespeare's genius, and makes us feel that there are in him vast depths of thought and presentations of great human and social laws of development, of which as yet we have scarcely dreamed. Over every page, nay, over almost every paragraph, we are forced to exclaim, "O matter and impertinency, mixed reason in madness!" The significant contents of the political and philosophical *status* of that age are minutely exhibited. The particular theory of the book, and the special pleading through inferences, hints, and analogies in thought and expression, to prove that the philosophy and the plays of the age proceeded literally from the same brain and the same hand, we may put aside as impertinent and a merely fine-spun, fanciful speculation, and there will be left a valuable contribution to the real criticism of Shakespeare, as embodying the whole spirit of the Baconian philosophy, and as the ripe flower and consummated product of the tendencies and outstreaming influences of that wonderful period of development for the English genius. The author of this so-called "Philosophy of Shakespeare's Plays" has given a thorough and almost exhausting exposition of Hudson's statement, that "the Elizabethan era is the mould in which all modern science and literature and philosophy, able or worthy to live, have shaped, and the mirror in which they have dressed themselves." Nothing could have been so potent, it may be, as this needle-pointed and exclusive theory, to attract the proofs and illustrations of parallelisms and almost identical statements of political wisdom and social philosophy to be found in Shakespeare and Bacon. The theory is a nullity, and will not bear the least serious handling; but the illustrated wisdom remains as so much added to our conception of Shakespeare's wonderful insight into man's moral and social

state. The work of elimination is not indeed very easily accomplished; for the annunciation of the specific theory operates like a sudden *douche* to cool our enthusiasm, and try to the utmost our powers of patient endurance.

A better *résumé* than Miss Bacon's, of Shakespeare's capacity and compass of thought, has never been given, and the impotent *non sequitur* that some person or persons more learned and scientific than Shakespeare must have penned these works, should not hide from us the significant power and beauty of the analysis. Take the following: —

"Man, as he is, booked, surveyed, — surveyed from the continent of nature, put down as he is in her book of kinds, not as he is from his own interior isolated conceptions only, — the universal powers and causes as they are developed in him, in his untaught affections, in his utmost sensuous darkness, — the universal principle instanced where it is most buried, the cause in nature found; — man as he is in his heights and in his depths, 'from his lowest note to the top of his key,' — man in his possibilities, in his actualities, in his thought, in his speech, in his book language, and in his every-day words, in his loftiest lyric tongue, in his lowest pit of play-house degradation, searched out, explained, interpreted..... It is man's life and the culture of it, *erected into an art or science*, that these books contain."

As well might we say that the cathedral of Strasburg, embodying as it does the science, theology, and art of the time, must have been the work of some renowned theologian, a *conscious erection* in order to teach the mysteries of the Christian faith and worship. A theological doctor, skilled in all the subtilties of the creed, and capable of analyzing all the points of doctrine, may be as successfully demonstrated to be an *a priori* necessity for the building of the cathedral, as Lord Bacon or Sir Walter Raleigh for the construction of Shakespeare's plays, because there is in them "the criticism of the Novum Organum, of the Advancement of Learning, and of Raleigh's History of the World." Again, it is said with truth: —

"It is the movement of the new time that makes these plays: it is the spirit of the newly beginning ages of human advancement which makes the inspiration of them; the beginning ages of a rational, instructed — and not blind, or instinctive, or demoniacal — human con-

duct. . . . . It is the beginning of these yet beginning modern ages, the ages of a practical learning, and scientific relief to the human estate, which this Pastime marks with its blazoned, human initial. It is the opening of the era in which a common human sense is developed, and directed to the common weal. . . . . It was the spirit of the modern ages that inspired it."

All true ; but it is limiting this spirit to a very narrow outlet, to insist literally upon the necessity of one mind's being its exponent both in philosophy and poetry, "the more aspiring Titan, who would bring down in his New Organum a new and more radiant gift." Shakespeare's plays are

"The new development of the national genius, ... the old Northern genius, under the influence, not of the revival of the learning of antiquity only, but of that accumulated influence which its previous revival on the Continent brought with it here ; under the influence, too, of that insular nurture, which began so soon to color and insulate English history. . . . It was the true indigenous product of the English nationality under that great stimulus, which made that age ; and the practical determination of the English mind, and the spirit of the ancient English liberties, the recognition of the common dignity of that form of human nature which each man carries entire with him — the sentiment of a common human family and brotherhood, which this race had brought with it from the forests of the North, and which it had conserved through ages of oppression, went at once into the new speculation, and determined its practical bent, and shaped this enterprise."

These indications of the spirit of the age, which breathes through Shakespeare and makes the informing soul of his poetry, are needed to a thorough mastery of its contents; but the supposition of some "Educational Association" banded together, employing a mysterious cipher, and with malice prepense making use of good-natured Will Shakespeare for its instrument, is the straining of the strong and elastic bow of speculation until it cracks with the pressure, and furnishes a striking example of that "too much learning" which spoils the best fruits of its own producing.

The rich and manifold life of this age of Elizabeth has been also graphically and minutely dwelt upon by Gervinus, and as an eloquent and panoramic view leaves little to be added thereto. He notices the peculiar circumstances in the position, history, and national character of England, which

favored a concentration of the outstreaming energies of that teeming age in dramatic poetry and art, and in conclusion makes the following comparison between Shakespeare and Bacon, which, on account of the manner in which their names have already been brought together, is not unworthy of being quoted at length.

"How little Shakespeare's appearance on a soil so richly prepared," he says, "was either a miracle or an accident, is proved by the contemporary appearance of a man like Bacon. Hardly anything can be said of Shakespeare's relation to the Middle-Age poetry, which may not also be said of the Instaurator Bacon in his relation to the Middle-Age philosophy. Neither knew or made mention of the other, although it was a subject lying very near to Bacon when he spoke of the theatre of his time. As Shakespeare was the interpreter of human nature and history so full of arcana, so was Bacon the interpreter of dead nature. As Shakespeare balanced the one-sided, erring imagination by reason, reality, and nature, so Bacon called philosophy back to experience from the one-sided misleading of the understanding. While they thus recalled to nature, Bacon was as little of an empiric, in the sense generally attached to that term, as was Shakespeare a nature-poet. Bacon felt himself to stand wholly alone in regard to that which constituted his peculiar merit, and so also might Shakespeare; the former in his established method of science and of unfolding its announcements, the latter in the production of his poetry and the revelation of its new law. Both are alike in their entire freedom from all one-sidedness; hence both entertain the same hate against sects and parties, Bacon against sophists and scholastics, Shakespeare against Puritans and religious zealots. As Bacon's religion was drawn from science, so was Shakespeare's from art; and as the former complained that the doctors of religion were a party against the science of nature, so were they opposed to the theatre. Bacon and Shakespeare left undisturbed the things of religion, on precisely the same ground, and took the secular path in all matters of morality; and this has been cast as a reproach equally upon each, De Maistre accusing Bacon of atheism, as Birch, Shakespeare. In both was the same combination of various powers; for s Shakespeare in his profoundness of thought was unconsciously a philosopher, so Bacon is often carried away by the imagination of the poet. They were alike moved by the picture of the potent Nemesis which they saw striding onward through history and life. In their systems of morality both adopted the ethics of Aristotle, that virtue lies between the extremes of too much and too little, occupying

the golden mean. And here Shakespeare would agree with Bacon, that the former is the vice of youth, and the latter that of age; that the latter is the worse, because the too-much, like the winged bird, has wherewith it can soar into the air, and so is related to the upper sky, while the too-little is the worm crawling upon the earth. Here is perhaps the whole key to the Shakespearian drama and its theory of morals."

Such statements suffice to show what a commanding position that embodiment of thought which we call Shakespeare holds in the view of these expositors. So deeply impressed is Miss Bacon with its philosophical significance, that nothing will adequately explain it to her but the literal identification of Shakespeare with the acknowledged expounder of the new science. And it must be confessed, that, in following out this artificial lead, she has disclosed a vast open sea of analogies, comparisons, and illustrations, which will serve as well some broader system of generalization, and aid in sounding the yet unfathomed depths, and measuring the yet undetermined compass, of the great poet-seer of human destiny and life. And these writers are not alone in their estimate. Bunsen characterizes Shakespeare as "the great prophet of human destinies in the awakening new world; much more so and in a higher sense than Bacon, his histories being the only real modern Epos." This is the position assigned to him, also, in the work of Dr. Edward Vehse. He distinguishes three different art-epochs; marked respectively by the Greek classic ideal whose representative is Phidias's Jupiter, the perfection of outward form; the romantic ideal of the Middle Age, whose most beautiful and expressive embodiment is Raffaelle's Madonna; the modern ideal, combining in itself the realism of the Greek objective nature, with the spiritualism of the subjective view of life and nature embodied in the Christianity of the Middle Age, whose best exponent and representative is Shakespeare. Here the ideal is no mere outward form of nature alone, no external power of destiny, on the one hand, and no mere inward state of sentimental feeling or spiritual possession, on the other, but a humanity freely developing itself into life under the direction and influence of a higher power. Here nature is a reality and

life is a reality in a higher sense than the classic ideal could embrace; here too nature is spiritualized and life is spiritualized, but in a far deeper sense than the Middle-Age subjective piety could expound. And this point of view commands not only the representation of individual man in his own isolated state, but of associated man in the organized life of society, — communities receptive of one form of life, and, thus constituted, truly human.

This appreciation of Shakespeare as a portrayer not merely of individual characteristics, but of organic human society, whose fundamental laws of development he has seized and pictured, is the leading tendency of present criticism. It is brought out with singular power and subtilty of insight in "The Philosophy of Shakespeare's Plays," though always vitiated there by the attempt to make it subsidiary to a narrow and baseless theory of authorship. It is sufficient for us now to note it as indicative of the fact that Shakespeare holds on his course abreast with the foremost wave of our time. As philosophy takes a deeper tone; as the great bond of humanity is felt more keenly to be an all-encompassing zone, holding together spirits as well as bodies; as the need of a more scientific exposition of political and social laws is discerned, new light is thrown upon the writings of Shakespeare, fresh symbols of the universality of his utterances are offered, and suggestive hints, not dreamed of before, are found scattered in profusion throughout all his later and maturer works. We can readily believe that there was a deeper meaning in the historical and political plays than is patent to a mere casual glance; we can understand somewhat how the great features of his age — its needs in the social and political sphere — should hang over and around a receptive, poetical, and impressible soul, and give tone and color to the subjects chosen, even direction itself to the choice of material and the mode of treatment. This is a rich vein of illustration, which remains yet to be fittingly opened. It is indicated as existent by Dr. Vehse, and exceedingly copious details of it are given in "The Philosophy." Of King Lear, Miss Bacon says: —

"It cannot be denied that the state of things which this play repre-

sents, is that with which the author's own experience was conversant; and that all the terrible tragic satire of it points, not to that age in the history of Britain in which the Druids were still responsible for the national culture, ... but to the *Elizabethan*. That instinctive groping and stumbling in all human affairs, ... those eyes of moonshine speculation, those glass eyes with which the scurvy politician affects to see the things he does not, ... all the wild misery of that unlearned, fortuitous, human living that waits to be scourged with the sequent effect, and knows not how to ascend to the cause, colossally exaggerated as it seems here, ... is, after all, but a copy, an historical sketch. The ignorance, the stupidity, 'the *blindness*,' that this author paints, was his own 'Time's plague'; 'the madness' that 'led it,' was the madness of which he was himself a mute and manacled spectator."

In the same strain Dr. Vehse says: —

"The Shakespearian dramas are the most exact likenesses, the truest mirror of the civilization of the times. In Coriolanus is represented the whole political ferment which under James I. existed between the aristocracy of the Cavaliers and the puritanic democracy of the people, between Royalist and Roundhead. And Hamlet is the prototype of a character like Charles I., in whom self-conscious weakness, hypercritical refinements of moral reasoning, melancholy, and inaction are the characteristic features. In him there was the same brooding over projects of vengeance never to be realized in action. Shakespeare is not only thoroughly a poet, but also thoroughly a politician. He is not only a master in the art of unfolding the pyschological state of political characters, but also in the art of presenting the whole dramatic action as proceeding out of fundamental principles of statesmanship. There is hardly a modern political problem to be named, upon which he has not uttered his word of fine, world-wide wisdom, and wonderful knowledge of those nice, hidden threads upon which state interests depend. He withdrew himself from the dry, barren heath of polemics, and pressed upon the attention of his contemporaries the fresh green field of state life. True magazines of political wisdom are the three dramas, Coriolanus, Cæsar, and Antony, and the first three acts of Troilus and Cressida. It is not to be wondered at, that, in a nation to which Shakespeare's thoughts have been apportioned for daily spiritual food, the great end of life should be attained."

There is one utterance of Shakespeare which would lead us to believe that he possessed a more comprehensive idea of the essential principles of state polity, and intended to convey far

deeper lessons in great social truths, than has hitherto been supposed by his commentators. He says, in Troilus and Cressida:

> "There is a mystery in the soul of state;
> Which hath an operation more divine,
> Than breath or pen can give expressure to."

It is this recognition which gives the distinguishing feature to the recent criticism of his works. Heretofore the oversight has been so great, that even Ulrici says of him: "He has nowhere made use in his poetry of the actual or incipient political contrasts furnished by the events of his time." If a direct mention of particular names and parties is here intended, it is very true; but that they were an encompassing element, and that they lived in him, and formed the atmosphere through which he looked, and by means of which he drew in the very breath of his existence, so that all the background and coloring of his pictures were modified by them, is more and more vividly impressed upon us as we study his representations.

It is in this light that he is held up to the people of Germany, as the teacher especially needed in their present condition. There is discerned in him the living spirit of freedom, and the spirit of orderly development; the ideal of self-government without anarchy, and of political organization for communities and corporations without absolutism; the recognition of all human rights, without the abolition of those "degrees" founded in nature and the inwoven customs of the people's very life; the destruction of mere artificial distinctions, without the introduction of an all-confusing, absolute equality. The sound, wholesome realism of Shakespeare is presented as the antidote to the idealizing tendencies of the German mind. Dr. Vehse speaks plain words, and aptly, too, he administers his castigation.

"In our sleep we have dreamed out a mere imaginary world, and now we are fast bound in our ART. This art has been our Eldorado. We have deified it, set it up as the highest in life, even above life itself. And yet each art is only the reflection of life; ours has been only the reflection of our imaginary life. Our poetic art, tone-art, dramatic art, fine arts, were and are only pleasing dreams in our deep political slumber. But with all our arts, we have lost the true political understanding, which, since Bacon's 'Knowledge is power,' has been the device on England's

shield, and by which she has organized her state life in all parts of the world. Since 1848 it has been proved to our sorrow and shame that we have been only poets after our fashion. When strong but moderate action and strong but prudent conduct alone would have availed, we wearied out all neighbor states and legislative bodies with sovereign, pathetic, poetic phrases, with philosophical and poetical flummery about world-citizenship. Never shall we become politicians until we abandon the illusions of our poetry, which in its highest artistic product, Faust, proposes as its end the isolated life of the individual soul. In the political organization of the Americans is more real, living strength, more true understanding of the world, than in all the highly poetic, but thoroughly diseased, fiction and faction of our political endeavor undeserving of the name of life. Here may Shakespeare answer as the true panacea for us, us Germans, who are, as Madame de Staël truly says, sovereigns in the kingdom of the air."

There is frequent recurrence to this train of thought in these German authors; more especially is it the burden of the reflections of Gervinus. He allows no opportunity for this kind of admonition to pass unimproved. He writes as a statesman and historian, as well as a critical scholar. Weighing their claims with Shakespeare's, he sets aside the greatest names among his own countrymen as holding an inferior place, acknowledging, " He has made us doubt even in regard to our own Goethe and Schiller." He sees in Shakespeare a higher combination of the distinctive and peculiar merits of each of these countrymen of his, — a greater poet of the real than Goethe, and of the ideal than Schiller, — and holds him up to the nation as the needed teacher in practical wisdom, true state polity, and the right method of social action. It would be well for us, indeed, to change our customary and superficial way of studying Shakespeare, and for us also to look to him for a fresh revelation of wise guidance, and some new insight into the great laws of associated life and the public weal.

It is not surprising, that, having once taken this direction, the view of Shakespeare's German critics should be turned to Hamlet as the central figure of their exposition. In him they see the embodied representative of their own moral and spiritual state. They, too, in contemplation, have lost the very name of action. They have turned inward upon them-

selves those faculties of observation, and those active powers, which should have been strenuously exerted in real deeds and immediate performances; they have nicely speculated where they should have plunged into life, and, weighed down by the burden of a task which they were not fitted to execute, they have expatiated in vain regrets over the past and idle dreams of the future, have nursed their own musings of doubt and brooded over their own melancholy fancies, until one drear waste of the present is spread all around them. It moves our deepest sympathy to see how they bring home to themselves the terrible lessons of this most universal and most individual of Shakespeare's creations.

"He is the king and representative of the idealists," says Dr. Noiré, "and as such has Shakespeare, in a sort of prophetic spirit, held up a terrific mirror to our time and to our people. The extraordinary truth to nature which lies in this character has also stamped this play as pre-eminently historical. Consider the histories of Greece and Rome. So long as these nations were advancing in the fulness of their development and their aspiration, were they active, energetic, and vitally sound; but so soon as their gaze was turned inward, and they dwelt upon the accumulated treasures of their fancy and meditation, then, indeed, art and science freely unfolded themselves, — the brightest blossoms of feeling and of thought; the national character, however, the nobleness of sentiment, the proud activity, began already to decline; and the eye of the practised observer may perceive in this over-refinement of manners the incipient germ of decay. This progress the poet has depicted in the inner life of one man."

Thus does Shakespeare draw to himself the most earnest and patriotic spirits. He is no longer a mere amusing playwright, or a dry problem in literary history, or an exponent of one peculiar phase of mental development in a particular age; he is no longer a mere dramatic poet, or singer of beautiful words and musical rhymes, or delineator of fair scenes and imaginary characters, whose wit, sprightliness, humor, and various fortunes, whether successful or unsuccessful, please the fancy and enlist the interest of the reader as a time-beguiling recreation; but he is pre-eminently the central figure of the modern life and thought.

There is no better illustration of this than is to be found, where we should least expect it, in France. In 1821, in his

first essay upon Shakespeare, Guizot wrote: "The glory and genius of Shakespeare are no longer discussed. A greater question has arisen, namely, whether his dramatic system is not better than that of Voltaire." This seems to us now but a meagre degree of appreciation, yet even this marks a great advance upon the time when Voltaire was regarded as very bold and charitable to admit that Shakespeare had any genius at all, albeit he characterized it as barbarous and lawless, and the most cultivated French minds regarded his plays as *monstreuses farces*. Since 1829, when De Vigny, fighting the battle of the so-called romantic against the classic drama, brought Shakespeare upon the stage, the great poet of humanity has been steadily gaining in the popular estimation. And each step in this progress is an index of the triumph of the human over the national, of truth over prejudice, of the universal over the partial and conventional, of real culture over mere polished decorum, of cosmopolitan humanity over narrow antipathy of race. The affinities of the one Scandinavian origin, existing between the German and English nations, have no place in France; the national idolatries are not easily superseded; the French language can but poorly embody Shakespeare's finer expressions of humor, pathos, and loftiness of sentiment; the French taste, its decorous mediocrity of phrase, its excessive refinement and euphuistic delicacy, revolt against all rugged earnestness and massive Teutonic plainness of speech; while heretofore — most formidable obstacle of all — Shakespeare was an Englishman, and Corneille was a Frenchman. Yet from a French writer of the present day has proceeded one of the most notable utterances of recognition that has ever been given of the relation which the character of Hamlet sustains to modern development. E. Quinet, in one of his rapid and eloquent generalizations of the different representatives of Scepticism, thus gives his version of that mysterious personage in whom we all find so much that is the counterpart of ourselves, so much that still remains an unanswered enigma, and of whom we all speak as a real existence.

"At the close of the Middle Age, among Gothic ruins is found a personage of the family of the Prometheus of Æschylus. It is Shake-

speare's Hamlet. Yet again, on one side a potent religion, on the other a man who doubts, who denies, who suffers; again, the wicked triumphant, iniquity crowned upon the throne of Denmark. After the revelation of the secret from the dead, all belief has left the soul of the young prince. To what man, to what woman, to what sentiment, shall he trust? To love? Does he not ask Ophelia, '*Are you beautiful?*' for he can no longer confide in the testimony of his own eyes. A phantom wandering over the scattered fragments of human intelligence, — such is Hamlet. He has undergone the same tortures as Job and Prometheus; but he does not, like them, encounter his suffering; he has nothing of the ancient violence; he feels the serpent in his bosom, and is chilled. He does not cover over his despair with the gorgeous symbols of the East, nor with the tasteful images of Greece; his suffering is too deep; he jests. Cold as the modern world, why should he reason, when already he has passed beyond hope itself? Bitter irony is in his soul. Instead of struggling with Sovereign Justice, he counterfeits madness; and he feigns it so well, that he becomes half mad in reality. Prophet of impiety in the bosom of the Middle Age, he already has a glimpse of all the scepticism of the time to come. He unites Voltaire to Dante, and, as the completion of all opposites, it is his own mother who plays before him the ancient part of Satan. These antagonisms are too great for his intellect; if he is in some respects perfectly sane, in others he begins to be disordered. His reason wavers; it loses itself, recovers itself, is lost anew; you see a great soul shared between sanity and rising insanity, without being able to decide which shall finally prevail. Terrible tragedy, of which each man may in turn become the hero. Hamlet leaned over abysses unknown to sacred and profane antiquity; he saw beyond the present life the actual kingdom of the dead. If his life had not ended by a chance hit from the foil, no other result could be discerned for him than his irreparable fall, that is, the death itself of his intellect. Herein is this drama more tragical than those of Job and Prometheus; for in these the mind at least survives the ruin of everything else. Nature, still so living to Job, is dead to Hamlet. The firmament, the azure tent of Jehovah, is to him 'a foul and pestilent congregation of vapors'; the human race is, for this Prometheus of the Middle Age, only the 'quintessence of dust.' 'Man does not please me,' he says, 'or woman either.' What makes his fall so terrible is, that his point of departure is from the most prevalent beliefs of the Christian Church. He believes in ghosts, and no longer believes in immortality. From the summit of the Catholic faith he is thrown headlong, as from a lofty tower, into the gulf beneath. In all these traits, he represents, at the

commencement of the modern world, the mediæval society, yet young in appearance, although old at heart. It lived upon the ancestral faith, and already clasped only a phantom of the past; the ideal was shattered with a bitter jest, which each people utters in its way, through the mouth of Rabelais, Ariosto, Michael Cervantes; but in Hamlet, this jest is icy as a burst of laughter from a spectre in a tomb."

Here is a different estimate from that of Voltaire, who saw in Hamlet "a fool in the second act," a fool with the grave-diggers, "a murderer" in the final scene. In truth, a judgment upon Shakespeare is a self-judgment. The most earnest, truthful human tendencies gravitate towards him, and those who are freest from conventional maxims of conduct and self-willed absolutism of mind and heart, find in him more and more that responds to their deepest experience. Frederick the Great was true to himself when he called Shakespeare's greatest works abominable, and Napoleon could see in him only the embodied expression of England, "that world by itself," that organized exponent of nationality and public spirit.

The appreciation of Shakespeare is not limited to this larger view, but extends also to the minor particulars of his life, his environments, and his works. The prattle about "deer-stalking" and "holding horses at the theatre" has disappeared. Out of the long series of poems and plays an inner history is constructed, which shows us the man himself more truly than any mere external record. The aimless, spontaneous, unconscious mouth-piece of an overpowering afflatus is no longer heard of. There is no need to build up, as an alternative to this foolish and superficial view, any "new school" of affiliated reformers, any "educational association," any "secret league of statesmen." Given the one genius from the great inspiring life, the age, the men, the surrounding sphere of thought, the energizing influences of that moral, intellectual, and social world, and it is enough. We marvel how a mind that could conceive the following glowing truth, and utter it with such beauty and power, could be drawn after any such dancing phantom as the author of the "Philosophy" has pursued.

"The freemasonry of learning is old indeed. It runs its mountain

chain of signals through all the ages, and men whom times and kindreds have separated ascend from their week-day toil, and hold their sabbaths and synods on those heights. They whisper, and listen, and smile, and shake the head at one another; they laugh, and weep, and complain together; they sing their songs of victory in one key. That machinery is so fine, that the scholar can catch across the ages the smile, or the whisper, which the contemporary tyranny had no instrument firm enough to suppress, or fine enough to detect."

This spiritual machinery we are unwilling to exchange for any gross, mechanical ropes and wires. As well might this world be created by a synod of Olympian gods, as the masterpieces of Shakespeare proceed from a school or an academy. As well might some Bacon or Raleigh paint a Madonna of Rafaelle, or sculpture a Phidian Jove, as write Shakespeare's Hamlet. It is a singular obtuseness to what constitutes the artist, to suppose that what he truly creates is wrought "for artistic effect," an hour's entertainment, or the luxury of "a harmonized impression." This is to caricature the artist and the artist's work. The modern estimate is not very far amiss, which regards Shakespeare as pre-eminently THE ARTIST. It is evidence of progress in a true criticism, when indefinite eulogy, separate delineations of excellences, and long-drawn catalogues of striking points, give place to the characteristic combination of all the details and all the parts as entering into a real product of art, where there is nothing for effect, nothing for a mere dogmatic purpose, no random stroke, no capricious event, and nothing set down for any by-end or any temporary purpose, but where there is an organic whole, to which each smallest member, vein, muscle, rounding of the flesh, shading of the hair, nay, each line of the hand and wrinkle of the face, is essential. Where Hudson, even in his enthusiastic appreciation, sees "in the affair of the caskets only a dramatic device to save Portia from her princely suitors," we must demur; for a deeper insight into the drama as an artistic unity shows this to be no artificial device, but a true invention of the creative imagination that presided over the whole, — a striking illustration in a manifold way of the leading theme, — a repetition, on another key and with a different accompaniment, of the one strain of melody, —

a necessity in order to develop the thought in all its heights and depths of meaning.

The events and characters of a drama may be very amusing and interesting, may be morally and spiritually edifying; but unless they proceed from some common point of view, some pervading, centralizing principle, and so are related essentially to one another, having a common life, they do not belong to the domain of art. There is, undoubtedly, such a universal "central idea" for each living man. The dramatic poet, like a presiding deity, surveys all the details, and holds in his hands the threads of connection and relation, so that his representation is no patchwork of circumstances and capricious succession of words and deeds, but a regular and pre-planned figure, woven out of many different and variously colored threads, each of which has its place in the finished product, and is essential to a complete embodiment of the ideal pattern. Life exists as an idea before it is concrete in act. Thus, looking at nature and humanity as a whole, we mean, when we speak of the one Divine Artist, something different from a mechanician, a builder, a powerful worker. So the dramatic artist is a creator, and, as far as he is so in truth, will his work have life, permanence, and real effect. No one has, like Shakespeare, attained to the perfect dramatic form; in other words, no one has so truly lived in his representations of life.

The very idea of this perfection of form, this unity of life, presupposes one creative mind, one inspiring, because inspired, genius, alone. There is no dualism or polytheism in creation of any sort. And Shakespeare's plays are most truly organic wholes; they are growths according to an essential law of development, seed, leaf, blossom, fruit, and this including an infinity of new seeds for a more abundant harvest. He obeyed a law of creation within him, instead of holding before himself any specific moral, social, or religious dogma to be inculcated from without, and therefore it must be possible for minds and hearts sufficiently cultivated to deduce the central principle, and trace the minutest threads of development. So far as one is a true artist, he will have no mere pleasing incidents or dramatic devices, no unexpected turns

or well-contrived tricks to bring about particular catastrophes, but the whole will grow out of the characters, the mental and moral states, the sensuous or ideal tendencies. There will be variety, but no irregularity; progression, but no unsteady leaps.

Thus all true poets embody each some necessary phase of the great life of humanity. Life is re-born in their souls; they are the fathers, while the all-surrounding nature and circumstances are the matrix or mould, the maternal soil into which the divine seed falls, and from which are supplied the materials for sustenance and growth. Each artist unfolds himself under specific conditions, but works in freedom under the great law of omnipresent life. The age and time furnish the instrument, while the power to express finer or louder strains depends upon the essential force and skill of the player. The instrument may be now a flute, now a harp, now an organ, and no one can be furnished before its time. Let two thousand years pass away, and the dramatic poet no longer represents humanity as the victim of a relentless, objective destiny impelling from without, but he exhibits the inner workings of man's soul, unfolds his central thought and deep springs of action, shows how tendencies become deeds, how seeds grow into fruits, how character modifies events, becoming a real fate, and how events react upon and form the character. To Æschylus, his time, with its religion, its social state, its theories of God and the world, of man and nature, gave one instrument upon which to body forth this inspired song; to Shakespeare, his time gave a different one. And as the strains from an instrument of a single string differ from those of some weighty organ, with its deep bass and its hundred stops, so does Æschylus differ from Shakespeare.

Yet the creation of each has its own peculiar life, and a life separate from the individual, component parts. As life in the human body is not located in any one organ or member, but is a pervading, vivifying principle throughout the whole, so the life of a work of art is not in any one expression, or feature, or peculiar beauty, but is a totality of the influence flowing into each. Hence the difference between a manufactured product and a true work of art. A multiplicity of persons, a school, an association, may manufacture any-

thing, a drama as well as a picture or a house, but a single spirit must create. The one will be human and dead; the other, living and divine. The one is put together or made up; the other is born a whole, and is so complete that no part can be removed without real mutilation of the form. Hence a work of art, especially of dramatic art, — the loftiest type, — is an expression of the noblest prerogative of humanity, that of being in the lower sphere what God is in the highest, a creative power. How sublime is that representation in the Bible of God as the Creator always and rightly regarded, — Creator of worlds and systems of worlds, of every living thing, the reptiles that creep, the birds that fly, the man that embodies and unites in himself all the separate outbirths of thought in the natural sphere, the woman that crowns humanity with grace and beauty, the united man and woman comprising in their dual-oneness the love and wisdom of the great Source of being! Let no one profane this idea of art, under whatever specious plea, or speak of it "as a mere instrumentality, without any independent tribunal, law, ethic, ritual, of its own." Only as such an embodiment of a creative life can any work endure through all generations; only as to such a life can humanity pay its devoutest homage to the poet, and not to the philosopher, — to the fathers of beautiful sons and daughters in the world of spirit, rather than to the compilers of mechanical products, however useful and practical they may be.

There is no statement more false or superficial than that which assigns to art as an end "mere artistic effect," that is, to please. It is to give life. It is by imparting its own life to awaken the slumbering germs of the soul, and to change even the marble statue into a breathing, human form. To dramatic art must hence be assigned the highest place, for that seeks to embody the whole varied life of humanity. If it deals with one age, and individuals of a particular period, it merges all the special and particular in forms of universal statement, so that while each has an intense individual existence, each is also, at the same time, a representative of the great human life. It is you and I, as well as Hamlet the Dane; his blood flows also in our veins, his life in the mi-

nutest point in our life too. Pretty pieces of machinery may please, but a living production of art causes the soul to thrill with the perception of truth, beauty, and comprehensive power.

Art cannot have for its end even to instruct. It does better; it informs, animates, quickens, makes divine; its warm, living breath inspires. It shows man, through the awakening within himself of dormant or repressed perceptions, the end of his existence, and of that of all his fellows, the internal and external helps and hinderances, the various joys, hopes, fears, and loves, which rise and fall, contend together and cooperate in making man what he is, under every clime and in every place. This, at least, is the dramatic art of Shakespeare. And therefore no one could borrow his pen, to make it the instrument to work out any moral, metaphysical, social, or philanthropic theory. In him life is infinitely varied and complex. It vexes us, always, to be able to see over, see round, or see through a character at one view, and we cannot do it in real life. Nothing is there in straight lines, but all in curves with different centres and different shapes, mingling with one another, to the carnal view an inextricable involvement of cycles and epicycles, curves and orbits, not to be determined by any known mathematical rules. But there is an order, as surely as there is a God.

Thus varied, thus infinitely complicated, is the drama of human life in Shakespeare, and hence it is that fresh interpretations are continually given, according to our insight and our state. New lights rise where all seemed darkness before; heavenly stars from far distant spaces gleam across the sky; meteors fall, and auroral beams shoot up to brighten the firmament. The unfolding experience and the widening vision reveal to the progressive spirit new combinations, nicer grades of likeness and unlikeness, harmony and discord, good and evil. A deeper insight into character and event exhibits more and more their complex relations, and their infinite variety of light and shade; specks of light enlarge into luminous borders, and dark spots merge into the brightness reflected from some other centre. The childish state knows nothing of this, but calls one thing hateful and another lovely, one form all

an angel and another all a devil. And this state belongs to many children of a larger growth. Hence is Shakespeare's view of life so useful as a study. With him life is a play, a tragedy, a diversified scene of sorrow and joy, of vice and virtue, of doubt and aspiration. He represents the whole of life.

On account of this wholeness, Shakespeare is healthful, sound, truly human, — not many-sided, but spherical. Goethe is the many-sided man, writing from his own subjective states, much as he strove after a real power of objective representation. Hence he is more truly the mirror of his own lawless, striving, aspiring, subjective age, than he is of universal humanity. In Shakespeare, there is no such predominating tendency. He is not angular, as would result from sides, however numerous. Angularity is not beautiful in the human form, and does not belong to a true work of art. It is the predominance of that which should be subordinate and moulded into harmonious subjection by a living texture of pliant, blood-filled flesh. The disease which Shakespeare portrays in his representation of life is never contagious. There is no danger of transferring through sympathy the morbid condition of any part to ourselves; for we are not brought into the subjective siren-sphere of an over-wrought tendency. In his maturer years, Goethe recognized this lawless and morbid state in his earlier works, and he sought to counteract it; not, however, by changing his real point of view, but by curbing and restraining certain predominant influences. Thus he became more decorous and conventional, but not more universal and complete. The fault was in his position and in his state. There was too much of Goethe, and not enough of man. We wonder at the vast range of his individual powers; we are not inspired with a new life. He represents states and temperaments, now one and now another, and now several in combination; yet it is not essential man in these conditions, but what is very different, — Goethe himself with all his limitations.

By what magic of creative power, by what path of self-annihilation or self-postponement, Shakespeare advanced, we cannot tell; but we feel nothing of this selfish personality in

his works ; we feel, on the other hand, that the finite and earth-bound is subordinated, and that the man himself has become a vehicle for the universal life, a consciously co-operating agent in embodying that life which flows from the great fountain of life into each human soul. He is no passive instrument, or mechanical conduit, but a voluntary co-worker in a creative and joyous ecstasy of being, the reporter of life as it was purely mirrored in his own being. Life and the mirror in which it was reflected, this is the Shakespeare with whom we have to do. No theory or partial one-sidedness distorted his view in his best representations. He reported that which it was given him to see. Life there shows itself, accordingly, as the reconciliation of law and freedom, of Divine power and human free-will, of ever-present justice and never-intermitted responsibility in each man and in each society of men, in the individual soul and the soul of each nation of mankind.

The finale of Shakespeare's life, so often sneered at as unworthy of so much magnificence of genius, — with his insignificant achievements in any other sphere than that of the really despised, though loudly applauded dramatic one, and his ignoble ending as a petty householder and proprietor of a few acres in the far-removed county of Warwick, — seems to us the close most befitting the real greatness of the man, and the sound, wholesome English nature which is the core of all his representations of human life and human history. It is in perfect keeping with his freedom from subjective bias, and his ability to enter into each sphere of activity and human interest. It is in harmony with the ideal tendency of his pre-eminently childlike and nature-loving, however comprehensive and manlike, intellect. There was to him, we must believe, something which touched the deepest chord of sentiment in that Warwickshire air, the banks of that sedgy stream, and the " sweet shade of the hawthorn bush." Would it have been proof of the inward soul of greatness to toil for the acknowledgment of what he must have consciously felt to be his, — to watch zealously over the printing and publishing of that which he knew the world could not let fall from the seat in which it was enshrined ?

It was fitting, that, when the stirring life had imparted its

secrets, or rather had furnished the adequate medium through which the secret powers of the imagination could unfold and exercise themselves, the heart should be drawn towards the heaven of the childhood's home. At a superficial glance, there is something of melancholy in the thought, that such a genius of all-comprehensive sway, in which all earth's glory and earth's greatness could find themselves more than mastered, and where they could be appropriated, and made to abide patiently until each feature was sketched and each lineament portrayed, the whole again represented in vital forms, — that such a one should bury himself in his secluded village, and, occupying himself with house and land, become a thrifty, prosaic, well-to-do man of every-day, household life. But what should we expect of him who has so thoroughly weighed, measured, gauged, and sounded the outside splendors of life, — all the pageants of an hour, and the no less mere pageants of an age? Is not this new place as great as any new palace? Is not life as great in the humble as in the lordly condition? Is not the country justice as real and great a thing as the king? Did he not really deem the one equally human with the other? "The cloud-capt towers, the solemn temples," could not impose upon him as towering in any real sense over that pleasant house and garden of his, that village church surrounded with its graves. This soul, saturated with common sense as well as trembling with a poetic sensitiveness to the surrounding sphere of nature's loveliness, — this soul was so truly human, as to feel an interest in the commonplace round of humble duties, amidst natural scenes and homely pursuits. The vital power within him could fill out these with the fresh-flowing streams of life. His was a sound, manly heart, free from foolish illusions, and those petty subjectivities of passion and energizing desire by which Nature secures her ends in ordinary men. Would it have been greater for him, like Scott at Abbotsford, to be haunted by some dream of the aristocratic past, to build up some mimic pile of Gothic castle, and seek to found a baronial estate? He was too great for playthings like this, or for what it symbolizes. There was to him a reality, and so an infinite, in the humblest human sphere. He did not need,

like Scott, the sad changes in his own subjective state to lead him to ask, in plaintive strain,

> "The hill, the stream, the tower, the tree,
> Are they still such as once they were,
> Or is the dreary change in me?"

As they once were, so they remained to him always; for he built no mere castles in the air or castles in stone. He planted himself upon the homely, every-day realities of life. He believed in the concrete; abstract sentimentalities find no defence from his common-sense page. Had he loved honor, loved fame, loved any of the gauds and gewgaws of so-called great, but in reality ordinary minds, he could not have been the true artist, the true poet, that he was. Let him be judged by this highest standard, and not by applying to him the commonplace dicta of a vulgar arithmetic of worldly honors, titles, and emoluments.

Art. VIII. — 1. *Mémoires du* Duc de Raguse. Vols. VIII. and IX.

2. *Choix d'Etudes sur la Literature Contemporaine.* Par M. Villemain. 1 vol. 8vo.

3. *Une Conversation sous l'Empire.* Par M. Villemain.

4. *Des Appels comme d'Abus.* Par M. de Montalembert.

5. *Madame Bovary.* Par Gustave Flaubert. 2 vols.

There can be no exaggeration in saying that the *Mémoires* of Marshal Marmont are the literary, and in some respects the political, event of the current year in France. Never did any book provoke such a tumult of reproach and recrimination, and the replies to it will be nearly as voluminous as the *Mémoires* themselves. From the Bonaparte family and that of Eugene Beauharnais downward, there is scarcely an individual mentioned by the Duc de Raguse, who does not protest against the manner of the mentioning, or declare the

alleged facts absolutely false. Still, if the character of Marmont, which is the coloring medium of all his narrative, be taken into consideration, and those parts of his recital be set aside which are the result of false perception, not of voluntary mendaciousness, there remains in the nine heavy volumes before us more than sufficient material to constitute one of the most important historical documents of modern times. The reader's interest attaches itself almost equally to two objects, — to the writer and to the hero of his book.

Before proceeding further, let us make one observation, the justice of which strikes the French public daily more and more. Naturally, the establishment of the second Empire, in the person of the nephew, has caused the national attention to flow backward in a spontaneous current towards the uncle. Books without end are written upon all the events, and all the glories, of the reign of Napoleon I. The "Empire" of 1804, the "old Empire" as it is styled, is a popular theme, a "selling subject," — one on which publishers are willing to treat with authors on handsome terms, and one on which the vast army of *employés*, high and low, are ready to pinch themselves in order to buy information. Yet it is nevertheless certain, that, in spite of all this, — in spite of the desire of the whole world of officials, and hungry aspirants for office, to court present imperial favor by adulation of the imperialism of the past, in spite of the strong hope of those who rule France that every fresh record of the first Empire should turn to the glorification of the existing Empire, its likeness and its result, — in spite of all this, the effect has been undeniably the precise reverse. The impetus once given, there were no means of checking it; enemies wrote as well as flatterers, judges as well as friends, and (as always happens when any subject is handled on all sides) the real truth — or, at all events, something very, very near it — has emerged from this sea of manuscript; the phantom of Napoleon-Cæsar has been called up, has really "come when it was called," and has not faded from view till it has left printed upon the visual sense of the mass the outlines of what the original form really was. From the admiring, conquest-loving Bonapartist, (for such he has been in reality all his life,) Thiers; from the sagacious, liberal Villemain; from the neu-

tral-minded imperialist officer, Duc de Fezensac;* from the bitter, yet in early life fascinated Marmont; and from the family archives, from the letters of the Emperor himself to his own brother Joseph, in Spain; — from all these various sources flows the one same metal, which forms the one same type, and on the brow of the figure which all combine equally to reconstruct, is written by friend, by foe, and by self too, the word TYRANT.

This is not a fact which Bonapartists attempt strenuously to deny. They rather elude it, for they feel that it is not to be overthrown. But the mass of thinkers are indubitably surprised at finding how much inferior to what they had been used to imagine was the terrible idol which France had first worshipped, then broken. Perhaps it might be just to say, that the littlenesses and weaknesses of the first Napoleon have been more strongly brought out than even his fiercer qualities and more magnificent crimes. The mind of the reflecting reader is appalled, not at the fearful sacrifices required to attain great ends, but at the wretched smallness of the cause whence, nine times out of ten, the unlimited sacrifice of human existence is made to flow. The absolute absorption of *every* other sentiment in that of self, is the first clear impression left by the character of Napoleon the so-called "Great," after you have attentively studied his numerous contemporary historians. The next impression uniformly given by all, is the positive perturbation of his mental faculties after the first fifteen years of his career (from 1795 to 1810). His intelligence is either obscured or dazzled, his judgment is unsteady. His vanity grows more and more inflated every day, and gradually smothers what in early years had been the really noble ambition to rise; and for the love of elevation, of power, of glory in the abstract, is substituted solely the appetite for personal predominance everywhere, just or unjust.

It is not our purpose to examine in detail all the various histories of the first Empire published within the last two years in France, but we would force upon the eyes of our readers on this side of the Atlantic what is now staring in the

* In a short, but very remarkable, narrative of the campaign of 1812.

face of Frenchmen, namely, the incontestable *depoetization* of the modern Attila which has been effected by the minute research into his most trifling deeds and words, into his most hidden thoughts.

This premised, we will revert to the *Mémoires* of the Duc de Raguse. As we have said, Marmont himself commands our interest to the full, equally with Bonaparte. There is something tragical, *fatal* (in the sense of the word according to the ancients), about the character and the deeds of the unlucky Duc de Raguse. He is constantly active and constantly unsuccessful, and, spite of his ill-luck, he is over and over again chosen to bear the weight of difficult enterprises, and, spite of his undeniable capacity, he never contrives to elude the companionship of evil fortune. He is courage itself, yet always destined to yield or to retreat; he is no sooner for a moment in a position to justify the universal opinion which people imperturbably preserve of his talents, than some extraordinary event forces him out of it, and gives him over a prey to that spirit of envy and discontent which constitutes, in fact, the ruling trait of his moral composition during the last twenty years of his life.

In 1814, there can be no doubt that Marshal Marmont saw things as they really were, and saw them more clearly than his comrades. There can be no doubt that he took the *then popular* side of the question, in helping to recall a family of French princes, in contributing to the final discomfiture of Bonaparte, and in aiding the exchange of what had been a military dictatorship, for the establishment of a constitutional and national monarchy. Yet (the malecontents of all factions joining in one cry) Marmont has borne for nearly half a century the stigma of a traitor, and the very princes whose return to France he helped to effect were more or less forced to seem shy of his services. What then, if it were not fatality, should have again placed him in the awful post of responsibility which he occupied in 1830? Since the year 1817, and his mission to Lyons, he had remained politically idle; for his Embassy Extraordinary to St. Petersburg, at the coronation of the Czar in 1826, was a mere parade, and had no political significancy whatever. Now, in the beginning of the very year

1830, he had reason to believe that his activity was at an end, and to think that the conduct of the government of Charles X. was anything but what might have been expected. When the expedition against Algeria was planned, the Duc de Raguse was not the only man who conceived that the expedition ought to have been placed under his command. It was a rather generally received opinion, that the Marshal's antecedents entitled him to the command of the African campaign. His rival, Bourmont, is said to have been himself so impressed with this idea, that he had promised to propose the Duc de Raguse to the council, and M. de Polignac and M. de Villèle were reported to have announced to him his appointment as certain. Such, however, was not the issue of the event, and Bourmont, as we all know, conducted the campaign of Algiers. Wounded, mortified in every possible sense, Marshal Marmont requested, as a compensation, the Embassy to St. Petersburg, which M. de Mortemart's retirement had left vacant. This also was denied him, but the post suddenly offered as an indemnity for all the rest was one which perhaps occasioned him no less surprise than it occasioned to all those who were nearest to the king. On the 1st of September, 1830, the time of service of Marshal Marmont would have expired; and in vexation and disgust at men and things, he was counting the days whose lapse would set him free to turn his back on France, and go roaming through the world. On the 27th of July, he most unexpectedly received the order to take command of the troops destined to preserve tranquillity in the city of Paris. Upon the discouraged and angry officer, who was only waiting for the hour when he should retire from responsibility altogether, devolved suddenly the heaviest military and political responsibility combined, that could be well laid upon any one individual's shoulders, — that, namely, of defending a government more than half in the wrong against a nation that was only half in the right. The king was warned by one of his ministers in the following terms: "Sire, the Duc de Raguse is your Majesty's very faithful subject. I believe him to be loyal, but he is not lucky. Heaven preserve the king from being defended by the Duc de Raguse, if any troubles break out in Paris!" Notwithstanding this, the sovereign

who had refused the appointment of Marmont to places he was far better qualified to fill, persisted in maintaining him in this, the very last for which he ought to have been chosen. The result is known; the Duc de Raguse, uncertain where his duty lay, instead of first putting down resistance, began by attempting to bring about a *transaction;* he occupied himself by discussing what ought to be done; he aimed at *advising* the crown; and when he had lost his time in the attempt, the crown lay in the gutter, and was trampled upon by the mob. Like one of the most famous heroes of the Thirty Years' War, the Duc de Raguse went forth into exile; and, the death of the Duc de Reichstadt, to whom early associations first led him, having left him comparatively without an occupation, he turned to the heir of the Bourbon branch, and till the period of his death was a tolerably faithful companion and courtier of the exiled Comte de Chambord.

An attentive perusal of Marmont's *Mémoires* will not perhaps teach the reader many new facts; but we maintain that, all partiality put aside, it does give an exceedingly interesting view of the character of Napoleon I., — one adapted not to win for him more admiration than we have been latterly used to bestow, but to render him, as it were, more real in our sight, and to make us feel as though we had ourselves personally known him, and become familiar with his deficiencies as well as with his genius.

Upon this same subject of the Empire, nothing more interesting than what the *Revue des Deux Mondes* published in its second April number can well be imagined. It is an article from the pen of Villemain, entitled, *Une Conversation sous l'Empire*, and is fraught with intense interest, for the reason that it teaches us what, even in the earlier and more glorious days of his extraordinary career, the more intelligent and high-minded as well as the more illustrious of his lieutenants thought of the Emperor. The scene described by M. Villemain transpired in the year 1809, after the Spanish conquest, after the *glories* (!) of Lisbon and Saragossa, and when the Empire, barely five years old, was in the blaze of its nascent splendor.

"We were a small party assembled for the Easter week, at the coun-

try-house of M. C——," says M. Villemain, "and only one more guest was waited for; but that guest was no other than the Duc de Montebello, Marshal Lannes, the hero of the campaigns of 1805, 1806, and 1807, the man whom a calculation of etiquette had decorated with the title of *Colonel-General of the Swiss Guard*, but who was so difficult to transform into a courtier, that it was said he spoke to the Emperor as to an ordinary mortal, venturing even to give him advice touching liberty and peace."

Villemain, then a boy of sixteen or seventeen, wearing the uniform of his college, but already famous throughout the University for his wonderful acquirements and unparalleled memory, expresses himself as full of curiosity for the advent of the warrior of whom he had heard and read so much, and whom in the *salons* of some *emigrés* he had heard described as a rough, rude soldier, uncultivated in intellect as in manners. Judge then of the surprise of the young rhetorician when the Duc de Montebello, so different from what he had been taught to believe, appears before him.

"I listened, eagerly devouring the whole scene," continues Villemain, "and the 'ill-brought-up soldier,' the 'intruder upon greatness,' as I had heard him styled, seemed to me noble and elegant as a knight of Tasso's Poems."

But the really interesting part of the narrative is the conversation in which, during all breakfast-time and immediately after, Marshal Lannes was engaged, upon the subject of the late and of the probably ensuing campaign.

"'It is a frightful thing,' he exclaims, 'to have not armies to conquer, but a nation to subjugate, to have to wrestle with absolute despair.' And alluding then to Saragossa, 'What a war!' is his sudden remark; 'what men! a siege in every street, a mine under every house! To be forced to massacre so many worthy people, — what a duty! It was a horrible war, — I wrote as much to the Emperor; such victories grieve one to the soul!'"

All the opinions emitted by Lannes upon this occasion are worth quoting, for they prove clearly, that, many years before the period when his companions in glory are accused of having deserted his waning fortunes, Napoleon was judged severely by those who owed their elevation to his own; and

they likewise show that, under the appearance of a dominion without end or limit, the cankerworm of discontent was at work, and that the farther-sighted amongst the public at large evidently discerned all the ruler's mistakes, and had the presentiment, that, unless his headlong ambition were restrained and his despotic tendencies modified, some terrible catastrophe would ensue. Let us listen to Marshal Lannes, comparing the campaign of Italy with that of Spain.

"How really grand we all were in Italy, to begin with our General-in-Chief!" he exclaims. "What a *début* to pour down from the Alps into Lombardy, to chase before us four Austrian armies, to spare and respect the Pope who had bid them come, and to restore Rome to him after all was ended! All this is glory. But now-a-days war is the overthrow of dwelling-houses upon their inhabitants, the taking of convents, the murder of monks who fire from out their windows, and the sweeping away of nuns by grape-shot! This is sorry work for brave men. We are told it is a political war. It may be, but it is both an inhuman and an unreasonable war; for where a crown has to be conquered, a nation that merely defends itself has first to be destroyed. This is a work of time, and a sad work at the best."

In the course of conversation, some one present advanced the statement, that the conquest of the Spanish Peninsula was not an original idea of the Emperor's, but had been suggested to him by Talleyrand; and at this all the generous indignation of Marshal Lannes burst forth.

"What!" he cried, "a man shall then steal crowns by the advice of another man! Is not this the proof of an implacable and ever-growing egotism? That man," — (the Emperor Napoleon,) — "that man, — I say it regretfully, for I loved him and shall die for him, — that man cares not for the sacrifice of his marshals and generals, or of all the whole staff of his former army of Italy. Nay, on the contrary, he likes well enough to have new fortunes to make, new dignitaries to name. That, in a measure, gives age to his own fame, and seems to confirm it. The Spanish invasion is merely a result of the formation of the new kingdoms of Holland and Naples. He would like for his dynasty to be the oldest in Europe, and we have been helping him to this by the burning of Saragossa, for which purpose, too, we have left in Spain one hundred and fifty thousand old and seasoned troops, whilst we are now going to encounter the Austrians with new recruits, and men whose second campaign is all they can count. These eternal

forced marches to battle are mortal. They are a drain which carries off more soldiers than are killed by our guns."

It would seem that, in the course of the very interesting conversation recounted by M. Villemain, Dupont de Nemours, the senator, — himself a man of constitutional opinions, — expressed regret that the Emperor had not granted liberal institutions to the Spaniards. Upon this subject the last words alleged to have been spoken by Marshal Lannes are the following, and they are exceedingly significant.

"Liberal institutions in Spain! but why not first of all in France? or, at all events, why not restore to us so many rights that have been taken from us, and replaced only by perpetual war and the servitude of foreign nations? That man" (always the Emperor) "wants to be Charlemagne, to possess in his own person, or in that of a family of kings of his race, all Europe, from the Rhine to the Tagus, and from the Seine to the Danube. Once master that far, you will see him go farther towards the North. At the conferences at Erfurth last year, the only thing that inclined him towards peace was the poisoned dart in his side on which is printed the name of Spain. But now that Saragossa is taken, and that he will gain shortly some great battle in Germany, you will see how many pretexts he will find for his ambition; an ambition whose slaves, alas! we all are, and to which we are all of us tied on diagonally, like the scythes to the war-chariots of the ancients! Like them, we run an edge, swift as the wind, cutting and mowing down everything upon our path, until we are hurled down some precipice where the war-chariot lies broken to pieces, as we shall be!"

This language, than which nothing uttered by Napoleon's bitterest opponents has been stronger, is without doubt curious, when we reflect upon it as expressing the sentiments of one of those men whose glory and whose ambition seemed most indissolubly wedded to the conqueror's own. After this judgment passed upon Bonaparte by Lannes, in 1809, what is there to be wondered at in the abdication of Fontainebleau in 1814? There is close affinity between the two epochs, and if the falling off from their chief of his oldest servants has anything which can yet surprise us, it is that such a falling off did not occur at a much earlier date.*

* Of course the Bonapartist press has attacked M. Villemain upon the ground of inaccuracy, and declared that Marshal Lannes never spoke as he has made him

We cannot mention M. Villemain's name, *apropos* to the very curious page of history with which he furnishes us, without alluding at some length to the last volume for which France is indebted to him. This is a book of nearly five hundred pages, consecrated to the study of contemporary literature, half of which is occupied by the reports to the Academy, which M. Villemain, as Perpetual Secretary, is obliged to make every year, upon the occasion of the distribution of the various prizes. This first part of the volume is interesting from the very circumstance of its showing what has been the literary movement in France for the last ten years (from 1846 to 1856), and from the pictures it gives us of the perfect serenity in which, in the midst of all the troubles of the two years 1848 and 1849, the depositaries of the traditions of literature and art pursued their avocations. We think an attentive perusal of M. Villemain's *Rapports à l'Académie Française* will show the illustrious historian and critic in a light perhaps superior still to any in which we have hitherto been accustomed to regard him. He assumes here and there, in these eloquent addresses to his colleagues of the Institute, the attitude, not only of a great writer and thinker, but that of a great and a courageous citizen. When the representatives of the rabble reigned in France, as at the period we have mentioned, and when the real political antagonist of license was despotism only, — when the contest was between absolutism and anarchy, — words were deeds, and it was no safe thing to chant the praises of the moderation and honesty which are inseparable from true freedom, whilst excess of every description was the order of the day. It is for this that it is well to call the reader's attention to certain passages in M. Villemain's Reports.

In August, 1851, (four months prior to the *coup d'état*,) the Academy decided to award a prize to M. Henri Martin, the historian, for the volume of his History of France treating of Louis XIV. and his accession to the throne at his majority.

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speak. But we believe the Montebello family have, on the contrary, expressed their gratitude to M. Villemain for representing their illustrious father as he really was, a no less upright and liberal citizen, than a dauntless and successful warrior.

M. Henri Martin is an extremely clever man, and one of those historians who unquestionably rank among the highest of the present day in France; but he is one of those whose fault it is to see events for ever through the medium of individual opinion. He is (or was) an ardent socialist, a republican, with that tender leaning towards despotism which is so constantly to be remarked in the so-called democrats of Europe. His historical narrations are, for this reason, up to a certain degree falsified by the bias of his own personal convictions. It so happened that, in treating the events immediately prior to the reign of Louis XIV., alluding to the calmness of Richelieu's last moments, he permitted himself to observe, (with the indulgence towards tyranny we have remarked above,) that

"Probably these great emissaries of Providence feel they will be judged by rules which are not adapted to the comprehension of ordinary minds."

Singling out this passage at the very moment when the indistinct, half-recognized shape of despotism was just beginning to "cast its shadow before" over all France, M. Villemain, in an irresistible access of honest indignation, exclaimed: —

"No, let this never be said! Providence no more than man's conscience — the finest work of Providence — ever admits two orders of moral truth, two unequal measures of justice. Imagine not — whether for a man or for a race — a dictature of genius, a mission, '*providential*' or '*fatal*,' (no matter what the name,) that shall confer a *right* of violence or of iniquity! It is to *prove* the precise reverse that history is written, and that you, M. Henri Martin, have been worthy to write it."

This apostrophe — one of the most eloquent we know of — produced at the time an almost indescribable effect, and read now, after the events of the last five or six years, which have given to it a still more striking sense, it seems to combine the force of prophetic with that of patriotic indignation.

M. Villemain's volume also contains critical and æsthetical studies upon Chateaubriand, Remusat, M. de Broglie (the younger, Madame de Staël's grandson), and Lord Brougham. All of these are equally interesting, and will equally repay the reader for an attentive perusal.

The subject treated by Villemain in conjunction with the name of M. de Chateaubriand is his translation of Milton, which the illustrious French critic very properly does not altogether approve. But into his strictures on the translator it is not our present purpose to enter. We wish merely to show how deeply penetrated he is by the beauty of the original, and in what authoritative terms he transmits to us an appreciation to which no man of Anglo-Saxon origin can be wholly indifferent.

"Milton's immortality," he says, "rests entirely upon *Paradise Lost* (although *Paradise Regained* is full of evangelical beauty). Nowhere has the capacity of human speech been carried so high; nowhere has imagination been more powerful or passion more sublime. Homer has left us the natural epos of the Grecian race; Virgil, the artificial epos of the Romans. Dante, Tasso, Camoens, and others, have been the epic poets of a part of the Christian nations of the West; but to Milton is due the epos of the entire human race, even into the most distant future; and when one day, according to the law of the Bible and the Gospel, by mildness and by strength, by arms and by trade, by science and by charity, the whole world shall be conquered by Christianity, there will not exist for human fancy a grander remembrance than that of the poem of Milton.

"If, at the same time, we look at those vast territories which lie open to the English tongue, if we reflect that — torn from the parent stem, and cast far, far beyond the ocean — a main branch of the Saxon tree, now a giant tree itself, has taken root and spreads its shade over half the continent of America, — if we think that the sap of the same root shall nourish grafts on all the errant populations of the Polynesian deserts, — how shall we escape the endless admiration imposed upon us at sight of the horizon which belongs to the genius of Milton, — of Milton, who, having chosen for his theme the greatest of all human interests, has celebrated it in the widest-spread tongue of the whole world?"

Really good translation — namely, the adequate reproduction in one language of what has been thought in another, evincing the translator's profound and philosophical knowledge of both — is one of the tasks best fitted to attract and occupy a superior intellect. All masters in expression have from time to time given themselves the delight of feeling how ductile was the language wherein they had as yet translated themselves alone, and have aimed at reproducing, under an altered

form, the precise sense of another original creation. Nearly all the illustrious men of the present age may be quoted as examples. Chateaubriand, Shelley, Cousin, Guizot, Schiller, Byron, Arnold, and a host more could be named; and we ourselves have, in our poet Longfellow, one of the best illustrations of what a translator of the first order should be. His translations are not numerous, but they are assuredly among the most complete that can be found in any tongue; his reproductions from the Gascon dialect of Jasmin, for instance, are splendid works of art.

We have indulged in these observations because, in the very book we are speaking of, M. Villemain has, *apropos* to Chateaubriand, a chapter upon translation in general, the capacities of various languages for it, and the effects of these partial transfusions from one national mode of expression into another, — a chapter which we hold to be unique in its way, and which we earnestly recommend to the especial study of our readers. M. Villemain is himself one of the greatest masters in the art of translation, and the most hypercritical among Hellenists, who have had the good fortune to hear his translations from Pindar, declare that the glorious Greek bard loses nothing in fire, in grace, in intensity, in *genuineness*, by being expressed in a strange idiom. They say, in short, that *Pindar is Pindar* in M. Villemain's French, as in his own lofty and harmonious Greek. Of this, the world may soon be able to judge; for Villemain's translation of Pindar, and his Essay on Lyric Poetry in general, is one of the works most anxiously waited for in France, and one of those promised to be the soonest forthcoming.

The periodical publications of the French press have caused some disturbance within these few months. Besides Villemain's *Conversation sous l'Empire*, the *Correspondant* (a monthly journal) has printed an article by M. de Montalembert, which created, as well it might, a deep and serious sensation. The subject was a special one: it was that of the late very important quarrel between church and state, — the appeal of the clergy of Moulins against their Bishop, and the condemnation of the latter by the *Conseil d'Etat*. Into the technicalities of the question we will not enter, nor is it either

our business or our intention to inquire who was in the right, — whether the curates, whom *Monseigneur* is accused of having cheated of the *inamovibilité* to which the Concordat gives them an undoubted claim, or the ecclesiastical Superior, who held that he ought, in his diocese, to be "Superior" in something more than name. All that concerns us is the *literary protest* of such a man as Montalembert, and the reasons for which it has produced such a powerful effect, almost leading to the suppression of the periodical that gave it forth to the world. After two or three chapters (dry enough to those not immediately interested in the matter) upon the legality or illegality of the whole proceeding, the man thought to be more Catholic than all the Catholic Church put together indulges in an attack upon the Catholic clergy of France, which comes from such a source with double effect, and which, however well-merited, (as it incontestably is,) does not the less surprise all those who have been used to look upon its author as the blind defender of the ecclesiastical body, whatever its shortcomings or faults.

The principle of M. de Montalembert's attack is this. Religion, that is, Catholicism, is inseparable from liberty, and the larger the amount of political freedom, the larger the real influence of the Church. M. de Montalembert does not, by any means, stand alone in France in the profession of this doctrine: a very widely extended school is based upon the same belief. However, with the discussion of this theory we have at present nothing to do; suffice it to say, that it is the theory Montalembert has held all his life, and that in its name he now reproaches the greater portion of the clergy of France with having lost what ought to be their influence, their ascendency, *ergo* their power to educate and to elevate, to render at once more enlightened and more pious, the great majority of all classes of the French community.

"The clergy," says Montalembert, — "the clergy, or at all events a large portion of them, have done, and have allowed to be done in their name," (alluding to that ill-guided journal, *L'Univers*,) "what the very government itself has not ventured to do, and what the country has not agreed to, — the clergy have attempted the systematic apology, the theoretic defence of despotism. And this has been done by the very selfsame voices and pens, that for so many years solemnly proclaimed the

theory of unlimited freedom, — of unlimited freedom *for all!* Whilst the founder of the new empire allowed liberty to be looked at by partial and distant glimpses, in a far-off future, and as a possible crowning of his work, the clerical organs of the press maintained that liberty to be impossible and *undesirable*, and declared freedom to be a useless word in a Christian country!

"The same men who, in the clergy's name and stipulating for it, cried out in 1848, 'Let the Republic grant freedom to the Church, *freedom to all*, and the Church will repay the boon by eternal gratitude,' — these *same* men now say, that when Catholics ask for liberty in Protestant states, they do so for themselves *alone*, and regret that they cannot sweep away the entire fabric of *liberal civilization*, which is corrupt to its very vital principles. This constitutes the most frightful inconsistency which the nineteenth century has yet held up to the scorn of the world."

The whole pamphlet (for such it is in fact) is written with an energy that will astonish no one who is accustomed to its author's passionate vituperation; but amongst those who have not narrowly studied his political career, there are many who will exclaim, that Montalembert has for the fiftieth time been treacherous to his own party. Nothing is farther from the truth. From the first sentence he ever wrote or uttered for the public, he has been indissolubly wedded to two causes; to the cause of freedom, and to that of the prosperity of the Catholic Church. It is the inseparability which he conceives to exist between these two causes, that is the origin of the frequent misconception of his own character by the public at large; but of his loyalty to both there cannot be the shadow of a doubt in the mind of any one who shall have watched him narrowly and with impartiality. He believes (and, we again repeat, a whole school is in France founded upon this belief) that all truth is contained in the doctrines of the Catholic Church, and that consequently all freedom is not only compatible with it, but eminently favorable to it. Once admit his premises, and it is easy to perceive that his deductions are inevitably logical; but it is precisely his premises which the general public persists in disputing. This point, as we have already observed, we will not discuss, having no object save that of noticing a very remarkable literary manifestation of a very remarkable literary man; but at the same time it is impossible not to state what are Montalembert's convictions, namely, what are in reality his springs of action,

what constitutes the *raison d'être* of all he ever wrote or said since the day when, as a lad of just twenty-one, he apostrophized the whole Chamber of Peers, and told that venerable assembly (in the year 1831) what were the objects to which he meant to devote himself through life, and to which it is but just to say he has never, for an instant, been unfaithful. Montalembert's attack upon the French clergy for their conduct since the *coup d'état* of 1851 is *an event*, both in a literary and in a political sense; it is the severest blow the existing French clergy have had to bear; but it is in the strictest keeping with the opinions and acts of its author's previous public life. We recommend such of our readers as may wish to have a clear notion of the present position of the French clergy in public opinion, to procure the April number of the *Correspondant*, and to read therein Montalembert's article upon *L'Appel comme d'Abus*.

The transition may seem strange from so serious a subject as that of the state of the clergy in France to a mere novel, which it was first sought by judicial interference to prevent from appearing in print; but the two are not so far apart as might at the outset be supposed. The very faults which M. de Montalembert so strongly points out and blames in the clergy, are among the determining causes of half the irreligion which, from time to time, shows itself in the country, one of the forms of which is literary antagonism. The peculiar characteristic of what may be called the opposition literature, or the "literature of aggression," as some one has styled it, in France, is hatred of constraint no matter of what kind, — abhorrence of rule, whether social, moral, political, or intellectual; and at the bottom of the whole you will find revolt against all forms of religion. Naturally, the more the clergy insist, and insist violently, upon the observance of outward rites, the more the peculiarity of opposition grows to be the rejection of all forms whatsoever. From this point you may start in modern French literature, until you arrive at the negation of whatever is in other countries looked upon as moral or decorous. Hundreds of books of the same kind as "Madame Bovary" exemplify this truth every day in France, but as yet none have exemplified it with so much talent. The

appearance of the first few numbers of this tale in the *Revue de Paris* created a loud outcry, and the publication having been suspended by authority, the tribunals were appealed to, in order that the sale of so immoral a book might be forbidden altogether. Such, however, was not the decree; the author gained his cause; "Madame Bovary" was published in two small octavo volumes, and was bought up so rapidly, that a second edition became necessary at the end of a very few weeks.

As is too often the case, exaggeration has been at work with "Madame Bovary," and, whilst magnifying the faults of the book, has created a frantic curiosity to read it. "Madame Bovary," though full of talent, is neither so immoral nor so original as has been pretended. It remains a great question with us, whether, had Balzac, Eugene Sue, and some few others, not existed, M. Flaubert would ever have produced the work now lying before us; and we at once hasten to say, that nothing in this much talked of novel at all comes up to the immoralities contained in some, not even of the very worst, among the works of the writers we have named. "Madame Bovary" is a picture of the mean and ugly side of provincial life in France. The scene passes entirely in two villages of Normandy, situated in the vicinity of Rouen. The heroine is the wife of a country doctor, who very soon displeases her by the narrowness of his intellect, and the narrowness of whose purse is inadequate to the satisfaction of all her desires and caprices. As to its general outlines, therefore, Madame Bovary is only the thousandth reproduction of the type so hackneyed by all modern French romancers. She is the eternal *femme incomprise*, of whom, by this time, it is but just to say that the French public itself has had too much. But in certain details, it must be admitted that the author evinces considerable talent, and even originality, seizing hold, with remarkable instinct, of what are the peculiar signs of French corruption in the present day. Thus, Madame Bovary, unlike Indiana, Fernande, and so many other of Madame Sand's heroines, does not take in the reader by any false semblance of sentimentality or any mock idealism. You do not find yourself compounding with your own

honesty, and feeling an interest you ought not to have in a guilty woman, merely because she is for ever talking about her "soul," her "aspirations," and her "solitude upon earth." Not one whit of this. You are not "taken in" by Madame Bovary. Her first longings are material, and as narrowly material as they well can be. She longs for superior ease and comfort, for a vehicle of some sort to drive about in, for thicker curtains to her windows, softer cushions to her chairs, more delicate viands on her table, braver gear upon her back. She sighs for what Bulwer terms the "lovely whereabouts of woman," because she feels that, *in her social centre, these make the woman herself.* If her husband had money enough, she would not dream of straying from the right road, but would do her duty to him and to herself, that is, to her own comfort in the world, by which she would stand to the death. But the luckless Bovary has no money, and Madame Emma, his fair spouse, must and will have what money alone can command. She therefore sets to work to trade and traffic with a linen-draper and haberdasher of the village, who, by means of bills which she signs, (having her husband's proxy for the transaction of all money matters,) and the entire mortgage of a bit of ground and the dwelling-house upon it, consents to furnish her with the articles she successively deems indispensable to her terrestrial felicity.

Nothing (alas!) can be truer to the life, or more cleverly painted, than all this earlier part of Madame Bovary's career, and the character of the *marchand de nouveautes*, who lends her money and furnishes her with goods at a usurious interest, is a portrait well worthy of Teniers or Ostade, in their own style. Nor can anything be more true to life, than the way in which the heroine begins her course of wrong-doing. She is to the very marrow the type of the calculating, hard-bargain-driving Frenchwoman of the rural classes, — the true daughter of envious, Voltairian peasants, to whom a half-education, ill directed, and a half-piety, ill nurtured, has merely given a varnish that is scratched off at the first contact of a *bona fide* interest or passion. All Madame Bovary's *natural* vices, upon their first spontaneous breaking out, are *hard*, not *tender* vices. The irregularities of a more impure

sort come later, and come only because each irregularity superinduces another, and because all impurity and all wrong are one, and hold indissolubly together. Madame Bovary — who, after all her evil-doings, poisons herself to escape the shame of a sale of all she possesses, leaving her husband convinced he has lost an angel — never interests the reader for a moment; for she never interests her author. He dissects her for the benefit of the surrounding spectators, who watch the anatomical process with the curiosity of an amphitheatre-full of medical students; and as an autopsis of the Frenchwoman of the present age, of the Frenchwomen of *all save the highest class*, Madame Bovary, we should be tempted to say, surpasses, in her terrible truth, the most famous pictures of Sue, Balzac, or Madame Sand. She has not the deliberate wickedness of Sue's Ursule, in his celebrated novel *Mathilde*, nor the inborn impurity of Balzac's *Femme de Trente Ans;* she has nothing deliberate about her, no *parti pris*, but inclines to vice, because her determined quest of a luxury beyond the scope of her own immediate sphere inevitably leads her that way. But now, be it remarked, what must up to a certain point be styled the probity of the *bourgeois* nature survives sufficiently in Madame Bovary to prevent her from ever accepting the slightest atom of pecuniary aid from those who become the partakers in her guilt. She provides by endless calculations and combinations for the satisfaction of her desires, and ruins herself, her husband, and her child, all alone and ruthlessly, without the help of any one; nor is it till at the very last moment, when public disgrace stares her in the face, that she once (and once only) turns round to the companions of her evil courses, and says: "Lend me eight thousand francs, or I must die." No one does or can lend, and she does die; but till that hour she has never accepted or asked a pecuniary service from those even who have helped her to go the farthest astray from the paths of virtue and of right.

Since Balzac's time, no work of fiction has produced such a sensation as "Madame Bovary," nor, we unhesitatingly repeat, has any work painted so faithfully certain types of the middle classes in France. For the mere sympathies of the

reader, this is a most unpleasant book; but it is one too full of instruction not to be worth reading, and no one should neglect its perusal who is curious to form for himself a correct idea of what nine tenths of the women of France have become in the gradual development of gold-worship that has been progressing for the last fifteen years in their native country. Careless of truth, full of vanity, but still more covetous even than vain, possessed of whatever intelligence can be developed without elevation, Madame Bovary represents that peculiar type of a woman, whose aptitudes and energies, well directed, might enable her to govern an empire (and herself too), but who, from her utter insensibility to all notions of duty, falls to the lowest depth of a degradation which is, in reality, foreign to her nature. Take all the heroines of Balzac, Sue, Sand, Alexandre Dumas (*fils*), Hugo, and the rest, and you will find only several aspects of the same; but, as we have already observed, there are details in M. Flaubert's book which make his heroine the completest of all.

Art. IX. — *Brazil and the Brazilians, portrayed in Historical and Descriptive Sketches.* By Rev. D. P. Kidder, D. D., and Rev. J. C. Fletcher. Illustrated by one hundred and fifty Engravings. Philadelphia: Childs and Peterson. 1857. 8vo. pp. 630.

We have more than once referred to the value of the contributions to science and knowledge rendered back to their native land by our American missionaries. There are, no doubt, adequate reasons for their accuracy and affluence as sources of information. They are, for the most part, men of liberal culture; while the very purpose that makes them exiles indicates a native breadth of vision and grasp of intellect, no less than superior spiritual endowments. Such men know antecedently what to look for, and where; and in travelling, as in the most recondite departments of philosophy, one finds answers only to questions which he is prepared to ask, and

ascertains only such portions of truth as correspond to interrogations already shaped in his own mind. Then, too, as regards the aspects of nature, devotional sentiment adds keenness even to the perceptive faculties; and none will see so much, and describe so vividly, as he whose conversance with nature is communion with its Author. The philanthropic aim of these countrymen of ours furnishes also a clear medium of vision for whatever concerns man, his condition and his needs, and for the external universe in its relations to man.

We are not, therefore, surprised to find in the volume before us a book of unusual merit and attractiveness. We can best characterize it by saying that it furnishes precisely the picture of Brazil and the Brazilians which we should demand for actual use, were we about to establish our residence in that empire, or were we devising modes of beneficent action, educational, moral, or religious, upon its inhabitants. It comprises a large amount of statistics, as regards the *fauna* and the *flora*, industry and traffic, government and society; but, instead of being given in their crude form, they are presented incidentally, each item in the connection in which we can best trace its significance. It contains also a compend of Brazilian history, not mere annals, or arid lists of names and dates, or disjointed facts; it shows the filaments of past events as they are blended and interwoven in the nation's present, and are giving shape and color to its future.

The authors were admirably well adapted and furnished for their work. They both resided many years in Brazil, were constantly engaged in professional duty, and made numerous missionary journeys into remote provinces, seldom penetrated by naturalists, and as yet unvisited for the purposes of commerce. Mr. Fletcher, as acting Secretary of Legation for the United States, was also brought into intimate relations with the officers of government, and enjoyed the friendly regard of the Emperor, whose portrait is the attractive frontispiece of the volume, and whose intelligence, energy, and devotion to the public weal merit for him a rank second to no sovereign of the age, and the first place among the benefactors of his native land. The work has the fulness

and the confirmed accuracy, without the confusion and repetitiousness, of a double authorship. Dr. Kidder placed all his materials at the command of his junior colleague, who writes in the first person, for the most part recasting the observations of both in his own continuous narrative, though sometimes inserting, without change, portions of the manuscripts of his senior. Mr. Fletcher's style is pure and perspicuous, fresh and fluent, flexible with the diversity of subject and occasion, eminently graphic and picturesque, and adapted to hold the attention and command the unflagging interest of the reader.

Accustomed as we are to dwell with pride on the vast and varied capacities of our own "great country," we are hardly aware that there exists on our continent an empire which contains within itself the elements, already in hopeful development, of a higher and more imposing *status* than ours among the nations of the earth. Yet so it is. Brazil not only, in its superficial dimensions, exceeds the United States by one third, but it is larger than the whole of Europe. Its mineral treasures are paltry, when compared with the unbounded capabilities of its teeming soil. With no extended desert and no blighting sirocco, undisturbed by the earthquakes which perpetually threaten other South American kingdoms, irrigated by unfailing streams, fertilized in all its borders by copious and timely rains, adapted to the culture of almost every product both of the temperate and torrid zone, it demands only occupancy by a free, industrious, and enterprising people to govern the markets and sway the commerce of the world. Its numerous rivers, many of them reaching the ocean by a descent of several hundred feet, have a potential water power which might carry all the looms and spindles in existence, and still run to waste. The Amazon and its branches, several of the largest affluents of the La Plata, and not a few other navigable streams, offer unparalleled facilities for mercantile intercourse, and furnish accessible and safe harbors far up in the interior for such vessels as are elsewhere confined to the ocean and its ports. The climate is temperate and invigorating. The trade winds sweep the whole Atlantic coast with their grateful burden of humidity, — their per-

petual freight of bloom and harvest-wealth. While there are no lofty mountains, except upon the extreme western frontier, the average elevation of the empire is seven hundred feet above the level of the sea, an elevation which virtually transfers Brazil from the torrid to the temperate zone. The mean temperature at Rio de Janeiro is about 73°. The limits of temperature noted by Mr. Fletcher are 60° and 90°. There is thus no atmospheric influence which can depress human energy below its most advantageous working-point. The population of this vast territory does not at the present moment probably exceed eight millions, and of course its resources have hardly begun to be made availing, nor until the reign of the present Emperor has it been rapidly progressive in commerce, industry, knowledge, and art; but on such an arena, intellectual and economical forces, when set in motion, must work with a cumulative power, and the foremost nations of the civilized world may find the Brazilian people abreast with them before they are prepared to own a South American rival.

We cannot forbear speculating on what might have been, when we remember that the most hopeful of the early settlements of Brazil — by more than half a century the earliest Protestant colonization of the New World — was made by a company of French Huguenots, under the patronage of Admiral Coligny. So far as we can trace proximate causes, the disastrous fortunes and the ultimate destruction of this colony resulted from the defection and treachery — *conversion*, so called — of its leader, Villegagnon. Had he remained true to his faith and his trust, these tropical regions might have attracted to their shores the persecuted and oppressed of the seventeenth century, and the foundations of civil and religious freedom have been laid amidst perennial bloom, rather than on the ice-bound coasts and among the bleak forests of New England.

Had not our pages been preoccupied when Mr. Fletcher's book reached us, we should have given a synopsis of his *résumé* of the history of Brazil. But we omit this to find room for a portion of the chapter which contains a sketch of the character, endowments, and habits of the present Emperor, Dom Pedro II.

"He has devoted much time to the science of chemistry, and his laboratory at San Christovão is always the scene of new experiments. Lieutenant Strain, the noble hero of the Darien Expedition, — whose science is as well known as his kindness and bravery, — informed me that, on a visit to Rio de Janeiro more than ten years ago, he found the Emperor a thorough devotee to the studies of natural phenomena. Dr. Reinhardt, who has spent many years in Brazil as a naturalist, visited the capital of the empire when D. Pedro II. was not yet out of his teens: the latter heard that an American *savant* was about to enter upon a scientific exploration of the empire, and sent for him to aid him in performing certain new chemical experiments, accounts of which had been perused by his Majesty in the European journals of science. Dr. Reinhardt further added, that the young monarch, in his enthusiasm, paid no attention to the time that flew by as they, in a tropic clime and a close room, were cooped up for hours over fumigating chemicals.

"It is well known at Rio de Janeiro that he is a good topographical engineer, and his theoretical knowledge of perspective is sometimes put in practice; for the German Prince Adalbert, in the published account of his visit to Brazil, states that the Emperor presented him with a very creditable painting from the Imperial palette. He has a great *penchant* for philological studies. I have heard him speak three different languages, and know, by report, that he converses in three more; and, so far as translating is concerned, he is acquainted with every principal European tongue. His library abounds in the best histories, biographies, and encyclopædias. Some one has remarked that a stranger can scarcely start a subject in regard to his own country that would be foreign to Dom Pedro II. There is not a session of the Brazilian Historical Society from which he is absent; and he is familiar with the modern literature of England, Germany, and the United States, to a degree of minuteness absolutely surprising. When Lamartine's appeal for assistance was wafted over the waters, it was the Emperor of Brazil who rendered him greater material aid than any other, by subscribing for five thousand copies of his work, for which he remitted to the sensitive *littérateur* one hundred thousand francs. His favorite modern poet is Mr. Longfellow, for whom he has an unbounded admiration." — pp. 232, 233.

In September, 1852, the Emperor was invited by Captain Foster, of the American steamer "City of Pittsburg," to make an excursion on board of her. The following incidents in that excursion certainly present his Majesty in a very attrac-

tive aspect, not only as regards his superior intelligence, but equally as to the simplicity and suavity of his demeanor among the plain, rude citizens of our republic.

"The excursion was of unusual interest. The fine steamer of twenty-two hundred tons ploughed her way through the various anchorages until she reached the men-of-war; the cannon of the forts saluted her as she passed, and the vessels-of-war not only sent forth their booming salvos, but the yards were manned, and the sailors shouted their loud vivas to D. Pedro II. In the mean while the Emperor examined the 'City of Pittsburg,' from the coal-bunkers to her engine; and, as it fell to my duty to make many of the explanations, it afforded an opportunity for observing the *man* and forgetting the unbending features of the Emperor. He was not content with beholding the mere upper-works of the machinery, but descended into the hot and oily quarters of the lower part of the ship, where the most intricate portion of the engine was situated: a half-hour was afterward devoted to studying the engraved plan of the machinery, which was further explained by the chief engineer of the steamer, and by Mr. Grundy, an English engineer, who has long been connected with the Brazilian navy.

"When the investigation of the engine was concluded, the Emperor wished to visit the forward-deck. Now, Americans are the vainest people in the world, and we were all afraid that on this part of the vessel Dom Pedro would not only be shocked with the appearance of some very rough specimens of humanity, on their way to the gold-regions of the Pacific, but that the said specimens would not give His Majesty the reception which was due to his station, as the Executive head of the most powerful South American Government. The Emperor's attention, however, could not be diverted to a different point; and the captain, fearing and trembling, was led to the forward-deck. There, upon the taffrail, sat representatives of the New York 'Mose,' the Philadelphia 'Killer,' and the Baltimore 'Plug-Ugly.' The captain's heart sank within him: he was proud of his ship, proud of his illustrious guest, but he had very little to be proud of in some of his passengers, especially the unkempt and unterrified, who were even more picturesque after their voyage than upon election-day. The Emperor now approached the sovereigns, — ay, near enough to have them 'betwixt the wind and his nobility.' Then occurred a scene, rich beyond description, which could never have taken place with others than Americans for actors. One of the unshaven, whose tobacco had, up to this time, occupied the greater portion of his mouth and

thoughts, suddenly tumbled from the taffrail, discharged his quid into the ocean, and, hat in hand, yelled forth, in a well-meaning but terrific voice, 'Boys, three cheers for the Emperor of the Brazils!' In a twinkle of an eye every Californian was upon his feet, and never, in their oft-fought battles for the 'glorious Democracy,' did they send forth such round and hearty huzzas as they did that day to D. Pedro II. The suddenness, the earnestness, the good intention, and the enthusiasm of the whole procedure were most mirth-provoking. The captain's fears subsided; his *pons asinorum* was crossed, and he took breath and laughed freely. The Emperor returned the impromptu salute with great respect, and, for the occasion, with becoming gravity." —pp. 235, 236.

We cannot omit the Emperor's parting message, through Mr. Fletcher, to an author whose extended fame is equally his own just due and his country's honor.

"His Majesty conversed for a long time on the objects for which I came to Brazil, and expressed his gratitude for the *souvenirs* which he had received from citizens of the United States. I stated to him that I would visit the Northern provinces, and then return to my native land. He expressed the customary wishes of a *bon voyage*, &c., but, with great earnestness, said to me, in conclusion, 'Mr. Fletcher, when you return to your country, have the kindness to say to Mr. Longfellow how much pleasure he has given me, and be pleased to tell him *combien je l'estime, combien je l'aime!* — how much I esteem him, how much I love him.'" — p. 250.

The government of Brazil is a constitutional monarchy, not unlike that of Great Britain, with separate provincial administrations, which assimilate it in some degree to that of the United States. The state religion is the Roman Catholic, but all other denominations are tolerated, and no hinderance is interposed to the circulation of the Scriptures or to the labors of Protestant missionaries. Judicial proceedings are public. In criminal cases, and in some civil cases, the right of trial by jury is secured, the decision being governed by the voice of the major part of the jury, not, as with us, by a unanimous verdict. There are two houses of legislature, both elective, and chosen through the intervention of electors, the senators for life, and the representatives for a term of four years. Each province also has its legislative assembly for local laws, taxation, and government.

Among the public institutions of Brazil the hospitals deserve emphatic notice, and it is believed that in no country upon earth are the needs of suffering humanity more generously or tenderly cared for.

"The most extensive hospital in the city [Rio de Janeiro], and indeed in the Empire, is that called the Santa Casa da Misericordia, or the Holy House of Mercy. This establishment is located upon the seashore, under the brow of the Castello Hill, and is open day and night for the reception of the sick and distressed. The best assistance in the power of the administrators to give is here rendered to all, male and female, black or white, Moor or Christian, — none of whom, even the most wretched, are under the necessity of seeking influence or recommendations in order to be received.

"From the statistics of this establishment it appears that more than seven thousand patients are annually received, of whom more than one thousand die.

"In this hospital are treated vast numbers of English and American seamen, the subjects of sickness or accident on their arrival, or during their stay in the port. There are few nations of the world which are not represented among the inmates of the Misericordia of Rio de Janeiro. Free access being always granted to its halls, they furnish an ample and interesting field for benevolent exertions in behalf of the sick and dying.

"The years 1850, '51, '52, and '53 were those of great mortality among foreigners, on account of the first and only known visit of the yellow fever to Rio de Janeiro and the coast of Brazil. The number of deaths among the natives was much exaggerated, and in no portion of the Empire was the mortality ever so great as in those parts of the United States which have so often been visited by the same disease. In 1854, '55, and '56 no cases of the yellow fever occurred, and its appearance and disappearance have been equally mysterious.

"New hospitals were arranged for the reception of foreign mariners stricken down with this fell malady; but none have been so well appointed, so well regulated, and so eminently successful, as the hospital of Jurujuba, under the supervision of an able medical committee, of which Dr. Paulo Candido is the chief. The principal visiting and attending physician is Dr. Correo de Azevado, a gentleman of great affability and experience, speaking ten different languages with fluency, and who is a universal favorite among his patients from all parts of the world. Every day during the year the little steamer 'Constancia,' bearing Dr. Azevado and his assistants, passes through the entire

shipping, receiving the sick, and then transports them to the southern shores of the St. Xavier's or Jurujuba Bay. The hospital is situated in the midst of perpetual verdure, and where the ocean and land breezes are uncontaminated by the many impurities of a vast city. Here are excellent and kind nurses, who co-operate with the physicians in promoting the recovery of the invalids.

"Jurujuba Hospital was for me a place of frequent visitation during the prevalence of the dreaded yellow fever. How many a poor wayfarer of the deep have I seen here and on shipboard, far away from country, home, and relatives, go down to the grave! How often, too, have I witnessed the power of that 'hope which maketh not ashamed,' as I have caught from dying lips the last loving messages sent to a distant father, mother, or sister, or as I have listened to the triumphant hymn which proclaimed the victory over the last foe to man!" — pp. 109 – 111.

Brazil has a common-school system, extending throughout the empire, and the Reports of our own Board of Education are eagerly inquired for among the teachers, as furnishing standards for discipline and instruction, and presenting models for imitation. The general government, in the civil year 1854 – 1855, educated 65,413 children, and as many more must have been educated at private schools and under provincial authority. There are also, under the direction of the state, colleges, naval and military academies, a law school, a medical school, and a theological seminary. The press is free. In Rio de Janeiro journalism is able, prolific, and lucrative. There are issued in the city four daily newspapers, besides several tri-weeklies and weeklies. Of larger periodicals, mention is made of a medical review, and a Brazilian and Foreign Quarterly, the latter conducted with taste and spirit, though resorting too frequently to translation to eke out its quota of printed matter. Besides various literary and scientific associations, which are so organized as to keep in active and useful exercise whatever of learning and talent they embody, there is an Imperial Academy of the Fine Arts, with a director, and professors of painting, of architecture, of sculpture, and of design. This institution receives annually about seventy new pupils, and provides funds for the support at Rome of a limited number of its most promising alumni.

The National Library contains a hundred thousand volumes, is constantly on the increase, and is supplied with the principal European periodicals. This collection is daily open to the public for reading and consultation, and is amply furnished with writing materials and accommodations for students. In fine, the entire apparatus for the culture of intellect, science, and taste is munificent, skilfully arranged, and so conducted as to afford its highest advantages to persons of every condition, race, and color. The actual achievements of Brazilian literature and art have not, indeed, as yet attracted the world's regard; but it must be remembered that men of surpassing genius are, after all, but the exponents and spokesmen of their age and race; that only thirty-five years have elapsed since Brazil had a merely vegetative existence as a remote dependency of an effete European kingdom, and that therefore the national life in all its elements of hope and progress is yet in its early infancy.

The African slave-trade is not only prohibited by the laws of the empire, but discountenanced in good faith by the existing government, so that the importation of slaves has almost ceased; while both public policy and general feeling are in favor of emancipation.

"In Brazil everything is in favor of freedom; and such are the facilities for the slave to emancipate himself, and, when emancipated, if he possess the proper qualifications, to ascend to higher eminences than those of a mere free black, that *fuit* will be written against slavery in this Empire before another half-century rolls around. Some of the most intelligent men that I met with in Brazil — men educated at Paris and Coimbra — were of African descent, whose ancestors were slaves. Thus, if a man have freedom, money, and merit, no matter how black may be his skin, no place in society is refused him. It is surprising also to observe the ambition and the advancement of some of these men with negro blood in their veins. The National Library furnishes not only quiet rooms, large tables, and plenty of books to the seekers after knowledge, but pens and paper are supplied to such as desire these aids to their studies. Some of the closest students thus occupied are mulattoes. The largest and most successful printing-establishment in Rio — that of Sr. F. Paulo Brito — is owned and directed by a mulatto. In the colleges, the medical, law, and theological schools, there is no distinction of color. It must, however, be admitted

that there is a certain, though by no means strong, prejudice existing all over the land in favor of men of pure white descent." — p. 133.

This statement prepares us for the prediction as to the future of labor in Brazil contained in the following extract, which we also quote for its clear recognition of the difficulties in the way of the elevation of the negro race on Anglo-American soil, and of the expediency and philanthropy of African colonization.

"If it be asked, 'Who will be the laborers in Brazil when slavery is no more?' the reply is, that the supply will come from Germany, Portugal, the Azores and Madeira, and other countries.

"It is a striking fact, that emigrants did not begin to arrive from Europe by thousands until 1852. In 1850 and '51 the African slave-trade was annihilated, and in the succeeding year commenced the present comparatively vigorous colonization. Each year the number of colonists is increasing, and the statesmen of the Empire are now devoting much attention to discover the best means for thus promoting the advancement of the country.

"Almost every step in Brazilian progress has been prepared by a previous gradual advance: she did not leap at once into self-government. She was raised from a colonial state by the residence of the Court from Lisbon, and enjoyed for years the position of a constituent portion of the Kingdom of Portugal. The present peaceful state of the Empire under D. Pedro II. was preceded by the decade in which the capabilities of the people for self-government were developed under the Regency. The effectual breaking up of the African slave-trade is but the precursor of a more important step.

"Slavery is doomed in Brazil. As has already been exhibited, when freedom is once obtained, it may be said in general that no social hinderances, as in the United States, can keep down a man of merit. Such hinderances do exist in our country. From the warm regions of Texas to the coldest corner of New England, the free black man, no matter how gifted, experiences obstacles to his elevation which are insurmountable. Across that imaginary line which separates the Union from the possessions of Great Britain, the condition of the African, socially considered, is not much superior. The Anglo-Saxon race, on this point, differs essentially from the Latin nations. The former may be moved to generous pity for the negro, but will not yield socially. The latter, both in Europe and the two Americas, have always placed merit before color. Dumas, the mulatto novel-writer, is as much esteemed in France as

Dickens or Thackeray are in England. An instance came under my own observation which confirms most strongly the remark made above. In 1849, it was my privilege to attend, with a large number of foreigners, a soirée in Paris, given by M. de Tocqueville, then French Minister of Foreign Affairs. I was introduced to a visitor from the United States, who for the first time looked upon the scenes of the gay capital, and as we proceeded to the refreshment-room his arm rested on mine. I found that this clergyman, by his intelligence, common sense, and modesty, commanded the admiration of all with whom he came in contact. A few weeks afterward, a European university of high repute honored him with the degree of Doctor of Divinity. In England he was looked upon with interest and curiosity; but had he proposed a social alliance equal to his own station, I doubt if success would have attended his offer. In 1856, the same clergyman was ejected from a New York railway-omnibus, by a conductor who daily permitted, without molestation, filthy foreigners of the lowest European class to occupy seats in the identical car. When the matter was submitted to the courts of justice, the decision sustained the conductor. There was no attempt to place the case on any other ground than that the plaintiff was a man of African descent.

"Thus far reason and Christianity have proved impotent in rooting out this prejudice, or in doing away with these social hinderances, which, more than slavery, will ever render the black man 'a hewer of wood and a drawer of water' to the Anglo-American, and which, unjust as they are, I fear can never be eradicated. These insurmountable obstacles, it seems to me, like plain providences, point to Liberia as the nearest land where the North-American-born negro may enjoy the full freedom and the social equality enjoyed by the African descendants in the most enlightened government of South America." — pp. 137 – 139.

Among the unpropitious features of Brazilian society are the ignorance and corruption of the clergy, and the consequently low standard of religious conviction and feeling among the people at large. The priesthood in general have not sufficient force of character to win the popular reverence, nor decency enough to be hypocrites. They perform the ritual of the Church at all canonical times, but have, aside from this, no cure of souls, no routine of parochial duty, no habitual ministration of charity, whether among the poor or the sick. During the prevalence of the yellow-fever, referred to in an earlier part of this article, Mr. Fletcher states that he

never saw a Brazilian or Portuguese priest at the hospital which he frequented. The clergy for the most part live in open and avowed licentiousness, and, exempted from the ordinary toil of a laborious life, without mental taste or resources, they incline generally to pleasures of the lowest order. The ceremonial worship of the Brazilian Church is conducted with a pomp and ostentation unsurpassed even in Italy. The saints' days and festivals are celebrated with a most grotesque mixture of observances divine and profane, with the most gorgeous ecclesiastical pageantry and the most rampant rowdyism, reminding us of a Sunday we once passed in New Orleans, on which, in entering a church in the morning, we found on the door a placard announcing to the faithful the disgusting programme of a bull-fight to be enacted at Algiers (on the opposite side of the Mississippi), in the afternoon. The style in which these occasions are *hallowed* in Brazil may be inferred from the following advertisement: —

"The Brotherhood of the Divine Holy Ghost of San Gonçalo will hold the feast of the Holy Ghost, on the 31st instant, with all possible splendor. Devout persons are invited to attend, to give greater pomp to this act of religion. On the 1st proximo there will be the feast of the Most Holy Sacrament, with a procession in the evening, a *Te Deum*, and a sermon. On the 2d, the feast of the patron of San Gonçalo, at three P. M. there will be *brilliant horse-racing;* after which, a *Te Deum* and magnificent fireworks." — pp. 146, 147.

We are not surprised to find that these festivals furnish employment to craftsmen of the order of Demetrius of Ephesus, and they, like their prototype, would, no doubt, be foremost and most fervent in whatever opposition might be raised against the actual preaching of the Gospel. Here is a specimen of the style in which they offer their assorted wares to the public.

"*Notice to the Illustrious Preparers of the Festival of the Holy Spirit.* — In the *Rua dos Ourives*, No. 78, may be found a beautiful assortment of Holy Ghosts, in gold, with glories, at eighty cents each; smaller sizes, without glories, at forty cents; silver Holy Ghosts, with glories, at six dollars and a half per hundred; ditto, without glories, three dollars and a half; Holy Ghosts of tin, resembling silver, seventy-five cents per hundred." — p. 147.

The consequence of this degraded condition of the Church is stupid indifference to religion on the part of the masses, and scepticism among the more enlightened. The confessional is almost deserted. Superstition, though occasionally encountered in gross and besotting forms, can hardly be said to characterize any portion of the people. The Church ritual is attractive on the score of its tinsel splendor, not of its reputed sanctity, and the Te Deum is tolerated, the sermon endured, for the sake of its sequel of horse-racing and fire-works. This condition of things is in itself unspeakably sad; yet it has one hopeful aspect. It almost precludes hostility against any aggressive movement in behalf of a purer faith. The greater portion of both clergy and laity are passively willing that the Bible should be circulated, and the Gospel preached by Protestant divines; while the more sober and reflective of both classes are disposed to hail any remedy for abounding irreligion, and the vices nourished by it. Our author and his colleague were not only everywhere kindly, and often gratefully, received by the laity, but frequently found favor and encouragement from the better and more intelligent of the priesthood, and in some instances from high ecclesiastical functionaries.

Mr. Fletcher offers some well-considered views of the commerce between Brazil and the United States, with suggestions to which it certainly concerns our government and our merchants to give heed.

"Since 1839, Brazil has had steamship-lines running along the whole of her four thousand miles of sea-coast, but it was not until 1850 that steam-communication was established to Europe. It was then that the Royal British Mail Steamship Company, whose vessels start from Southampton, began their monthly voyages; and now Brazil has no less than eight different lines of steamers, connecting her with England, France, Hamburg, Portugal, Belgium, and Sardinia. The United States, which hitherto has been the great commercial rival of Great Britain in Brazil, has not a single line of steamers to any portion of South America; and while England is reaping golden harvests, the balance of trade is each year accumulating against us. With all this so evident, it does seem strange that the General Government of the Union, which has aided in extending our mercantile interests by

subsidies to steamships running to other lands, has been so tardy in regard to South America, and especially unmindful of Brazil. England's commerce with Brazil, since the establishment of her first steam-line in 1850, has increased her exports more than one hundred per cent, while the United States has required *thirteen years* to make the same advance. Her entire commerce with Brazil, imports and exports, has advanced two hundred and twenty-five per cent since her first steam-line was established. Each year the balance of trade is increasing rapidly against us. In 1856, the United States exported to Brazil $ 5,094,904, while in return the United States imported from Brazil $ 19,262,657; or, in other words, our last year's trading with Brazil left against us the cash balance of $ 14,167,753, which we had to pay at heavy rates of exchange. England, in 1855, sold Brazil $ 23,000,000, and bought of her in return only $ 15,000,000, thus leaving the latter her debtor. Why is there such a disastrous account against us? British steamers, energy, and capital, and our neglect, have thus advanced the commerce of England. Our Government and our merchants, notwithstanding their boasted enterprise, have done next to nothing to foster the trade with Brazil. Purchasing, as we do, half her coffee crop and the greater portion of her India-rubber, there ought to be an effort on our part to introduce effectually the many productions of our country which we can furnish as well as Great Britain. Our common cottons are better than the imitations of the same manufactured at Manchester, England, and yet labelled 'Lowell drillings,' and 'York Mills, Saco, Me.' We can furnish many kinds of hardware and other items cheaper and better than England. The few efforts made by single individuals (as in the case of Mr. N. Sands, — Filgueiras, Sands, & Co.) to introduce the labor-saving machines of our country have already resulted in the establishment of four different Brazilian houses in Rio de Janeiro, where one can purchase various articles under the comprehensive name of *Genros Norte Americanos*. In 1856, the United States purchased one third of all the exports of Brazil, but the imports from the United States into the Empire were not one *tenth* of the Brazilian imports. This subject demands investigation from individuals and from our Government." — pp. 194 – 196.

In accordance with these views, Mr. Fletcher, in 1854, made a patriotic effort to introduce the staples of our industry and commerce to the better knowledge of the Brazilians. Being temporarily in this country, he solicited through the press, and by application to individuals, the contribution of specimens of a large variety of manufactured goods, utensils, and

machinery for a public exhibition in Rio de Janeiro of the art and industry of the United States. In many quarters his application was regarded with favor, and in March, 1855, he set sail from Baltimore with his "assorted cargo." A hall in the National Museum was granted him for his exhibition; it was visited by the Emperor and his suite; and such articles as were deemed appropriate gifts to royalty were presented to the imperial family. The results of this most judicious and praiseworthy enterprise can hardly fail to show themselves in the commercial statistics of the present and succeeding years. Certain it is that attention was emphatically drawn to the superiority of some American manufactures, that a new demand was created, and the knowledge of the mercantile resources of our country enlarged and extended; and it may prove that this missionary of the cross will have been the prime agent in righting the balance of trade between our own and the Brazilian ports.

But, while rendering scanty justice to the work before us, we are exceeding our prescribed limits. A more entertaining and instructive volume has not for a long time been issued from the American press. Its typography is in a style of superior excellence, and the numerous engravings are of subjects well chosen for the purpose of illustration, and admirably executed. Where the book itself has not anticipated our comments and extracts, we are sure that our extracts, at least, will aid in extending its circulation, and enhancing the worthily earned reputation of its authors.

Art. X. — CRITICAL NOTICES.

1. — *Le Japon Contemporain.* Par Edouard Fraissinet. Paris: Hachette. 1857. 16mo. pp. 260.

This is a small volume, but eminently entertaining and instructive. M. Fraissinet, unlike French writers of his class, abstains from epigram, and does not amplify his facts by his fertile imagination. His descrip-

tions are veracious, and the marvellous portions are as well vouched for as the commonplaces. He cannot, indeed, give a guide-book of Japan, which shall be fit to accompany the red-covered library of "Murrays," but he has done the next thing to this, — has told almost everything but the routes and the local stories. The face of the country; its numerous divisions; its vegetable, mineral, and metallic wealth; the habits, customs, industry, culture, institutions, and religion of the people; the stately absurdities of royalty and its etiquette; the relation between king and subject, priest and worshipper; the efforts to colonize and Christianize the land; the scientific traditions of the nation, not few nor unimportant; the puzzle of languages, which no foreigner can unravel, and the secret of practical arts, which no stranger shall find out; the reason for condemning and the reasons for justifying the exclusive policy of intercourse; what Japan has been, and what it is likely to be, — this M. Fraissinet attempts to tell as briefly as he may. He expects good results to grow out from the American expedition, though he treats any notion of the subjugation of Japan to a foreign power as ridiculous. His volume is one of the most useful of the excellent series which is establishing the reputation of Hachette in Paris as the rival of Didot.

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2. — *Deux Ans de Révolution en Italie* (1848, 1849). Par F. T. Perrens. Paris. 1857. 16mo. pp. 554.

This work is the most accurate and impartial history of the Italian struggle in the years of revolution which has appeared in any language. Without concealing his sympathy with their cause and their motive, M. Perrens frankly exposes the mistakes of the Italian patriots, and points out the obvious reasons for their failure. His history will not please those who think that all the blunders of noble men are to be praised, or at least overlooked, or those who are intolerant of acquiescence in the temporary necessity of arbitrary government. It will be denounced by the revolutionists, and perhaps by the ultra republicans, yet it will not therefore find favor with aristocratic theorists. The position of M. Perrens is that of a believer in such constitutional monarchy as the government of Sardinia; and though he longs ardently to witness a united Italy, he expects no counterpart in that peninsula to the States of the American Union.

It is not easy to write a history of the Italian revolution, since the movements of the various states, though simultaneous, were not directly

connected with one another, and in no way harmonious. The want of concord among the separate nationalities and their leaders was, from the first, a fatal omen; and now, each revolt has its separate story. M. Perrens has adopted the pleasant expedient of connecting with the account of each movement the name of some distinguished man, though he does not pretend that in more than one or two instances the name of the man can represent the whole spirit of the movement. With the Roman revolution, the most exciting of all, the name of Mazzini, of course, belongs. This thrilling narrative is somewhat too coldly given by M. Perrens, who does not love Mazzini and the men of his class. It is unfortunate for the Roman republic, that it was overthrown by an army of Frenchmen. No French writer likes to confess the crime of his own nation. Gioberti is a greater favorite with our author, and the Piedmontese enterprise is described with an approach to enthusiasm. Cattaneo and Milan form the subject of a vigorous sketch, in which the cruelties of the Austrians are set in strong relief. Manin, yielding to the force of misfortune, and resigning Venice to her fate, loses no credit with M. Perrens by his dignified despair. Montanelli and Tuscany furnish the dullest section of the book. It needs a genius like that of D'Azeglio to glorify a Florentine rebellion. In the accounts of Poerio and Naples, and of Ruggieio Settimo and Sicily, caution is dismissed, and the historian does not hesitate to call the Bourbons by their right names, and to speak of the puerile and brutal tyranny of the Naples dynasty as it deserves.

So able a work ought to be translated into English.

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3. — *La Chevalier Sarti.* Par P. Scudo. Paris. 1857. 16mo. pp. 557.

Portions of this musical novel have appeared from time to time in the columns of the "Revue des Deux Mondes," and the readers of that serial will be glad to get the whole in its present convenient form. It has threefold merit. It is an ingenious and well-wrought tale, it is an exciting chapter of history, and it is a comprehensive account of a remarkable but neglected school of art, the Venetian School. The prime purpose of the volume is evidently to vindicate the Queen of the Adriatic, and to prove that, instead of being last among those who have cultivated and magnified the musical art, her claim is justly paramount. We cannot think that Signor Scudo has quite succeeded in this attempt, nor is it probable that Meyerbeer, to whom the book is dedicated, will consent to the pre-eminent excellence of Venice from the evidence here

furnished. Enough is told, nevertheless, to establish for the city of the Doges at least a second rank in the annals of music.

The Chevalier Sarti is spoken of as a real personage, and we are invited to think that the details of this story tell substantial facts of his early life. However this may be, the facts of life in Venice at the close of the last century are here, — the life of the city palace and the country villa, of the square of St. Mark, the casino of St. Stephen, the theatre, and the gondola; the habits of the aristocracy, the priests, the artists, and the people; the ways of thinking, speaking, intriguing, and conspiring; varieties of age, of character, of situation, and of fortune, — grouped before us in a series of finished cabinet pictures. The portrait of "Beata" reminds us of Allston's Rosalie and Goethe's Mignon, and the Senator Zeno is one of those grand old figures which Titian loved to paint. The outline of the Venetian lady of pure and unmixed blood is complete in the sentence that she was a "Greek slightly modified by Christianity." The musical *abbé* is a perfect type of the clerical class of his period. A refined and fastidious sensualist, without earnestness in faith, without confidence in God or men, careless of the future, whether political or social, of his nation, a dilettante in history and in art, charitable to error, but impatient of theories, he shows us the spirit of the Venetian Church far better than its own dreary records.

The style of the volume is deliciously appropriate. It floats and undulates, like the "gondellieder" of Mendelssohn, in its more serious passages, and sparkles in the lighter passages like a French "barcarolle." It has the fascinating, dreamy mingling of brightness and sadness, of sun and shadow, which surrounds and overhangs that city of so many memories. Its proper preface is, indeed, a sketch of the genius of Beethoven, and the story of the moonlight sonata. The soul of Beethoven was profoundly in sympathy with the life and scenery and spirit of the haughty and daring republic, and its fortunes are not obscurely written out in the mystic chords of his Symphonies. It is Beethoven whom one hears at midnight in Venice, when the shadow of those solemn piles hushes the motionless waters to deeper silence.

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4. — *Germaine.* Par EDMOND ABOUT. Paris. 1857. 16mo. pp. 318.

M. ABOUT will gain a reputation like that of Dumas, if he goes on for a year or two longer. Each quarterly is called to notice some work

from his fluent and brilliant pen. The last issue that has reached us (though we notice in the French papers that another is announced) is this novel of "Germaine." As a story it is inferior to "Tolla," and as a satire it cannot be compared to "Le Roi des Montagnes"; yet it is much better than common French novels. The wit is keen and sparkling, the scenes are excellently painted, the contrast between the French and the Spanish national character and taste is well set forth, and a new chapter of Greek life is given in the account of Corfu, its occupations, its inhabitants, and its nuisances. The letters from Corfu are in the best style of About's humor, full of side-hits, especially at the English, whom, as a true Frenchman, he is never weary of ridiculing; as where he speaks of the two daughters of an India Colonel, on board a steamer, "yellow as Russia leather," silent with their fellow-passengers because unable to speak a word of French, rushing upon deck every few moments to take sketches in their albums of "landscapes like plum-puddings," — or where he mentions that the English have made of Corfu a second Gibraltar *at the expense of the Greeks*, — or where he tells how the English have adapted the death of Joan of Arc for representation in their theatres, making it a death from a wound in battle, and not a judicial murder, and Joan comes in with a "helmet of silver paper, flourishing a great flag like a fan."

The personages of the novel are the Duke and Duchess d'Embleuse, the parents of Germaine; the Countess de Villaneva, and her son Don Diego, who becomes Germaine's husband; Madame de Chermidy, the beautiful and brilliant mistress of Don Diego, whose husband is captain of a French frigate and takes no thought for his wife; Madame de Chermidy's chambermaid, "Le Tas," a true specimen of the Parisian *intrigante;* the Doctor Le Bris, kind, shrewd, and scientific; and Mantoux, the Jewish thief and assassin. The Duke is selfish, weak, lazy, dissolute, and a bankrupt. His wife is amiable, passive, credulous, without any will of her own. The Countess and her son are very grave, very taciturn, very tall and awkward, very proud and sanctimonious. Madame de Chermidy is as cunning as she is beautiful, as unscrupulous as she is ambitious. Her son, Gomez, the only being that she disinterestedly loves, is as ugly as his father, Don Diego. Germaine, a young lady of good education and good parts, appears from the beginning as an invalid, a destined victim of consumption. She marries Don Diego, that his unlawful child may have a lawful mother. Neglecting to die at once, as it was expected, she incurs the bitter hatred of the real mother of Gomez, who devises her destruction. We shall not attempt to state the unravelling of the fourfold plot of this singular story, which begins by a daughter's marrying, in hope, by her speedy death, of re-

lieving her parents from debt, and ends with the murder of the woman who had been meditating another's murder, with a marvellous recovery from hopeless consumption, and with a most improbable adjustment of the strange situations of the several personages.

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5. — *Séjour chez le Grand-Chérif de la Mekke.* Par CHARLES DIDIER. Paris: Hachette. 1857. 16mo. pp. 310.

LESS thorough and instructive than Mr. Burton's account of his pilgrimage to Mecca, this volume by M. Didier is even more graphic and fascinating. The motive for his journey was partly misanthropical. Disgusted with Paris, France, and Europe, for reasons public and private which he does not mention, he goes off to the East to get away from the world and find rest. A pleasant winter in Cairo mollifies his hatred of men in some degree, and he promptly accepts the invitation of an Englishman to go with him to Mount Sinai and Arabia, and as near to Mecca as it may be practicable. The expedition was very successful and satisfactory. They saw everything except Mecca, and saw perhaps as much of Moslem life as if they had seen the Holy City, besides avoiding the infinite trouble and the constant danger of maintaining the most difficult of all disguises. In their proper persons, making no pretensions to any lineage but Frank lineage, or any faith but Christian faith, they were able to sail down the Red Sea, to land unmolested at Jeddah, to traverse without fear the sacred pathway worn by pilgrim feet, and to encamp before Mount Arafat; they were guests of Pachas and of Sherifs, were treated with attention, kindness, and respect, furnished with conveniences of every sort, faithfully escorted from the sea to the mountains and from the mountains to the sea, and returned to Egypt in excellent health and spirits, without any experience of the savage inhospitality of the Moslem fanatics.

At the commencement of his journey M. Didier had the good fortune to meet with Mr. Burton, and obtained from him many useful hints. He bears emphatic testimony to Mr. Burton's skill in counterfeiting the Arabian manners and language, and relates an amusing interview which the "Sheikh Abdallah" had with one of his fellow-pilgrims, who chanced to meet him on the desert. Mr. Burton gave M. Didier, on parting, the Koran which he wore on his expedition, which now for a second time was to be worn in the path of faith at the girdle of an infidel. The visit to Mount Sinai, by way of the valley of T[illegible]r, was at once a pleasant relief from the monotony of the lazy voyage down the

Red Sea, and an excellent preparation for the severer fatigues of Arabia proper. M. Didier's observations at Mount Sinai are worth nothing, except as telling us what the late Egyptian Pacha's whim has accomplished there in the matter of road-making. It is interesting to find the Cairene autocrat attempting in that deserted region to repeat the achievement of Napoleon on the Simplon, and to make a highway and a habitation upon the inaccessible Mount of God.

The volume contains many nice epigrams, which are impartially distributed. M. Didier is a zealous partisan of the Arabs as against the Turks, and believes fully that the term "dog" is justly applied to the Osmanli, and that the "sick man" is near his end. Of the Wahabees, the reformed branch of the Moslems, he gives a good and accurate sketch.

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6. — *Remarkable Providences, illustrative of the earlier Days of American Colonization.* By INCREASE MATHER. With an Introductory Preface, by GEORGE OFFOR. London. 1856. 16mo. pp. 262.

THIS is one of that charming series of "Old Authors" which have appeared at intervals within the past year from the press of Mr. John Russell Smith. It is somewhat singular that the production of an American Puritan divine should have found a place in such a collection. But Increase Mather's work is well worth preserving, and its present publication is timely. It is pleasant to see that the performances which are now attributed to spirits — rappings, tippings, trances, second-sight, and the like — were well known to the grave fathers of New England, and that Dr. Gordon's theory of the Devil at work in these occurrences was defended so ably by a President of Harvard College. We regard this book as a capital contribution to spiritualistic literature, in its collection of "test cases," its accurate relations of marvels, and its delightful credulity. There is no weak scepticism in the author's mind about facts, which have precedents in all ages, from the days of the Patriarchs downward. He is a firm believer. And his well-attested stories are decidedly more entertaining than the doleful narratives, fragmentary ejaculations, and lame verses, which make the substance of the "spiritual" literature now current. We are not stinted to witchcraft, insanity, and hallucinations, but are treated also to earthquakes, hail-storms, shipwrecks, and lightning, — to "God's judgments" generally.

Some of the philosophical speculations of this volume are sagacious, and several are prophetic of recent discoveries. The opinion that

nitre is an ingredient of thunder and lightning is quite consistent with the statement that Satan has "a great operation in causing thunder-storms." Satan, indeed, is the Prince of the Air, though he also has a great deal to do with fire. The demons of this book, though they play some very roguish and uncomfortable pranks, hurling pots and pans about in the most wanton manner, say, nevertheless, some very sensible things, and give some excellent advice to the inquisitive mortals who vex them with queries. We approve the wisdom of that demon "which for three months molested the house of Mr. Perreaud, a Protestant minister in Matiscon. One in the room would needs be propounding needless questions for the Devil to answer, though Mr. Perreaud told him of the danger in it. After a deal of discourse, the Devil said to him, 'You should have hearkened to the minister's good counsel, who told you that you ought not to ask curious questions of the Devil; yet you would do it, and now I must school you for your pains.' Presently upon which the man was, by an invisible hand, plucked up by his thumb and twirled round, and thrown down upon the floor, and so continued in most grievous misery."

The most remarkable chapter in the volume is that on cases of conscience, in which it is considered how far it is lawful and right to take precautions and use charms to exorcise and drive away evil spirits. In this discussion, the copious classical, Rabbinical, and Scriptural erudition of the Puritan scholar appears to great advantage over the superficial knowledge of modern professors of demonology. Ovid, Virgil, Livy, Æschines, Josephus and Rabbi Abraham, Porphyrius and Cornelius Agrippa, St. Ambrose and St. Augustine, William of Malmesbury, Voetius, King James, and Dr. Cotta, are all quoted with a freedom which shows first-hand familiarity with their writings. The general conclusion to which Dr. Mather comes is, that no special means are to be used to get rid of the visits of bad spirits. Music he considers to be an excellent preventive, tested in the case of David before Saul. But, in general, he advises his readers to have as little as possible to do with such incorporeal essences, either in inviting or in hindering their presence. He would even have witches treated mercifully, as human beings, rather than as criminals or outcasts.

The book, as a whole, is a mine of curious learning, as well as a storehouse of curious incidents. We notice that the Preface makes a mistake of three years in the age of Dr. Mather.

7.— *Notes on Noses.* New Edition. London: Bentley. 16mo. pp. 153.

This abrupt title, with the accompanying five-visaged head as its vignette, and the quaint motto from Tristram Shandy, leads the reader to expect an odd, and probably a very absurd book. This expectation is realized only in part. The volume is not absurd, nor is it merely or mainly humorous. Its purpose is half scientific, and its tone seems wholly sincere. And we cheerfully add, that, whatever may be thought of the author's theories about the connection of the nose with mental and spiritual characteristics, or its psychometric importance, his general observations are very ingenious, just, and philosophical. The humor of the volume is only incidental, and is always refined and delicate. It is a suggestive rather than an amusing book.

The writer separates the varieties of Nose into *six* classes, which seem to have each its peculiar mark, though they are often compounded, — the Roman, the Grecian, the Cogitative (which is his epithet for the *broad-nostrilled* nose), the Jewish, or hawk nose, the Snub, and the Celestial. He gives diagrams of each of these classes, with a concise statement of their physical marks and appearances, and their spiritual indications. The Roman nose "indicates great decision, considerable energy, firmness, absence of refinement, and disregard for the *bienséances* of life." The Greek or straight nose "denotes refinement of character, love for the fine arts and *belles-lettres*, astuteness, craft, and a preference for indirect rather than direct action." The Cogitative nose, which must be seen in front, and is always found in connection with some one of the other classes, betokens thoughtfulness, reasoning power, and a love of meditation and intellectual processes. The Jewish nose, which is convex from end to end, "indicates considerable shrewdness in worldly matters, a deep insight into character, and facility of turning that insight to profitable account." Of the Snub and the Celestial, the writer has nothing good to say; they are signs, in his view, of meanness, insolence, and conceit; tolerable sometimes on the face of a pretty woman, but abominable as the ornaments of the masculine head. He prefers the Celestial, however, as a more intelligent nose than the Snub, though on the whole "more impudent." The Celestial nose is the reverse of the Jewish, concave in all its length, and turned up at the end. There are one or two exceptional sorts of nose, which the writer does not attempt to classify under these six heads. Lord Brougham's nose makes a class by itself.

These several classes are considered in their order, and very numerous illustrations from the list of great and famous men are given. There

are wise digressions, a long discussion of the Baconian theory of Science, a discrimination between the feminine and the masculine nose, a dissertation on national noses, and altogether more good reading than is usually found within the compass of so small a volume. We are glad that so pleasant a work has been brought within the reach of American readers.

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8. — *Life in China.* By Rev. William C. Milne, M. A., for many years Missionary among the Chinese. With four Original Maps. London: G. Routledge & Co. 1857. 16mo. pp. 520.

This is one of the most interesting of the numerous books about China which have in these last years come under our notice. If less complete than the work of Mr. Williams, and less finished in its style than that of Mr. Fortune, it is more readable than either. The author has high qualifications for his task. He resided in China for more than thirteen years, stationed at different points, Macao, Tinghai, Ningpo, and Shanghai. He acquired the Chinese language and manners so perfectly, that he travelled thirteen hundred miles in the heart of the country, through three of the most populous provinces, without detection or suspicion. He maintained constant and intimate intercourse with natives of all classes, and kept a daily journal of his observations and experiences.

He prefaces his personal narrative by an extended discussion of the common notions of foreigners about China and the Chinese, treating in order the subjects of odd manners, pigtails, little feet of women, long nails, fans, rice-paper pictures, processions, carved ivory balls, lanterns, chopsticks, rat-eating, bird's-nest soup, infanticide, and want of heart, which are associated by almost all Christians with the name of the Celestial Empire. His explanation and correction of errors in regard to these things will help readers to a more just idea of this misunderstood nation. Indeed, the whole volume is a protest against the prejudices and the superficial judgments of unfair observers and critics. Mr. Bayard Taylor is rebuked for his shallow generalization, that "the Chinese are morally the most debased people on the face of the earth." Mr. Milne affirms that this is far from the truth, and gives the people, on the whole, a high rank among the nations for honesty, purity, and intelligence. Even to their religion he is tolerant, and his horror at their idolatry is much less than might be expected from a missionary. He regards the ground as good ground for Christian efforts, and looks upon the signs of the time as auspicious for the prosecution of evangel-

ical labor. Like all writers of his class, he points out the remarkable likeness between the rites of Buddhism and those of Romanism.

In his discussion of religions in China, — which includes a curious account of the Jewish community at Kaifung, their history and their manuscripts, as well as a sketch of Mohammedanism, — we are surprised to miss any adequate notice of the influence of Confucius, or of the extent to which his writings are read and his doctrines received. This is a singular defect in the volume. If a chapter upon the Chinese sage had been substituted for the long dissertation upon the form and origin of "pagodas," the book would have gained in value. We must add, that vulgarisms of expression, such as "rather taken with," "pitched into," "hove in sight," "agog," and the like, are more frequent than they ought to be in such a book.

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9. — *The Tent and the Khan: a Journey to Sinai and Palestine.* By Robert Walter Stewart, D. D., Leghorn. With Map and Illustrations. Edinburgh: William Oliphant and Sons. 1857. 8vo. pp. 542.

Dr. Stewart's work, issued three years after his return from the Holy Land, bears throughout the evidence of conscientious and careful preparation. The opinions expressed in it on the subject of Scripture Geography are matured after diligent reading and laborious investigation, and are entitled to more weight than the impressions of an ordinary tourist. There is no attempt here to set aside by bold conjecture the views of previous observers; and where there is dissent from these views, it is fortified by good reasons. In regard to the site of Mount Sinai, this writer strongly advocates the opinion of Lepsius, against the traditions of the Church and the conviction of most who have recently written about the Sinaitic question.

The route which he followed from the Mount of Moses to the Holy Land was an unusual one, which we have seen described by no English writer. And though such a deviation from the track of travel hindered him from reaching the capital of Edom, yet the marks and notes by the way of Nukhl which he has given, are more valuable than any new description of Petra could be. In Palestine he visited some out-of-the-way places; and he is able to verify some hypotheses, and to correct some mistakes, of previous travellers.

The minuteness of detail and the almost scholastic character of the discussions, will abate much of the interest which so able a book ought to secure. Though generally a correct writer, Dr. Stewart is not

master of a good English style. His orthography, both of Arabic and English words, is often at fault; his sentences are sometimes involved, and he ventures upon phrases which are allowed by no canons of taste. The following paragraph has several instances of this singular use of language. The Italics are ours.

"Poor Hanna had an adventure during the day, which convulsed us all with laughter. The grate, kettle, pots and pans, and other culinary utensils, had been hung on a young camel, not well broken in, and vicious withal, which had been assigned to Hanna on the principle, I fancy, of not separating the workman from his tools. After frequent disputes which should have the upper hand, Hanna at last applied a cudgel with such effect that the animal set off *roaring*, at a furious pace, enlivened every now and then by a bound, which made the poor fellow *stot* like a ball from his seat, and eventually scattered his bedding and culinary utensils over half a mile of ground. The shrieks of the master, who found that the game was all against him, the bounds of his Pegasus, as he *tore along*, *screeching like a steam-engine*, and the flapping and rattling of a Desert kitchen service on his flanks, which, like a kettle at a dog's tail, made his *evolutions* more frantic, presented a scene so intensely ludicrous, that when I recall it, even at this distance of time, it calls forth *peels* of laughter."

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10. — 1. *Boat Life in Egypt and Nubia.* By William C. Prime. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1857. 12mo. pp. 498.
2. *Tent Life in the Holy Land.* By William C. Prime. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1857. 12mo. pp. 498.

All Oriental travellers are privileged to be egotistic in their narratives. A moderate display of vanity and self-satisfaction is pardonable in the record of that dreamy, meditative, half-poetical life, which is passed under the tent or on the mystic river. We expect reverence and rapture in the confessions of one who has seen "the pathways and abiding-places" of the Saviour of men. Mr. Prime, we are compelled to say, gives us rather too much of himself, of his importance, his privilege, his devout feeling, and his private griefs. His egotism is constant, intense, — as strongly marked in his description of scenery, his discussion of antiquities, and his relation of legends, as in the account of his own wonderful and brave achievements. This inordinate subjectiveness is the gravest fault of these volumes, considered as books of travel. We will not add to this the tone of refined sensualism which pervades them, the keen observation of female beauty, and an appreciation of wines and chibouks, — those creature comforts of the East, — which would have delighted Anacreon or Horace, but seem somewhat

alien from the ascetic strictness of Presbyterianism. Such a luxurious tone accords better than asceticism with the spirit of Oriental life. And it is high praise for Mr. Prime's volumes to say, that they faithfully daguerreotype the common life of Egypt and Palestine, and are second in this regard only to the volumes of the "Howadji." Mr. Prime writes in a lively style, admirably adapted to the account of events and rencontres, and the description of places and persons. He is skilful in dialogue, and knows how to set forth a comical or a tragic scene in its proper colors. There are many chapters of genuine pathos in these volumes, and not a few ludicrous adventures which Hogarth could not have improved in picturing. Mr. Prime is more happy in his descriptions of real life, however, than in his stories. He sees better than he invents. And especially when he undertakes to discuss topographical and historical questions is he unsatisfactory. We learn from him nothing of any importance about the monuments of Egypt, and the most valuable, as well as the most entertaining, narrative of what he did in the subterranean chambers of that land, is given in his perilous exploit in the mummy pits of Maabdeh. In the Holy Land, he was favored in getting admission to the mosques of Mount Moriah, and has given of these a tolerably good description. But his discussion of the question of "the Holy Places," and the strange conclusions to which he comes, discredit his ability as a critical observer. He is a better judge of *scarabæi* than investigator of difficult historical problems.

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11. — *The New England History, from the Discovery of the Continent by the Northmen, A. D.* 986, *to the Period when the Colonies declared their Independence, A. D.* 1776. By CHARLES W. ELLIOTT. In 2 vols. New York: Charles Scribner. 1857. 12mo. pp. 479, 492.

WE opened this work with interest, as we always do a new History of New England, especially one so attractive in its mechanical execution. We care not how often the story is told, nor how much attention is turned to everything that can illustrate it. No historian could have a nobler theme. The Puritans; their exodus from the Old World, and the foundation of their state in the New; their sufferings and unshrinking endurance; their deep religious feeling, pervading every act, however unimportant; their efforts for posterity in early establishing means of education for all; their dealings with the Indians, often unjust, unless compared with a more modern standard; their religious delusions; their love of liberty and resistance to tyranny, from the first; — all those

acts by which the destiny of our country was spun, and her character moulded, — all their virtues and all their faults, — what a subject for delineation! It has often been attempted, rarely with success. In fact, there have been but few really great historians, in any age or country. No kind of literary labor requires so nice a balance of rare qualities. The historian must not only possess untiring industry; he must be impartial, unbiassed by prejudice or private opinion. He should beware of inculcating particular religious or political opinions, and coloring the characters of men identified with them, to suit his own views. Such a course is unjust to the dead, who, if wronged, can utter no remonstrance from the grave; it is unjust to the living, who, confiding in the faith of the historian, may rightly complain of being misled. Were any writer to avow his purpose to give a one-sided aspect of a question, as a Romanist or a Protestant view of the Reformation, we could not find fault with him, because his intention is honestly expressed, and we can make allowance for the effect of his bias upon his narration. Yet it would be sad to have the truth of history so travestied as to present all the phases of the kaleidoscope, each author arranging the same events to produce the picture of his own thoughts. There would then be no appeal to acknowledged authority, as to facts bearing upon politics or religion. There would be Democratic and Republican, Calvinistic, Arminian, and Universalist histories. History must be struck from our public school studies, because, by law, no sectarian views can there be inculcated. The ancients worshipped one Muse of History; we should offer sacrifices to a thousand.

The work before us has decided merits. It is clear and full, with nothing of that dryness so characteristic of many historians. The author has shown a commendable industry, and brought together much valuable information. To the general reader these volumes will prove interesting. Many curious facts are narrated, and many curious extracts introduced. As a merely literary work it is faulty. But little regard has been paid to what constitutes purity of style, and ungrammatical and coarse expressions not unfrequently occur. But we think it has faults of a graver kind. While professing to write an impartial history, the author has freely introduced his private opinion of views still entertained by large and respectable bodies of Christians. He discusses the theology of the Puritans in a way which must be condemned by those who reject, equally with those who receive it. The levity and coarseness with which he speaks of sentiments dear to many hearts, and of those who inculcated them, will justly forbid the acceptance of the work in many quarters where it might otherwise have found favor.

Equally do we regret the manner in which he has spoken of the

clergy of New England as a class, and of the motives which actuated them. If New England can lay any claims on the score of intelligence, morality, and love of freedom, she owes her position to these very ministers. They had faults, many faults; yet no one can read their history without feeling that they were influenced, even in their errors, by far higher considerations than are imputed to them in this History. Mr. Elliott evidently does not comprehend the men nor the age; does not see the mingling of great and glorious ideas, just beginning to be developed, with the fragments of old falsities, whose roots penetrated far back into the ages past, and which, therefore, could not soon, nor easily, be eradicated. The great wonder as to the character of the Puritans will always be, not that they erred so much, but that they comprehended so much truth. We must object, also, to many of Mr. Elliott's extracts, as adapted to give a wrong impression of the men and of the times. Foolish prayers and narrow views may be found in every age, and yet not mark the age. We would hardly be willing to have an historian, a hundred years hence, judge us by extracts parallel to those here given.

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12. — *Married or Single?* By the Author of "Hope Leslie," "Redwood," "Home," etc., etc. In two volumes. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1857. 12mo. pp. 261, 234.

Miss Sedgwick has the rare gift of conveying moral instruction without *moralizing*. Of didacticism in style there is hardly less in the most trashy novel of the day than in this, her last tale; and yet a story fraught with ethical lessons so various and so searching has seldom come under our cognizance. These lessons, however, are derived, not from abnormal personages, created to point a moral, but from the natural development and action of very much such characters as we are all familiar with. And it is especially in character-painting that Miss Sedgwick may be pronounced second to no living author of fiction. Her *dramatis personæ* in the volumes before us comprise a wonderful diversity of types, none of them abstractions with names, but all of them lifelike, — saints, with just those little blemishes that make them not altogether angels; profligates, with just enough of the Divine image left to raise them above fiends; persons odd and grotesque as any of Dickens's caricatures, yet with enough of common humanity to keep them in gearing with the social machinery of which they form a part. In the *dénouement* of the plot, she is only less successful. Two

of the female characters die, apparently because it was difficult to dispose of them otherwise, and some few of the incidents rather transcend probability; but on the whole the story is managed with extraordinary skill, comprehending as it does several minor plots, with the rehearsal of several eventful chapters of family history prior in point of time to the opening of the first scene. The author's prime aim is to exhibit, as parallel with the holy and benign ministries of the true wife and mother, the no less sacred and lofty sphere of service open to self-respecting and voluntary maidenhood. But to enumerate all the moral axioms and postulates which the story illustrates and defends with explicitness and power, would be to give titles for a tolerably complete treatise of moral philosophy. While we find it hard to use, with regard to the author, degrees of comparison short of the superlative, this seems to us, both in an artistical and an ethical point of view, the best of the series that bears her name.

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13. — *Life of James Montgomery.* By MRS. HELEN C. KNIGHT. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 1857. 12mo. pp. 416.

WHILE James Montgomery's longer poems had a fame that can hardly be said to have survived their author, his sweet hymns, in the half-plaintive, half-jubilant tone of Moravian piety, will give voice to the devotion of Christians of every name, wherever the English language is spoken, till its present idioms grow obsolete. His life, too, is full of interest, as we trace the errant fortunes of his boyhood, the strangely checkered experiences of his editorial career, the slow development of his spiritual character, the genial philanthropy that grew with his years, the unsought honors that clustered around his latter days, and the traits, so like those of the beloved John, that irradiated the protracted old age of his earthly life and the perennial youth of his heart. His letters and subjective poems of themselves form an almost complete autobiography. These Mrs. Knight has compiled with her wonted skill and taste, and bound them together with her own graceful narrative, which supplements, but never supersedes or duplicates, his life-record. Mrs. Knight has thus made a most valuable addition to our biographical literature, and has brought to our familiar knowledge a character which embodies as much of the "beauty of holiness" as it is ever given to any one mortal to attain and exhibit.

14. — *The Grammar of English Grammars, with an Introduction Historical and Critical; the whole methodically arranged and amply illustrated; with Forms of Correcting and of Parsing, Improprieties for Correction, Examples for Parsing, Questions for Examination, Exercises for Writing, Observations for the Advanced Student, Decisions and Proofs for the Settlement of Disputed Points, Occasional Strictures and Defences, an Exhibition of the several Modes of Analysis, and a Key to the Oral Exercises; to which are added Four Appendixes, pertaining separately to the Four Parts of Grammar.* By GOOLD BROWN. Second Edition, revised and improved. New York: Samuel S. and William Wood. 1857. 8vo. pp. 1070.

WE have copied the whole of this long title, which we should have abbreviated were it not an honest title, — were not all the promises it makes fulfilled in the book. It is indeed an encyclopædia of English and general grammar, of the dicta of grammarians, and of all subjects nearly enough allied to grammar to shelter themselves under its name. It can hardly fail of a place in every public library, and on the table of every scholar who is curious as to the structure of his wonted instrument for the reception and transmission of thought. The volume might have been smaller; for it can never be a school-book, and therefore it might have dispensed with the apparatus of examples and exercises adapted to school use. But there are no sins of omission. We doubt whether a topic of grammatical interest could be named which is not here discussed. Yet more, compared with other recent grammarians, Brown's theories and classifications are, on the one hand, simple and easy of comprehension, and, on the other, they shun the extreme of generalization, which in some treatises obliterates real distinctions and confounds essential differences. We should prefer Lindley Murray's nomenclature and arrangement, but, among recent authors, we accord our preference to Brown. The work needs an alphabetical index, which might easily be added in future issues from the plates of the present edition.

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15. — *Report on the Vital Statistics of the United States, made to the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York.* By JAMES WYNNE, M.D. New York: H. Bailliere. 1857. 4to. pp. 214.

THAT figures cannot lie is a plausible fallacy. Nothing can be more delusive than such statistics as are often assumed as the basis of opinion and action. When they embrace only a part of the data essential to a

correct conclusion, or when, covering only a limited extent, and thus liable to be modified by local circumstances, they are made to subserve a broad generalization, they can only lead to error, or perpetuate falsities already current. We make these remarks as suggestive of the peculiar and great merit of Dr. Wynne's book. His inquiries comprehend all parts of our country, all the diversities of condition, occupation, climate, situation, liability to disease, in fine, all such circumstances bearing upon longevity as can be deduced from registers and presented numerically. These are handled with an eminently philosophic treatment, by a mind committed to no theory, and evidently bent solely on the enucleation of the truth. The only error that can attach itself to the conclusions results from the deficiency of American records, and that error is reduced to its minimum by carefully reasoned analogies, based upon the materials in hand. It is gratifying to know that no less than eighteen Life Insurance Companies have aided in the expense of preparing this work. The solvency of these companies, of course, depends on the trustworthiness of their tables of longevity, and the judiciousness of their regulations as to the variable sanitary condition and liabilities of applicants. Their insolvency would be a public calamity of the first magnitude, sweeping away the sole provision which thousands make for the support of their families and the security of their creditors. Dr. Wynne has thus rendered a great and lasting service to his country; while his work cannot but redound to his own high reputation for industry, ability, and scientific culture.

16.— *The American Angler's Guide; or, Complete Fisher's Manual for the United States: containing the Opinions and Practices of experienced Anglers of both Hemispheres; with the various Modes adopted in Ocean, River, Lake, and Pond Fishing; the usual Tackle and Baits required; Instructions in the Art of making Artificial Flies; Methods of making Fish-Ponds, Transportation of Fish, etc., etc., etc.* Fourth Edition, revised, corrected, and greatly improved, with the addition of a Second Part, containing over one hundred Pages of useful and instructive Information. Handsomely illustrated with twenty Engravings of the principal Angle Fish of America, and embellished with numerous Engravings on Steel, Stone, and Wood, by the best Artists. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1857. pp. 332.

This is one of the most beautiful books of the current year. Its engravings alone would give it a very great interest and value. Its

description of the habits of various fishes is minute and thorough. Its instructions to anglers, and its culinary directions for the benefit of epicures, seem to leave nothing unsaid. Literature, black-letter and modern, is ransacked for illustration, and the pages contain many rich and racy *morceaux* of prose and poetry from authors not easily accessible. The work, while a perfect *vade mecum* for the aquatic sportsman, is one of the most entertaining and suggestive of table-books, whether for the library or the drawing-room.

17.—1. *A Manual for the Use of Notaries Public and Bankers; comprising a Summary of the Law of Bills of Exchange and Promissory Notes, both in Europe and the United States, Checks on Bankers, and Sight Bills; with approved Forms of Protest, and Notice of Protest; and References to important Legal Decisions; especially adapted to the Use of Notaries Public and Bankers.* By BERNARD ROELKER, A.M., of the New York Bar. Third Edition. *With numerous Additions in reference to Bills of Exchange and Promissory Notes; Protest; Transfer of Bills and Notes; Letters of Credit; Forged Bills; Fraudulent and Lost Bank Bills; Sight Bills, &c., and Reference to recent Decisions in the United States and English Courts; and a Synopsis of the Usury Laws of each State, and the Law of Damages on Protested Bills.* By J. SMITH HOMANS, Editor of the "Bankers' Magazine." New York. 1857. pp. 244.

2. *The Bankers' Commonplace Book; containing:*—I. *A Treatise on Banking.* By A. B. JOHNSON, Esq., of Utica, New York. II. *Ten Minutes' Advice on keeping a Banker.* By J. W. GILBART, Esq. III. BYLES *on the Foreign Law of Bills of Exchange.* IV. *Remarks on Bills of Exchange.* By JOHN RAMSAY M'CULLOCH, Esq. V. *Forms of Bills of Exchange, in Eight European Languages.* VI. *Forms of Notices of Protest, with Remarks.* VII. *Synopsis of the Bank Laws of Massachusetts.* VIII. *Decisions on Banking, by the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts.* IX. *Suggestions to Young Cashiers on the Duties of their Profession.* X. *On the Duties and Misdoings of Bank Directors.* By A. B. JOHNSON. XI. *A Numismatic Dictionary; or, an Account of Coins of all Countries.* New York. 1857. 12mo. pp. 192.

THESE books, issued from the office of the "Bankers' Magazine," are all that they claim to be, and our best recommendation of them, therefore, is the transcription of their titles in full. Such manuals in

the hands of merchants, as well as of notaries and bankers, would supersede a vast amount of litigation. The first of these books has its value greatly enhanced by a copious alphabetical index of subjects, and another of the judicial cases cited; and the second has ample and minute indexes, one of them alphabetical.

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18. — *The Elements of Drawing; in Three Letters to Beginners.* By JOHN RUSKIN, M.A. With Illustrations drawn by the Author. New York: Wiley and Halsted. 1857. 12mo. pp. 234.

THE object of this work is to delineate a series of exercises, adapted to cultivate keenness and accuracy of sight and the sense of perspective. Mere manipulation is made secondary to the clear perception and conception of the object to be drawn. To the novice in art such a directory must be invaluable; while to the general reader it is interesting and instructive as a commentary on nature, revealing many features of landscape and its elements which are obvious only to the educated eye, yet which, once suggested, can never be lost from sight. It is pleasant to find that Ruskin at length admits one vulnerable point in Turner.

"Turner, though he was professor of perspective to the Royal Academy, did not know what he professed; and never, as far as I remember, drew a building in true perspective in his life; he drew them only with as much perspective as suited him."—p. xvi.

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19. — *A Manual of Ancient Geography.* By DR. LEONHARD SCHMITZ, F. R. S. E. *With a Map, showing the Retreat of the* 10,000 *Greeks under Xenophon.* Philadelphia: Blanchard and Lea. 1857. 12mo. pp. 428.

THE study of ancient geography is proverbially dry, nor has Dr. Schmitz wholly removed that reproach. But he has lightened it, by inserting, wherever there is room, entertaining and instructive scraps of history. He gives us also a "History of Ancient Geography," from the mythical age down to 500 A. D., which forms one of the most attractive chapters of the history of opinions. The first book thus occupied, the remaining three treat of Europe, Asia, and Africa, respectively. The several portions of the ancient world are not, however, described with a dead level of dull minuteness; perspective is con-

sulted; regions on which our curiosity has no hold are passed over very cursorily, while the author pauses to recall classical associations with the well-known geographical names, and enters, as regards them, into the details which their relative importance demands and makes appropriate.

In his Preface, Dr. Schmitz refers to Long's Atlas of Classical Geography, as "in every respect the best and most accurate that has yet been published in this country" (Great Britain). This Atlas was republished by Messrs. Blanchard and Lea in 1856; and, after having had it for several months on our table, we can bear testimony to its fulness, its adaptation to easy reference, and its high style of mechanical execution. We ought to have noticed it when it first appeared; we would now recommend it as an almost essential companion-book to Dr. Schmitz's "Manual," which we believe to be the best work of the kind accessible to American students.

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20. — *A Commentary, Critical, Expository, and Practical, on the Gospels of Matthew and Mark, for the Use of Ministers, Theological Students, Private Christians, Bible Classes, and Sabbath Schools.* By JOHN J. OWEN, D.D. With a Map, Synoptical Index, etc. New York: Leavitt and Allen. 1857. 12mo. pp. 501.

INTO the mutual relations of the synoptical Gospels, and the questions raised by their correspondences and their discrepances, Dr. Owen does not enter, and the textual exposition of these books — the least difficult of interpretation in the canon of the New Testament — furnishes no adequate test of his ability as a critic. But the style of this work would prepare us to anticipate his distinguished success in the more arduous labors which await him in the Gospel of John and the Pauline Epistles. Completeness, precision, and conciseness characterize his commentary. On the few passages which can be supposed to refer to disputed dogmas, he accords, as we should expect, with the Trinitarian and Calvinistic interpretation; but, on these, he does not merge the critic in the controversialist, and still less does he obtrude his own peculiar opinions where the text does not demand their expression. His notes are learned, yet without the ostentation of learning, and devout, without the parade of personal feeling. They contain all that the common reader needs, and nearly all that the scholar can furnish, for the elucidation of the text. In thoroughness, in critical impartiality, and in their tokens of profound Biblical scholarship, we

deem them preferable to Barnes's Commentaries, which we nevertheless hold in high esteem, while they are parallel with that series in their adaptation to popular use.

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21. — *A History of Rome, from the Earliest Times to the Establishment of the Empire. With Chapters on the History of Literature and Art.* By HENRY G. LIDDELL, D.D., Dean of Christ Church, Oxford. Illustrated by numerous Woodcuts. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1857. 12mo. pp. 768.

FOR the use of schools and colleges, and for a large class of readers, this work must assume the first place among the recent Histories of Rome. Its comparative brevity is secured by condensation rather than by omission. It embodies the last results of historical criticism, and exhibits, not merely the series of Rome's political and military fortunes, but the course and tokens of her progress alike in those manly, hardy traits which made her empress of the world, and in those more showy attributes of national greatness and individual magnificence, which in their culminating glory bore the presage of decline, decay, and dismemberment. Dr. Liddell's style is concise, clear, and strong. His numerous classical references and quotations, no less than the chapters expressly devoted to literature, connect the march of events with the development of the national mind, and thus render the work a history of the Romans no less than of Rome.

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22. — *Essays in Biography and Criticism.* By PETER BAYNE, M.A. First Series. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 1857. 12mo. pp. 426.

THIS volume, and a second now in press, are the result of an arrangement — honorable to both parties — between the American publishers and Mr. Bayne, by which the author's rights are held sacred without the intervention of law, and the papers, which might have been pirated as they appeared in London or Edinburgh, are given to the Cisatlantic public under the auspices of him whose property they are. The present volume contains five articles from an Edinburgh Magazine, and three which had not been previously printed. They indicate the traits of mind and heart which render "The Christian Life" so intensely suggestive and vitalizing, and at the same time display a critical power seldom equalled in compre-

hensiveness, depth of insight, candid appreciation, and judicial integrity. The author enters at once into the heart of his subject; his standards of judgment are never lost from sight, or warped in their application to the case in hand; and his verdicts appear, not as the result of individual caprice, but as justified by the clear and full statement of the grounds on which they are pronounced. Two of the papers — on Elizabeth Barrett Browning and on the Brontë Family — are on subjects discussed in our present number, and may be read with added interest in connection with the analysis of these writers by our own contributors. Were we to select either of a series of hardly varying merit for emphatic commendation, it would be that on De Quincey, who in his long career of authorship cannot have found a more admiring or a more discriminating reviewer. We quote the first few sentences of the paper on De Quincey, as no more than a fair specimen of the vigorous grasp with which the author fastens on his theme, and as exemplifying at once the vividness and energy of his style, and a certain floridness, the pruning of which would still further enhance his forcefulness and efficiency as a writer.

"On entering the study of De Quincey's writings, the first thing with which we are impressed is a certain air of perfect ease, and as it were of relaxation, which breathes around. 'The river glideth at his own sweet will'; now lingering to dally with the water-lilies, now wandering into green nooks to reflect the gray rock and silvery birch, now rolling in stately silence through the rich, smooth meadow, now leaping amid a thousand rainbows into the echoing chasm, while the spray rises upwards in a wavering and painted column. Mildness, or majesty, or wild Titanic strength may be displayed, but the river is ever at the same perfect ease, all unconscious of the spectator. 'My way of writing is rather to think aloud, and follow my own humors, than much to consider who is listening to me';—these words, used with express reference to the mode in which he composed the 'Confessions,' may be taken as characterizing, in a degree more or less eminent, De Quincey's universal manner. The goal, indeed, is always kept in view; however circuitous the wandering may be, there is always a return to the subject; the river's course is always seawards; but there are no fixed embankments, between which, in straight, purpose-like course, the stream is compelled to flow. You are led aside in the most wayward, unaccountable manner, and though you must allow that every individual bay and wooded creek is in itself beautiful, yet, being a Briton, accustomed to feed on facts, like the alligators whom the old naturalists asserted to live on stones, and thinking it right to walk to the purpose of a book with that firm step and by that nearest road which conduct you to your office, you are soon ready to exclaim that this is trifling, and that you wish the author could speak to the point. But there is some witchery which still detains you; the trifling seems to be flavored by some indefinable essence, which spreads an irresistible charm around; you recollect that nature has

innumerable freaks, and may present, in one quarter of a mile, the giant rock and the quivering bluebell, the defiant oak and the trodden lichen, the almost stagnant pool and the surging cataract; at length the thought dawns upon you, that this author is great because he cannot help it; that he is a force in the hand of nature; that, whether you smile, or frown, or weep, or wonder, he goes on with the same absolute ease, speaking with pure spontaneity the thoughts that arise within him. Then your trust becomes deeper, your earnestness of study redoubles, you are profoundly convinced that here is no pretence, no unnatural effort; your murmuring turns to astonishment at the complexity, richness, and strangely blended variety of nature's effects. If your experience is the same as ours honestly was, you will proceed from a certain pleasurable titillation, produced by what you deem twaddle, though twaddle deliciously spiced by genius, to the conviction that, however hampered, however open to objection, here is an intellect, in all the great faculties of analysis, combination, and reception, of a power and range which you are at a loss to measure or define."—pp. 15 – 17.

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23. — *The Biographical History of Philosophy, from its Origin in Greece down to the Present Day.* By GEORGE HENRY LEWES. Library Edition, much enlarged and thoroughly revised. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1857. 12mo. pp. 801.

MR. LEWES, in his Introduction, discriminates between Philosophy and Science. Philosophy, as he maintains, is purely metaphysical, asks for her reasonings no basis of facts, and for her conclusions, only a logical validity, not evidence or proof; while Science admits as true only what has been tested by experiment or verified by being "confronted with fact." Philosophy therefore can move only in a circle, and must from time to time tread over again her old paths; while Science moves straight onward, and needs not to retrace the steps once taken. Philosophy, from the impossibility of verifying her theories, can give to no one of them an enduring hold on her disciples. An hypothesis unproved, however strong its *a priori* probability, will win belief only under the stimulus of novelty, and in the fresh ardor of propagandism; let the interest in it be worn away by familiarity, one or another alternative hypothesis will first rival, then supplant it. Thus the human mind must necessarily in the lapse of ages not only run through, but wear out by repetition, the limited range of fundamental hypotheses, or so-called philosophies, by which it can account for its own phenomena and those of nature and of being. When this point is reached, Philosophy must die, and yield up the place it had assumed to Positive Science. That crisis is even now passed. Philosophy, born with

Thales, received the honors of burial at the hands of Auguste Comte; and Mr. Lewes is her posthumous biographer. She certainly "died hard," if Sir William Hamilton was energized by her death-throes, and if Ferrier's brilliant, vivacious "Institutes of Metaphysic" were her last words. But our design is to indicate the scope of Mr. Lewes's book, not to affirm or confute its doctrines. While we believe Philosophy divine and immortal, and Science mutable and perishable with the material universe in which it has its birth and being, we nevertheless deem Mr. Lewes's biography a worthy record of large portions of that segment of the eternal years of its subject which falls within his plan. It is rich in historical details, especially of the Greek philosophy, and will be read with interest and profit equally by the author's co-disciples and by those who dissent *toto cælo* from him.

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24. — *Lectures on Temperance.* By ELIPHALET NOTT, D. D., LL. D., President of Union College. With an Introduction by TAYLER LEWIS, LL. D., Professor of Greek in Union College. Edited by AMASA MCCOY, late Editor of "The Prohibitionist." New York: Sheldon, Blakeman, & Co. 1857. 12mo. pp. 341.

WE have no space left us for an extended criticism of these Lectures, to which in some future number we hope to recur with the endeavor to do them justice. Together they constitute the most able, thorough, and efficient argument that has yet been constructed for the disuse of all intoxicating liquors. They are free from fanaticism, and full-fraught with Christian philanthropy. They rest their appeal mainly on the principle of that noble declaration of the Apostle, that "it is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak." They are fervent and eloquent, but argumentative throughout; and the venerable scholar and divine, whose ripened wisdom and unabated energy, at the age of eighty-three, still retain for him his place at the head of our country's educational corps, can hardly have rendered a more signal service to his own and succeeding generations, than in the volume before us. In the Introduction, Professor Lewis has brought to bear upon the great moral question of our times the same keen and vigorous logical power which has won him a place second to no living philosophical writer. The Appendix contains, among other valuable documents, Bishop Potter's admirable "Address on the Drinking Usages of Society." Why cannot our Temperance Societies, instead of commissioning agents whose coarse wit is often their sole claim upon an audience,

or issuing reports full of nauseating details or threadbare commonplaces, put such noble workers as President Nott, Bishop Potter, and Professor Lewis in the fore-front of their battle-array, and strike at the intelligence, talent, and influence of the country by such publications as constitute the volume of which we have now given an imperfect description and an inadequate eulogy?

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25. — *Kiana: a Tradition of Hawaii.* By JAMES J. JARVES. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1857. 12mo. pp. 277.

THERE is a tradition among the natives of Hawaii, that, long before Captain Cook visited the island, a white priest arrived there, bringing with him an idol which was enrolled in the calendar of the Hawaiian gods, and that he acquired great reputation for goodness and an extended influence; also, that from a wrecked vessel the captain and his sister reached the shore, and were hospitably received, and adopted into the families of the chiefs. It is certain that, shortly after the conquest of Mexico, Cortez sent on an exploring expedition to California three vessels, two of which never returned. There are good reasons for believing that the wreck of one of these vessels may have cast upon Hawaii the white strangers of native tradition. Mr. Jarves has made them the heroes of the romance before us. The story is strongly conceived, abounds in conjunctures of thrilling interest, and is wrought out with great vividness and power. The narrative is interspersed with such descriptions of Hawaiian scenery as indicate an artist's eye and a poet's soul. The conversations, however, abound with anachronisms and (if we may be permitted to coin a word of which reviewers are sorely in need) *anatopisms*, untutored savages of the sixteenth century being represented in several instances as talking and reasoning like cultivated and sceptical Frenchmen of the nineteenth.

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26. — *Souvenirs of Travel.* By MADAME OCTAVIA WALTON LE VERT. In two vols. New York: S. H. Goetzel & Co. 1857. 12mo. pp. 348, 348.

A NEW record of European travel would seem the last thing that the public taste could demand or tolerate. Yet we believe that Madame Le Vert will find appreciating readers, even among those who have thought themselves completely satiated with books of this description. We do not regard Madame Le Vert's descriptive talent as superior to

that of cultivated and observing travellers in general. Indeed, her style is that of the *viva voce* narrative of a person of fine culture, mature understanding, elegant taste, and very moderate enthusiasm. She thus satisfies us the most fully in her descriptions of society and of artificial life; the least, in her sketches of Alpine and Italian scenery. But the charm of her work lies in her freedom of access, on terms of equality, to those higher circles of European and especially English society, of which we generally get only the far-off views of those who, "sovereigns" at home, are forced to be plebeians abroad, or the hardly nearer views of those who, by dint of impudence, through extorted introductions, push their way where they are not so much received as tolerated. We by no means admire this inaccessibleness of English aristocratic society; nor do we deem that society one whit the better, because it sees fit to plant around itself a hedge of thorn-bushes. But still it exists, and is of old, — a tradition, an institution, a social force; and we rejoice in the opportunity of inspecting it. Madame Le Vert was everywhere "received," and, while she has not, as we think, violated hospitality by too great license, she certainly exercises the broadest freedom consistent with good breeding in portraying persons, describing objects, relating incidents, and copying conversations. Her two European tours extended through all the portions of Europe usually visited by American travellers, and the narrative of the second commences with a residence of several weeks at Havana. From Havana she embarked for Cadiz, and in Spain she occupies a ground on which she has fewer predecessors and rivals than elsewhere, so that her chapters on the Spanish cities contain a very considerable amount of entirely fresh material.

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27. — *The Lives of the Chief Justices of England. From the Norman Conquest till the Death of Lord Tenterden.* By Lord Chief Justice Campbell, LL. D., F. R. S. E. Vol. III. Philadelphia: Blanchard and Lea. 1857. 8vo. pp. 381.

Lord Campbell has brought down this series of biographies to a period within the memory of the generation now upon the stage, Lord Tenterden's death having taken place in 1832. It is superfluous for us to repeat what has been already said in our pages of the author's admirable adaptation to his work, alike in the profound legal learning which enables him to do professional justice to his subjects, in the union of keen insight and kind appreciation by which he sees the whole of a character, and exhibits it without detraction, petulance, or malice, and

in his conversance with parliamentary and general history, important sections of which are sometimes portions of his narrative. This volume contains the lives of Lords Kenyon, Ellenborough, and Tenterden.

Lord Kenyon presents an instance — unique as we suppose within the last hundred years — of the elevation to the highest judicial honors of a man who had neither birth, genius, address, nor education other than legal, to place him in the line of promotion. He acquired a smattering of Latin at a Welsh free grammar-school, but could not read even the Greek characters, knew nothing of the abstract sciences beyond the "rule of three," and "is said piously to have believed to his dying day that the sun goes round the earth once every twenty-four hours." At the age of fourteen he was articled to an attorney, and by dint of hard drudgery, diligent study of the law, and making his indomitable working capacity of value to those who knew at once how to use and to compensate him, he gradually rose to the very highest trusts, and did honor to the places he successively filled. To be sure, he never outgrew his primitive awkwardness in dress and manners, and cannot be said, except in the widest latitude of metaphor, to have *adorned* his ultimate station. On the Bench and in the House of Lords, he showed, whenever the subject in hand was broad enough, the exceeding narrowness of his general culture and knowledge, and adhered to not a few of the obsolete prejudices of an earlier generation. Yet his legal learning was profound and thorough; he was a man of religious integrity of purpose and character; and though his judicial career has left no enduring memorial in the literature of his profession, his decisions, where they involve no other element than pure law, are still regarded as sound and able.

Lord Tenterden also illustrates the freedom with which unpropped merit can make its way to legal and judicial honors in England. He was the son of a poor barber, and was educated by the charity of his father's customers, almost arrested, however, on the way to eminence by an appointment as a "singing boy" in the Canterbury Cathedral. This place was the summit of his ambition; that it was not his Ararat he owed to a husky voice which made him ineligible. He, unlike Lord Kenyon, was an accomplished scholar, a man of refined tastes, an eloquent advocate, and as well fitted to grace the condition as to discharge the duties of his office.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Chemical Problems and Reactions, to accompany Stöckhardt's Elements of Chemistry. By Josiah P. Cooke, Jr. Cambridge: John Bartlett. 1857. 12mo. pp. 128.

Hand-Books for Home Improvement. — No. IV. How to do Business: a Pocket Manual of Practical Affairs, and Guide to Success in Life; embracing Principles of Business; Advice in Reference to a Business Education; Choice of a Pursuit; Buying and Selling; General Management; Manufacturing; Mechanical Trades; Farming; Book and Newspaper Publishing; Miscellaneous Enterprises; Causes of Success and Failure; How to get Customers; Business Maxims; Letter to a Young Lawyer; Business Forms; Legal and Useful Information; and a Dictionary of Commercial Terms. New York: Fowler & Wells. 1857. 12mo. pp. 156.

Some General Principles, in Ten Lectures. By Rev. C. H. A. Dall, Missionary to India of the American Unitarian Association. Calcutta. 1856.

Circular and Catalogue of the Packer Collegiate Institute, with the Annual Commencement Exercises, July 1, 1857, Joralemon Street, Brooklyn Heights. New York. 1857.

Sixth Annual Report of the Boston Young Men's Christian Union, presented April 15, 1857. With the Charter, By-Laws, Names of Officers and Life-Members. Boston. 1857.

A Catalogue of the Officers and Students of Washington University (Chartered February 22d, 1853). With the Course of Study, Terms of Admission, &c. 1857–8. St. Louis. 1857.

Eighth Annual Report of the New England Female Medical College. Boston. 1857.

Report of the Second Annual Examination at North Granville Ladies' Seminary, July 27, 28, and 29, 1857. With Rev. A. Woodbury's Address. North Granville. 1857.

Sixth Annual Report of the Boston Young Men's Christian Association, with the By-Laws, List of Officers, Life-Members, etc., etc. Presented May 20, 1857. Boston. 1857.

A Legal Review of the Case of Dred Scott, as decided by the Supreme Court of the United States. From the Law Reporter for June, 1857. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1857.

The Movement Cure. By Charles F. Taylor. New York. 1857.

A Reply to William T. Dwight, D. D., on Spiritualism. Three Lectures. By Jabez C. Woodman, Counsellor at Law. Portland: George R. Davis & Brother. 1857.

Wm. R. Prince's Address to the American Institute, on the Character

and Merits of the Chinese Potato — Dioscorea Batatas, delivered March 17, 1857. New York. 1857.

Vacation Thoughts on Capital Punishments. By Charles Phillips, A. B., One of Her Majesty's Commissioners of the Court for the Relief of Insolvent Debtors, in London. London: W. & F. G. Cash. 1857. 8vo. pp. 120.

Considerations on Divorce a Vinculo Matrimonii, in Connection with Holy Scripture. By a Barrister. London: C. J. Stewart. 1857.

A Catalogue of the Officers and Students of Phillips Exeter Academy, for the Academical Year 1856 – 57. Boston. 1857.

Harvard University. Medical Department. Announcement of the Medical Course, commencing on the First Wednesday in November, 1857. Boston. 1857.

Mercantile Library Association of the City of New York. Thirty-sixth Annual Report. With the Report of the Trustees of the Clinton Hall Association. New York. 1857.

The Agricultural College of the State of Michigan. Lansing. 1857.

Isthmus of Suez Ship Canal. Report and Plan of the International Scientific Commission; with Appendix, containing the Latest Official Documents. London: John Weale. 1857. 8vo. pp. 192.

Notice of some Remarks by the late Mr. Hugh Miller. Philadelphia. 1857.

A Biographical Sketch of George Peabody of London. From Hunt's Merchants' Magazine for April, 1857. New York. 1857.

Fifth Annual Report of the Trustees of the Free Public Library. Presented to the City Council, April 4th, 1857. New Bedford. 1857.

The Dutch at the North Pole and the Dutch in Maine. A Paper read before the New York Historical Society, 3d March, 1857. By J. Watts De Peyster, a Member of the Society. New York. 1857.

Peace will triumph. Address before the American Peace Society, at its Twenty-ninth Anniversary, held in Boston, May 25, 1857. By Rufus P. Stebbins, D. D. Boston. 1857.

Speech of the Bishop of London, at the Annual General Meeting of the London Diocesan Church-Building Society, held in Willis's Rooms, on Monday, 8th June, 1857. London. 1857.

Oration, delivered at the Independent Academy, Manchester, Maryland, July 4, 1857. By Charles Henry Foster. Baltimore. 1857.

Addresses delivered at the Dedication of the Clinton Cemetery, with a Copy of the Act authorizing the Formation of Rural Cemetery Associations, together with the Rules and Regulations, Dedicatory Proceedings, &c. Utica. 1857.

A Discourse in Commemoration of Rev. William Parsons Lunt, D. D., delivered at Quincy, Mass., on Sunday, June 7, 1857. By Chandler Robbins. Also, the last Sermon preached by Mr. Lunt, December 28, 1856. With an Appendix. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1857.

Proceedings of the American Antiquarian Society, at the Semiannual Meeting, held in Boston, April 29, 1857. Boston. 1857.

Catalogue of the Officers and Students of Georgetown College, Kentucky. 1856 – 7. Cincinnati: Geo. S. Blanchard. 1857.

Tribute to the Memory of Hon. William L. Lee, late Chief Justice of the Hawaiian Kingdom. By Rev. S. C. Damon. Honolulu. 1857.

An Inheritance to Children's Children. A Discourse occasioned by the Death of Mrs. Sarah Thayer. Preached at Lancaster, June 28, 1857, the Sunday after her Funeral. By George M. Bartol. Boston. 1857.

How does Religion become Christianity? A Sermon preached at the Dedication of the First Unitarian Church in Marietta, Ohio, on Thursday, June 4, 1857. By George E. Ellis. With an Appendix. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1857.

"Thou sayest, Behold, we knew it not." A Sermon, on the urgent Necessity for Additional Churches and Clergymen in certain Parts of the Diocese of London, preached in St. Anne's Church, Highgate Rise, on Sunday, June 7, 1857, on Behalf of the London Diocesan Church-Building Society. By the Rev. T. F. Stooks, M. A., Incumbent of St. Anne's, and Honorary Secretary to the Society. London: Hamilton, Adams, & Co. 1857.

Third Annual Report of the London Diocesan Church-Building Society, and Metropolis Churches Fund, instituted to promote the Building, Enlargement, and Endowment of Churches, good Accommodation for the Poorer Classes being a primary Object, the Erection of Parsonage Houses, and the Employment of Missionary Curates in Destitute Districts, in the Diocese of London (from 1st May, 1856, to 1st May, 1857). London. 1857.

The Dead Secret. By Wilkie Collins. New York: Miller & Curtis. 1857. 12mo. pp. 144.

White Lies. A Novel. By Charles Reade. Parts I. and II. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1857. 12mo. pp. 232.

Library of Select Novels. No. 204. Leonora D'Orco. By G. P. R. James. — No. 206. The Rose of Ashurst. By the Author of "Evelyn Marston," "Emilia Wyndham," "Castle Avon," "The Heiress of Haughton," "Aubrey," &c., &c. — No. 207. The Athelings; or, The Three Gifts. By Margaret Oliphant. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1857.

The Romany Rye. A Sequel to "Lavengro." By George Borrow. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1857. 8vo. pp. 141.

Harper's Story Books. By Jacob Abbott. No. 32. Minigo. — No. 33. Jasper. — No. 34. Congo. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1857.

Report of the Superintendent of the Coast Survey, showing the Progress of the Survey during the Year 1855. Washington. 1856. 4to. pp. 420. Sketches and Diagrams, 60.

Annual Report of the Board of Regents of the Smithsonian Institution, showing the Operations, Expenditures, and Condition of the Institution, for the Year 1856, and the Proceedings of the Board up to January 28, 1857. Washington. 1857. 8vo. pp. 467.

Abridgment of the Debates of Congress, from 1789 to 1856. From Gales & Seaton's Annals of Congress; from their Register of Debates; and from the Official Reported Debates, by John C. Rives. By the Author of the Thirty Years' View. Vol. III. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1857. 8vo. pp. 739.

The Speeches of Henry Clay. Edited by Calvin Calton, LL. D., Professor of Public Economy, Trinity College. In 2 volumes. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. 1857. 8vo. pp. 656, 632.

Biblical Commentary on the New Testament, by Dr. Herman Olshausen,

Professor of Theology in the University of Erlangen. Translated from the German for Clark's Foreign and Theological Library. First American Edition, by A. C. Kendrick, D. D., Professor of Greek in the University of Rochester. To which is prefixed Olshausen's Proof of the Genuineness of the Writings of the New Testament, translated by David Fosdick, Jr. Vol. IV. New York: Sheldon, Blakeman, & Co. 1857. 8vo. pp. 586.

Collections of the New York Hitsorical Society. Second Series. Volume III. — Part I. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1857. 8vo. pp. 358.

Travels and Discoveries in North and Central Africa. Being a Journal of an Expedition undertaken under the Auspices of H. B. M.'s Government in the Years 1849 - 1855. Vol. I. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1857. 8vo. pp. 657.

Hints on Health; with familiar Instructions for the Treatment and Preservation of the Skin, Hair, Teeth, Eyes, &c. By William Edward Coale, M. D. Third Edition, thoroughly revised, with Additions. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1857. 12mo. pp. 210.

Elements of Logic; designed as a Manual of Instruction. By Henry Coppée, A. M., Professor of English Literature in the University of Pennsylvania. Philadelphia: E. H. Butler & Co. 1858. 16mo. pp. 275.

Appletons' Illustrated Hand-Book of American Travel: a full and reliable Guide by Railway, Steamboat, and Stage, to the Cities, Towns, Waterfalls, Battle-Fields, Mountains, Rivers, Lakes, Hunting and Fishing Grounds, Watering Places, Summer Resorts, and all Scenes and Objects of Importance and Interest in the United States and the British Provinces. By T. Addison Richards. With careful Maps of all Parts of the Country, and Pictures of Famous Places and Scenes, from Original Drawings by the Author and other Artists. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1857. 12mo. pp. 420.

The Olynthiac and other Public Orations of Demosthenes. Translated with Notes, &c., by Charles Rann Kennedy. In 2 volumes. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1857. 12mo. pp. 320, 418.

History of King Philip, sovereign Chief of the Wampanoags. Including the Early History of the Settlers of New England. By John S. C. Abbott. With Engravings. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1857. 16mo. pp. 410.

A Child's History of Greece. By John Bonner, Author of "A Child's History of Rome," &c. In 2 volumes. With numerous Illustration . New York: Harper & Brothers. 1857. 16mo. pp. 315, 287.

Waverley Novels. Household Edition. Old Mortality. In 2 volumes. — The Black Dwarf. A Legend of Montrose. In 2 volumes. — The Heart of Mid-Lothian. In 2 volumes. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1857.

The Poetical Works of John Greenleaf Whittier. Complete in 2 volumes. (Blue and Gold.) Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1857. 16mo. pp. 320, 303.

The Poetical Works of Leigh Hunt. Now first entirely collected, revised by himself, and edited with an Introduction by S. Adams Lee. Complete in 2 volumes. (Blue and Gold.) Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1857. 16mo. pp. 297, 321.

The Poor Boy and Merchant Prince; or, Elements of Success drawn from the Life and Character of the late Amos Lawrence. A Book for Youth. By William M. Thayer. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1857. 12mo. pp. 349.

Nothing to Do: A Tilt at our Best Society. Illustrated. Boston: James French & Co. 1857. 16mo. pp. 45.

Sermons on Special Occasions. By Rev. John Harris, D. D. First Series. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1857. 16mo. pp. 363.

Chile Con Carne; or, The Camp and the Field. By S. Compton Smith, M. D., Acting Surgeon with General Taylor's Division in Mexico. New York: Miller & Curtis. 1857. 12mo. pp. 404.

Virginia Illustrated: containing a Visit to the Virginia Canaan, and The Adventures of Porte Crayon and his Cousins. Illustrated from Drawings by Porte Crayon. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1857. 8vo. pp. 300.

Floral Home; or, First Years of Minnesota. Early Sketches, Later Settlements, and Further Developments. By Harriet E. Bishop. New York: Sheldon, Blakeman, & Co. 1857. 12mo. pp. 342.

Appendix to a Catalogue of Theological Books in Foreign Languages, containing Supplementary Lists of the Sacred Writings, Fathers of the Church and Patristic Literature, Rabbinical and other Commentators, Biblical, Jewish, and Ecclesiastical Antiquities, Church History and Biography, Monastic History, Rule and Discipline, Canon Law and Church Polity, Councils, Canons, Decrees, and Confessions of Faith, Rituals and Liturgical Writings, etc., etc. By David Nutt. London. 1857. 8vo. pp. 186.

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